POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JUNE 22 • 1963 20c

HAPPY ROCKEFELLER

Her ascent from a tomboy childhood to the hand of a Presidential hopeful

Honeymooners at Venezuela ranch

Ian Fleming / Willie Mays / Sandra Dee / Yukon Survival

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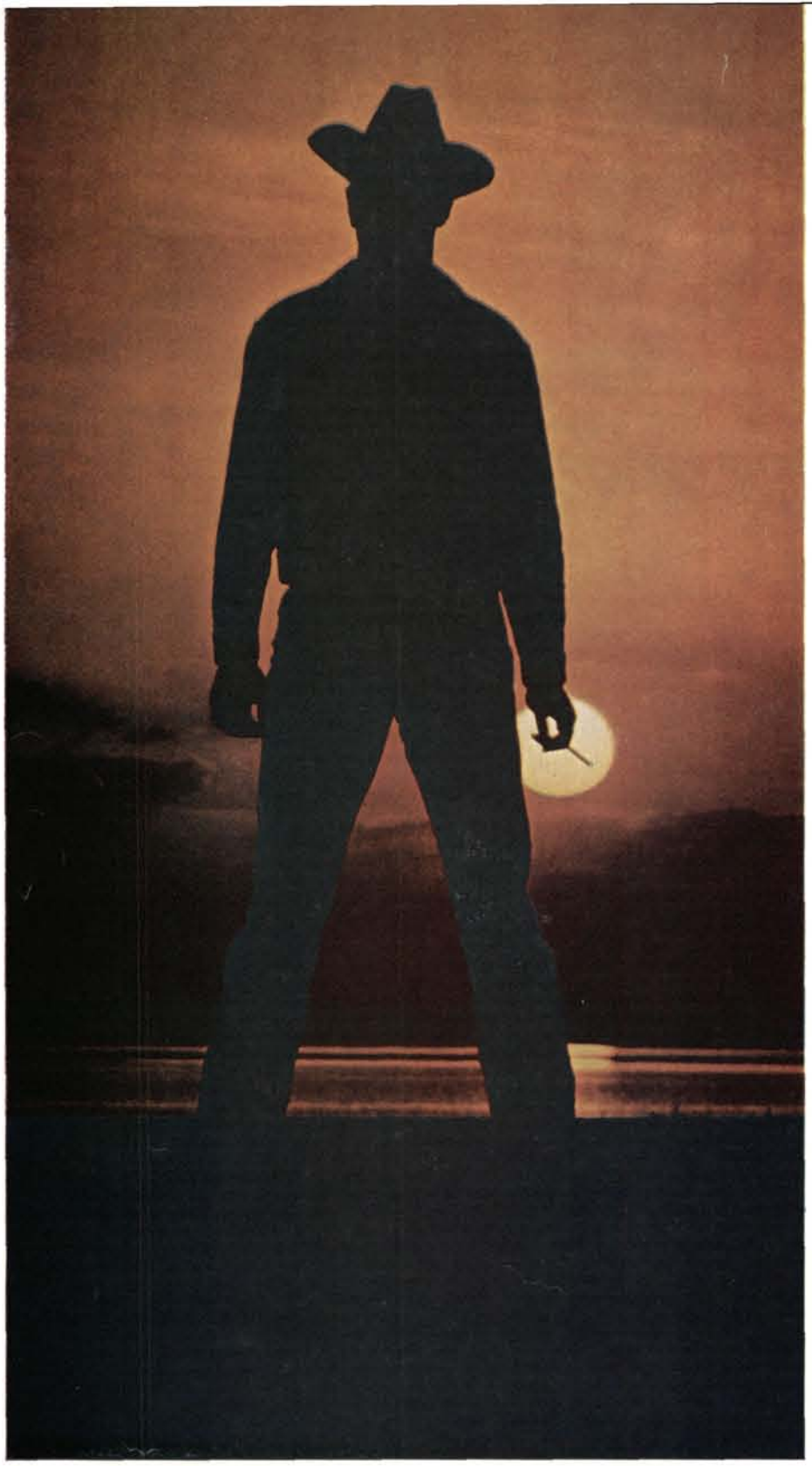

Sundown in Marlboro Country.

The end of another long day. But just the beginning of another good smoke. Another Marlboro . . . just as fresh as that first one this morning. The rich breed of tobaccos in Marlboro's Richmond, Va., recipe keeps this flavor awake and alert. The exclusive Selectrate® Filter keeps it mild. There's a man's world of flavor in Marlboro Country. Settle back, you get a lot to like.

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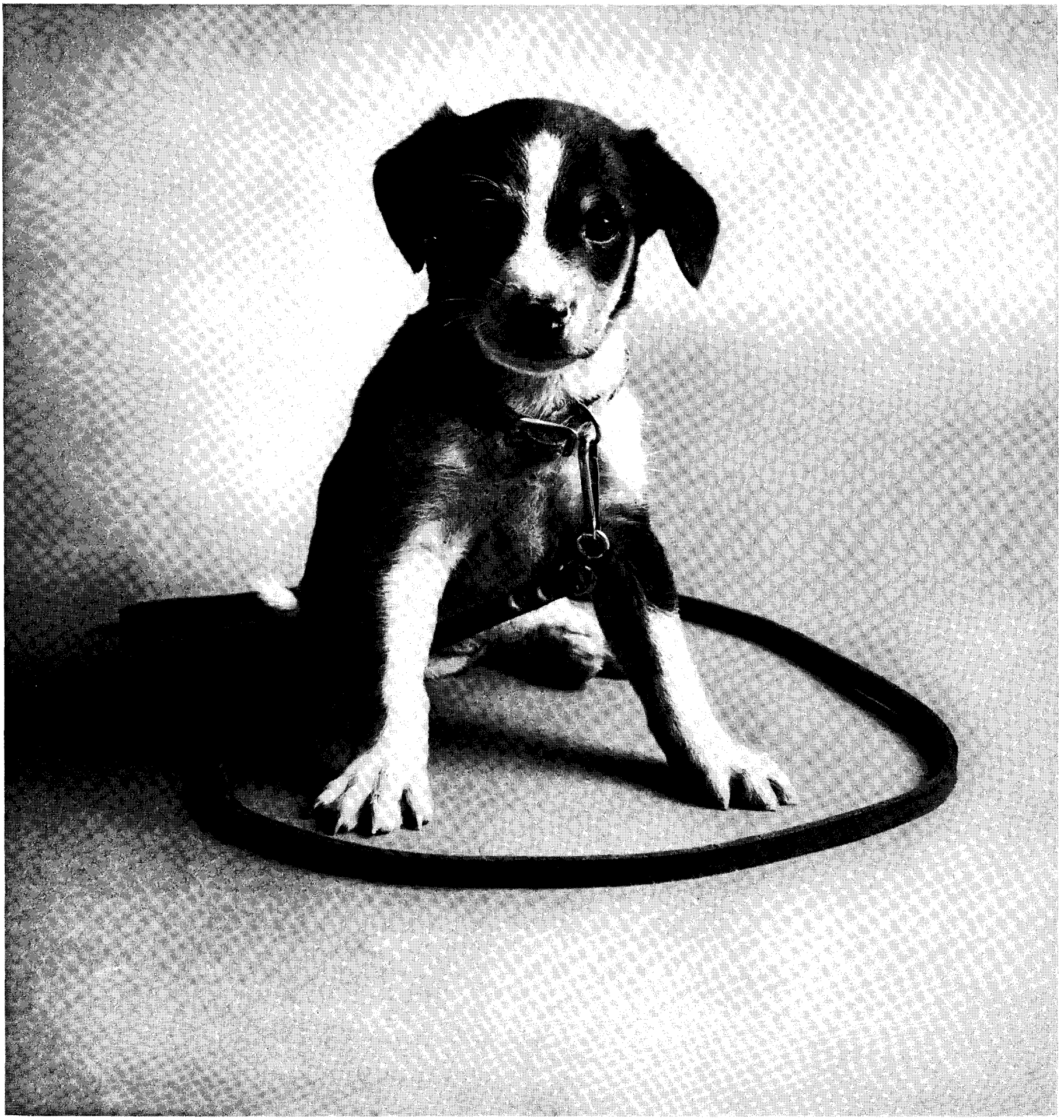

Killer-on-a-leash... Rabies

Cute little fellow?

Yet once upon a time his bite, if he had rabies, usually meant an agonizing death.

Then came Pasteur's historic vaccine. It was almost foolproof. *Almost*. Its use involved a chance of paralysis.

That was reason enough for Eli Lilly and Company to keep working toward a new rabies preventive.

In time, Lilly scientists developed a promising new vaccine. Seven years of testing followed before it was ready for use.

It has virtually eliminated the risk of paralysis.

Today, thanks to the quarantine and inoculation of pets, not many people will ever need this vaccine. Nevertheless, for the few who do, fresh supplies are kept ready.

With rabies under control, one more cruel killer is on a leash . . . simply because Medical Science has a way of never leaving well enough alone when it comes to your good health.

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You may own a Longines for as little as $5 a month. Longines prices start at $60 and whether you pay cash or prefer a convenient payment plan, a Longines is your thriftiest possible investment in time. Your Longines watch will outlive a whole succession of "bargain" timepieces—will imbue you with the priceless pride of personal possession. Visit your Longines-Wittnauer quality jeweler.

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News is made and wide public interest legitimately ensues when a potential presidential candidate takes a wife. Yet when New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller wed Margaretta Fitler Murphy, the efficient Rockefeller apparatus, usually so adept at projecting its image of "Rocky" as a good guy, shut down. Not only did normal press-agentry freeze into "no comment," but friends and acquaintances of the celebrated bride and groom became uncommonly closemouthed. The press found the going worse than rocky. **Joe David Brown,** no gossip columnist but a widely respected reporter and novelist, had more trouble documenting the Rockefeller-Murphy idyll—even though he had been watching it develop for a long time—than he has ever before encountered in a twenty-five-year career. Among the knowledgeable, candor was overcome by caution. Nevertheless, this week's factual report gives the story behind a marriage that may mean the end of a political romance.

Other Bylines. Associate editor **William Trombley** examines the career of Edgar Kaiser, controversial heir to an industrial empire. . . . **Robert Jennings** lives in Los Angeles, close enough to Hollywood to have a view of the weird world that produced a star like Sandra Dee. . . . Assistant editor **Lincoln Haynes** has kept an eye on high-flying experimental aircraft since he first did a story on the X-1, predecessor of today's X-15. . . . **Thomas Whiteside**'s account of an incredible ordeal in the Canadian Northwest results from extensive—and exclusive—interviews with Ralph Flores and Helen Klaben, who survived seven weeks on a mountainside where their plane crashed. Whiteside talked to rescuers, bush pilots and survival experts; none could understand how the pair managed to keep alive in below-zero cold without food. Did Flores find edible moss or lichens? "It wasn't any moss," Flores said, "it was the Spirit.". . . **Geoffrey Bocca,** like his subject Ian Fleming, was born in England. A British correspondent during World War II, he was twice taken prisoner, and twice he escaped. . . . **Edward Linn** won the National Sportswriters and Sportscasters Award as best magazine sportswriter of 1962. . . . *Post* Editor-at-Large **Robert Sherrod** is only the second American writer in five years to get an exclusive interview with Marshal Tito, ruler of a Communist nation which seems to have found its *modus vivendi* by playing off the East against the West and the Soviets against the Red Chinese.

The Cover photograph by **Martin Lederhandler** shows Gov. Nelson Rockefeller and his bride on their honeymoon at his ranch in Venezuela.

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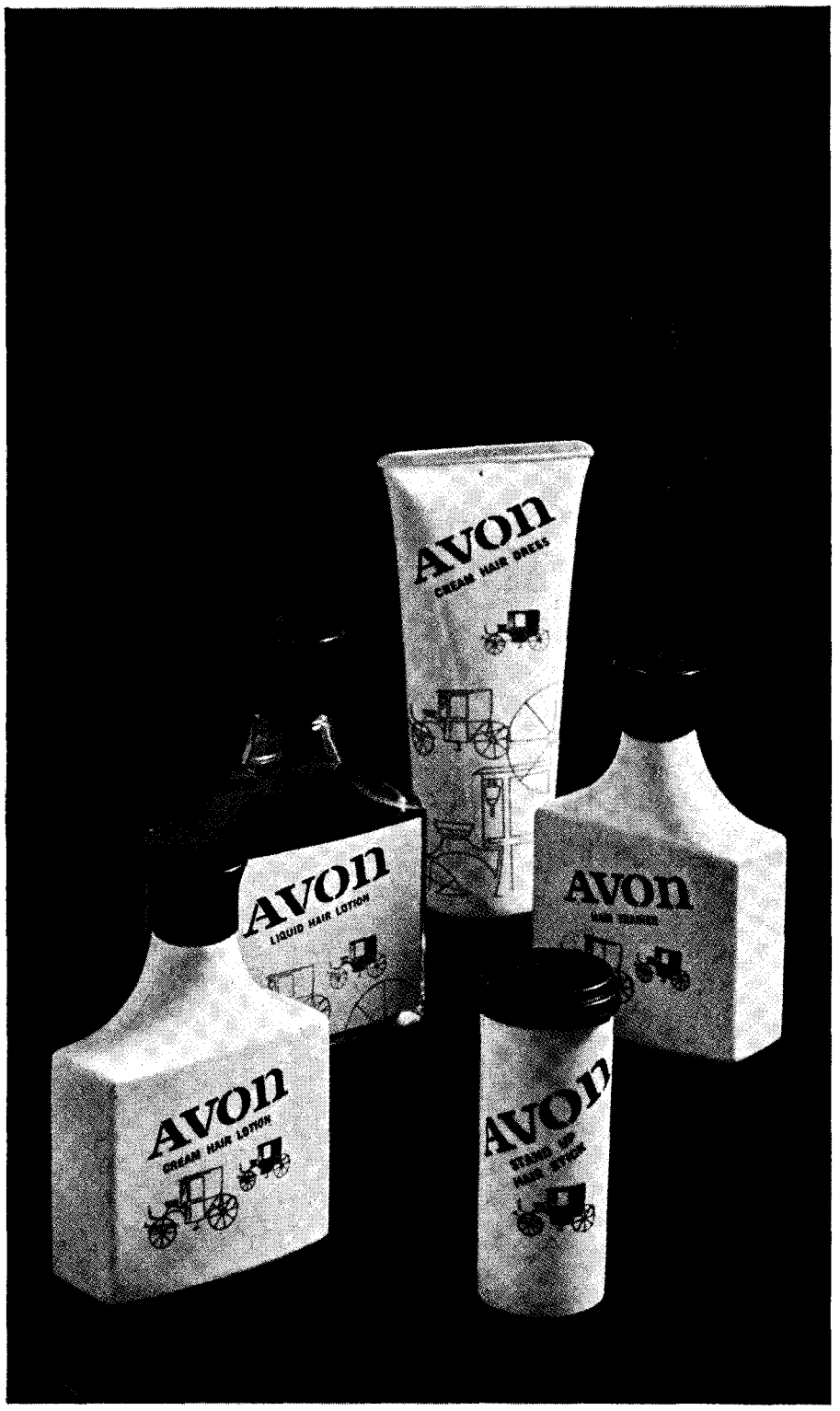

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now has a masculine ring!

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So easy to get! Just ask your wife to buy for you next time her Avon Representative calls.

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LETTERS

Women's deal

• Thank you for the article WOMEN GET A DIRTY DEAL [by Taylor Caldwell, May 25]. Some will label Miss Caldwell a fanatical "man-hater." However, she has sounded the trumpet on an issue that demands America's attention.

DAVID M. LEACH
Colorado Springs, Colo.

• Has Taylor Caldwell ever been to these countries such as Russia and China (or Germany and Japan, for that matter), or does she depend for her facts upon charming Oriental gentlemen she has met—probably over cocktails while in flight?

This lady, whom I suspect is on the cloud of "seventh decadence," should try pulling a plow under male direction. She might then learn that the American wife does not get dirty deals.

ROBERT C. DONOVAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

• Bless that Taylor Caldwell. Let's run her for President, girls. As for that "personal dignity" that Miss Caldwell insists that we must strive to achieve, I have my own little formula that I might pass on. Whenever the doormat treatment gets too thick, I go into a "freeze." I continue to do all that is required of me, but I act as a robot—work, no talk. I remain silent until the criticism stops and they earnestly and truly ask my opinion, and I give it. I was thrilled to the core when my stepdaughter-in-law remarked, "Mom, you have a certain dignity about you that I like." Try it, girls.

MRS. MARY GALLEY
Bellingham, Wash.

• You must be out of your mind to print that rot about the American man. He is the kindest, sweetest, most unselfish, considerate guy in the whole wide world. If anyone is being taken advantage of in the marital situation, it is usually he. He is expected to make money with a capital M. He has two jobs. He is the family chauffeur, the gardener, the handyman, and is supposed to be a socialite and great lover as well. He is a faithful husband, a good guy and too busy and exhausted to be anything else. He does not even complain; he just drops dead.

MRS. EDITH K. MAHER
Branford, Conn.

That man Nasser

• Your story on President Nasser [THE VIOLENT AND VITAL WORLD OF NASSER by Robert Sherrod, May 25] was amazing. You took a good view of him, not harsh or as a god. I was born in Cairo and have been in the U.S. for 10 years. I am a subscriber now and forever.

SARKIS AGAJANIAN
Commerce, Calif.

• On seeing the Rockwell painting of Nasser on your cover I was both shocked and dismayed. It seems in extraordinarily bad taste for a national magazine such as *The Post* to portray, as though he were a hero, a man who seethes with hatred for his fellow men. Nasser is a man who has made no secret of trying to foment the entire Middle East toward his avowed purpose of destroying Israel and the Jews.

EMANUEL SCHECHTER
Harrison, N.Y.

The real Musial

• Thanks for your splendid article on Stan Musial ["GET ANY HITS, STAN?" by Furman Bisher, May 25]. It reminded TV viewers, drink in hand, that those ballplayers on screen are not images but real human beings. Particularly revealing was Musial's analysis of his own capabilities, past and present, but more important was his self-discipline in retaining them. A little of this would be good for all of us.

MRS. JOSEPH BROWN
Princeton, N.J.

Turbine turmoil

• Re your article CHRYSLER: COMEBACK IN DETROIT [by James C. Jones, May 25]: The garage men won't know how to work on the turbines and they will say they are a pile of junk. The turbine is not new. The Stanley Steamer was a turbine. In a car they have a wonderful future behind them.

LEWIS RANDOLPH
Woodcroft, Ind.

• Since women do much of the driving, I think one of us should get a chance to drive the new turbine car. I'm putting in my bid right now to be one of the selected drivers. Show me the woman who wouldn't prefer buying a new hat or dress to buying parts for her car!

MRS. NOEL PFEIFER
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Hope for near-blind

• In the article on the partially blind by Theodore Irwin [NEW HOPE FOR THE NEAR-BLIND, May 25] I was especially gratified to see equal mention of the 21,000 optometrists and 9,500 ophthalmologists and oculists in the United States. While nationally the lack of cooperation between the two groups of eye doctors seems to hold back progress, consultation on a local level has resulted in much progress. *The Post* should be congratulated.

ROBERT B. HART, O. D.
Berea, Ohio

• My daughter is eight years old and legally blind. About two weeks ago while helping me put away groceries, she read the "SOFT" on a roll of paper. . . . I've been in a turmoil ever since. Your article seemed like something special, just for me. If there is a clinic in our vicinity, I would like the name and address.

MRS. R. E. MCINTYRE
South Bend, Ind.

• *The National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, 16 East 40th Street, New York, 16, N.Y., has a full list of the clinics mentioned in the article.—ED.*

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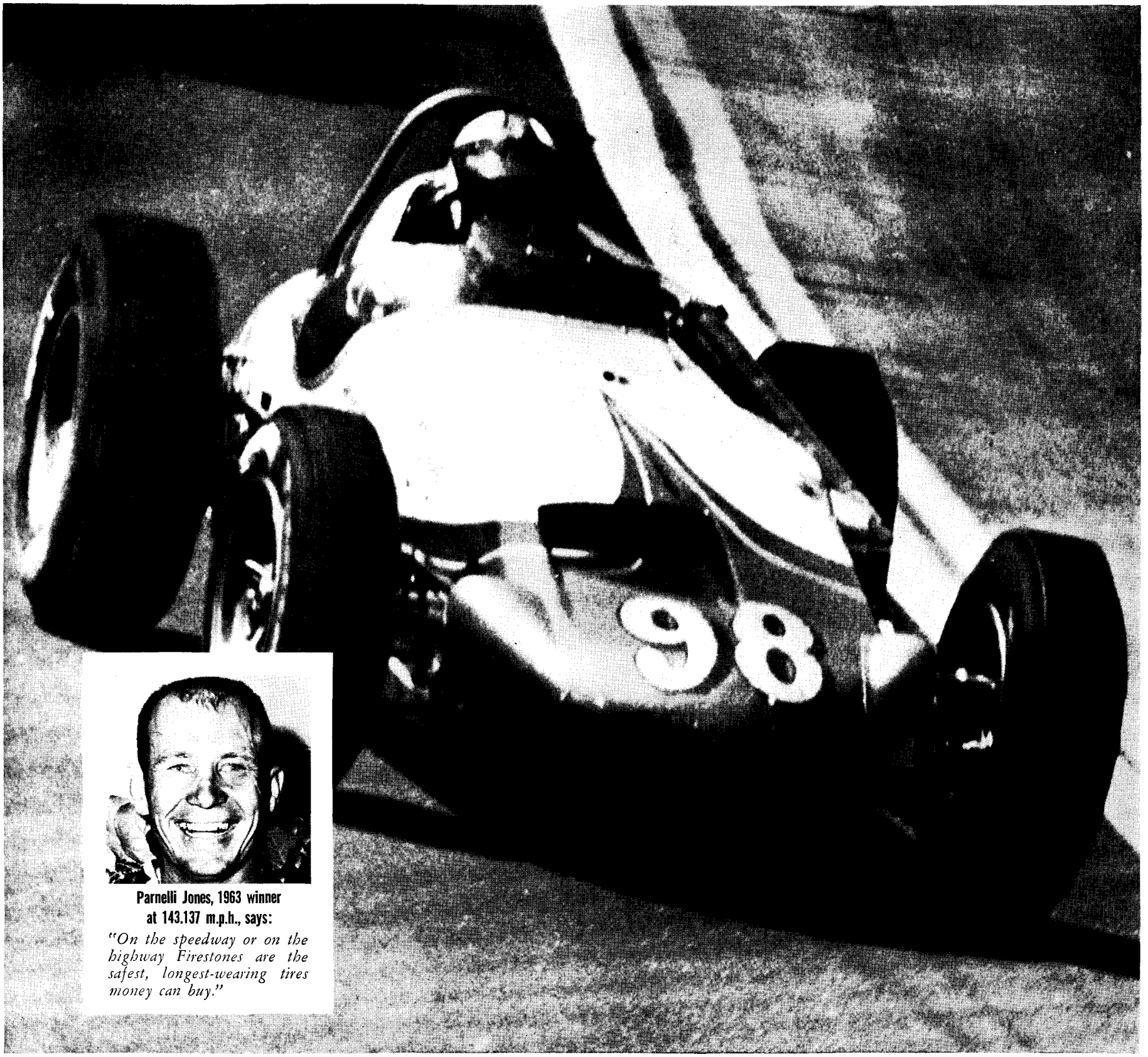

Parnelli Jones, 1963 winner at 143.137 m.p.h., says:

"On the speedway or on the highway Firestones are the safest, longest-wearing tires money can buy."

FLASH: FIRESTONE TIRES CAPTURE 40TH CONSECUTIVE "500" VICTORY

Another Indianapolis Race . . . another Firestone triumph!

No other tiremaker comes close to Firestone when it comes to building tires for the speedway. Just look at the record—and the winning cars on the next two pages. They *all* came home on Firestone tires!

Tire performance requirements at Indianapolis far exceed those of even the most demanding passenger car owners. From Firestone's speedway experience come safer turnpike tires for your car. Example: The Firestone Nylon "500"—named in honor of the race that has contributed so much to tire safety, performance and mileage.

The Nylon "500," illustrated, carries Firestone's Guarantee for the life of the original tread against defects in workmanship and materials PLUS a 27-month Guarantee against road hazards. Both Guarantees provide for replacements prorated on tread wear, and are honored by 60,000 Firestone Dealers and Stores throughout the United States and Canada.

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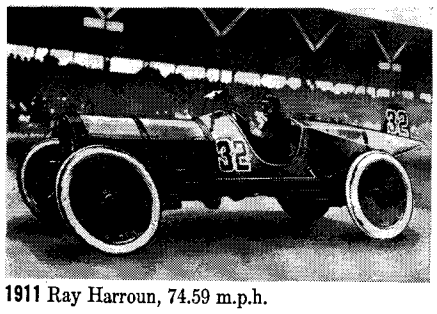
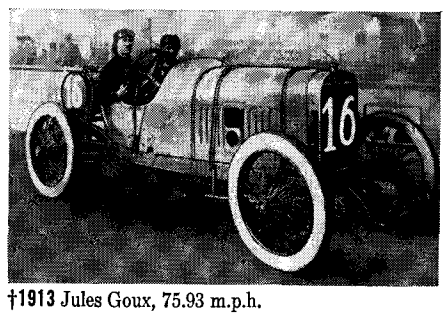
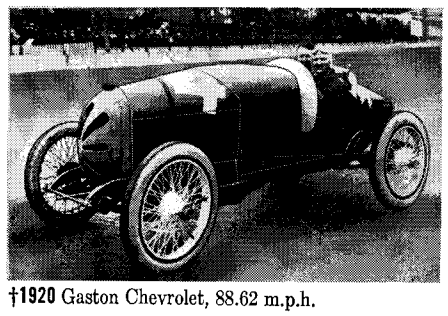


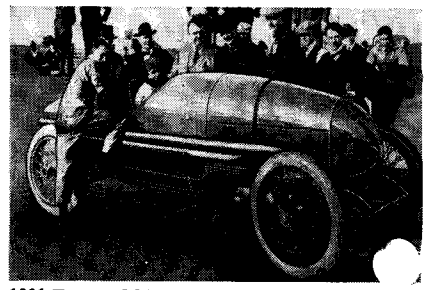
1911 Ray Harroun, 74.59 m.p.h.



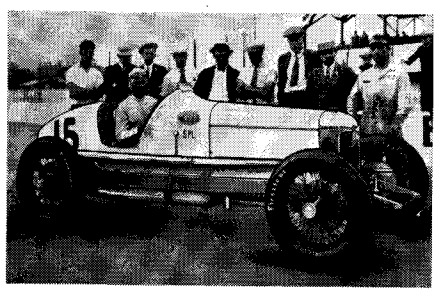
†1913 Jules Goux, 75.93 m.p.h.



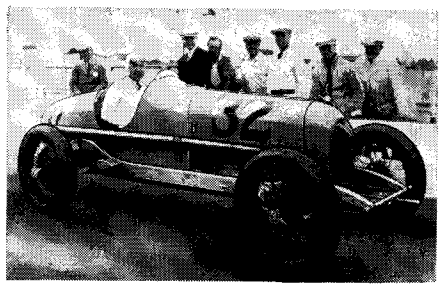
†1920 Gaston Chevrolet, 88.62 m.p.h.



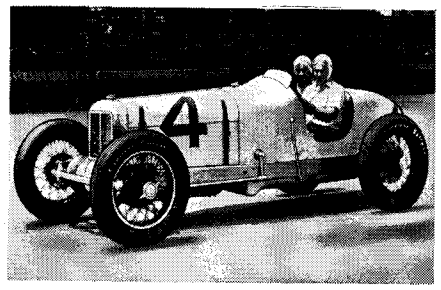
1921 Tommy Milton, 89.62 m.p.h.



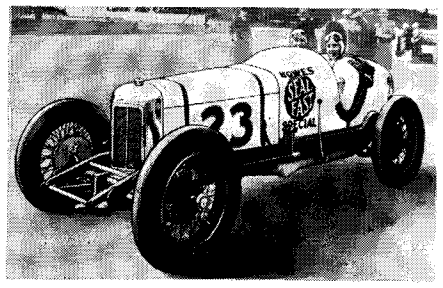
1926 Frank Lockhart, 95.9 m.p.h.



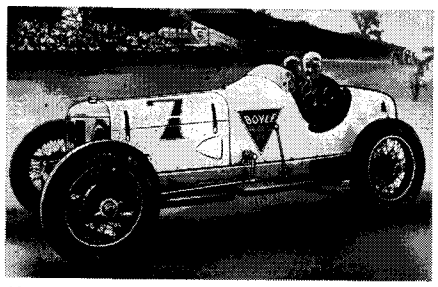
1927 George Souders, 97.54 m.p.h.



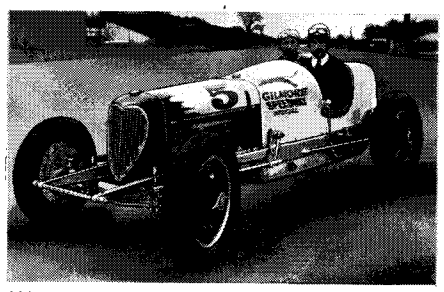
1930 Billy Arnold, 100.44 m.p.h.



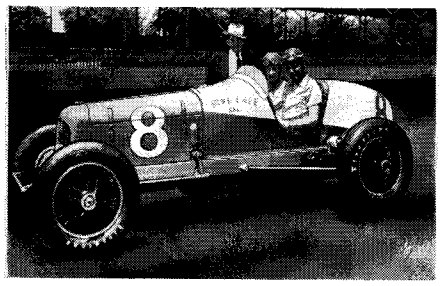
1931 Louis Schneider, 96.62 m.p.h.



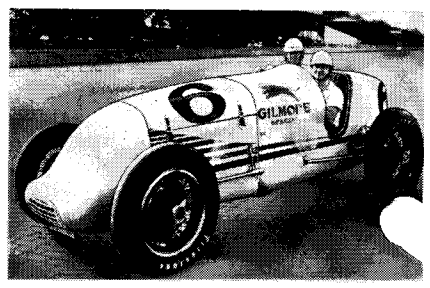
1934 Wild Bill Cummings, 104.86 m.p.h.



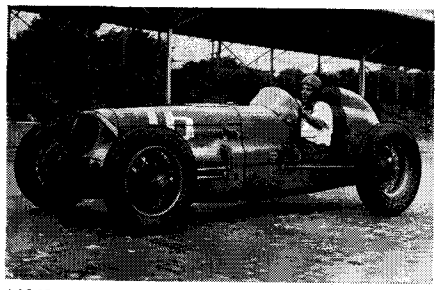
1935 Kelly Petillo, 106.24 m.p.h.



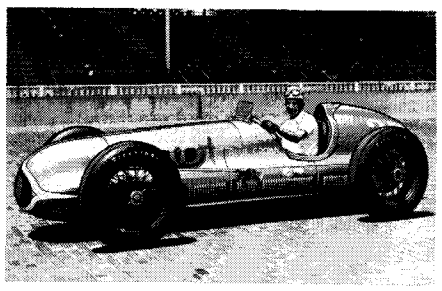
1936 Louis Meyer, 109.06 m.p.h.



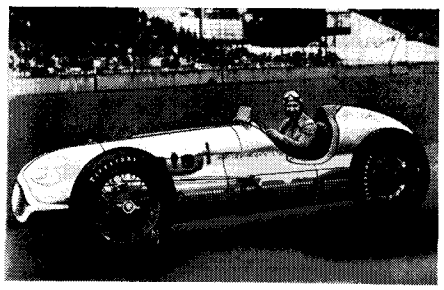
1937 Wilbur Shaw, 113.58 m.p.h.



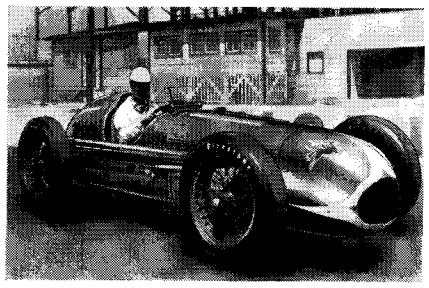
†1946 George Robson, 114.8 m.p.h.



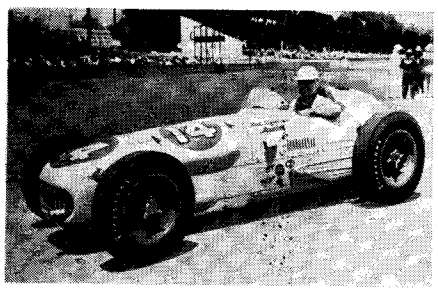
1947 Mauri Rose, 116.33 m.p.h.



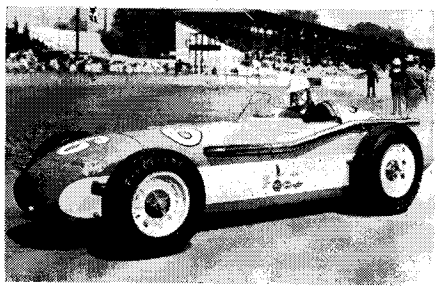
1948 Mauri Rose, 119.813 m.p.h.



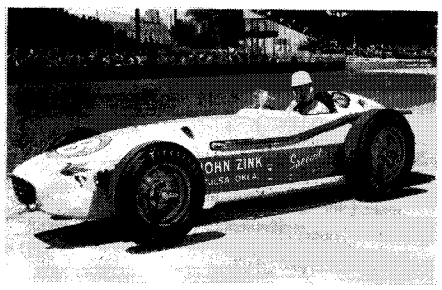
1949 Bill Holland, 121.327 m.p.h.



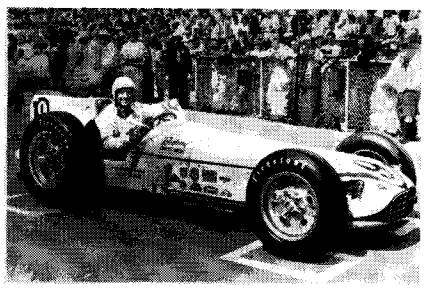
1954 Bill Vukovich, 130.840 m.p.h.



1955 Bob Sweikert, 128.209 m.p.h.



1956 Pat Flaherty, 128.49 m.p.h.



1957 Sam Hanks, 135.601 m.p.h.

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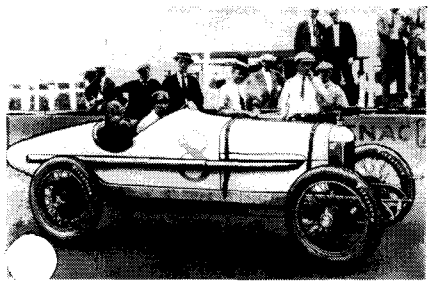
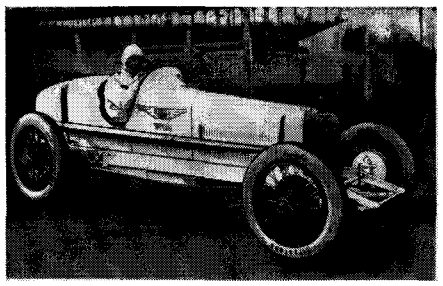
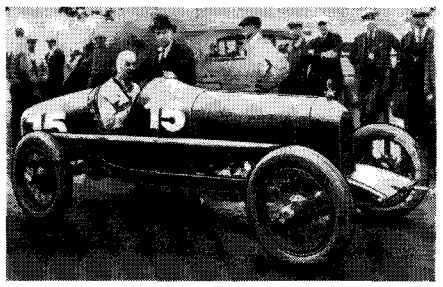


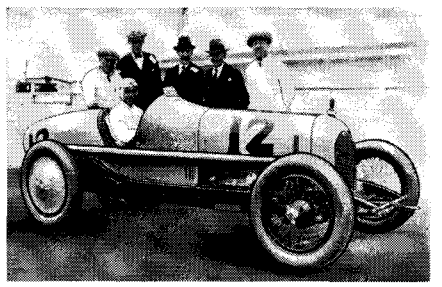
1922 Jimmy Murphy, 94.48 m.p.h.



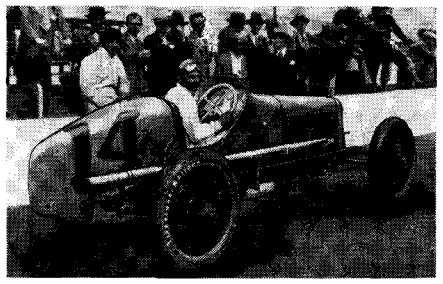
1923 Tommy Milton, 90.95 m.p.h.



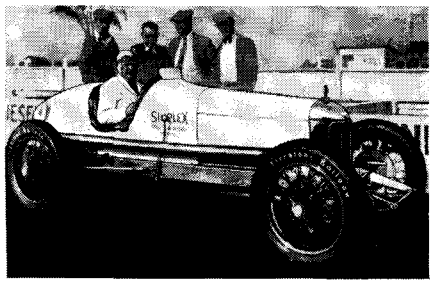
1924 L. Corum, Joe Boyer, 98.23 m.p.h.



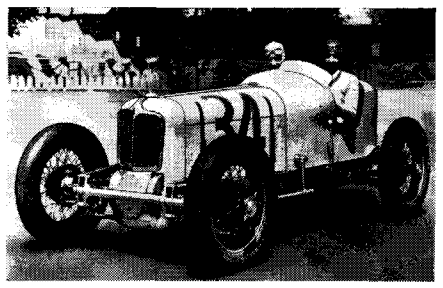
1925 Pete De Paolo, 101.13 m.p.h.



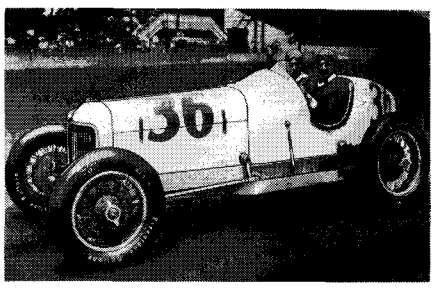
1928 Louis Meyer, 99.48 m.p.h.



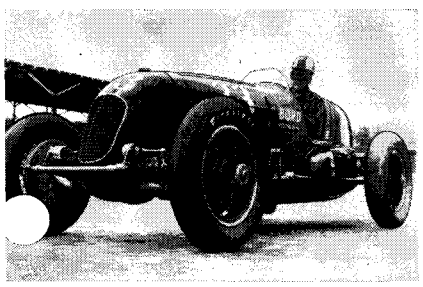
1929 Ray Keech, 97.58 m.p.h.



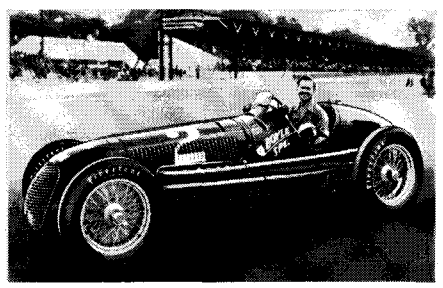
1932 Fred Frame, 104.14 m.p.h.



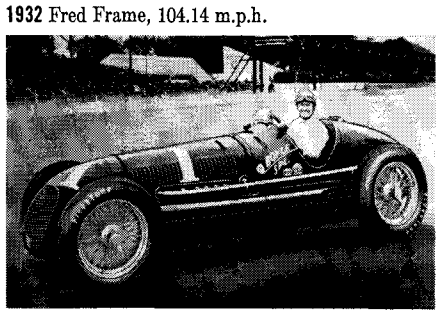
1933 Louis Meyer, 104.16 m.p.h.



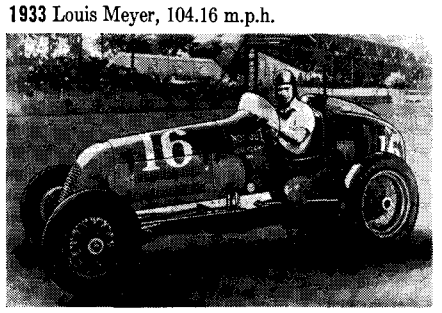
1938 Floyd Roberts, 117.20 m.p.h.



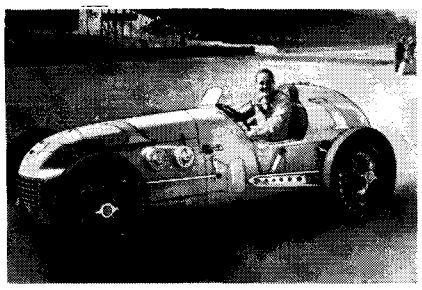
1939 Wilbur Shaw, 115.035 m.p.h.



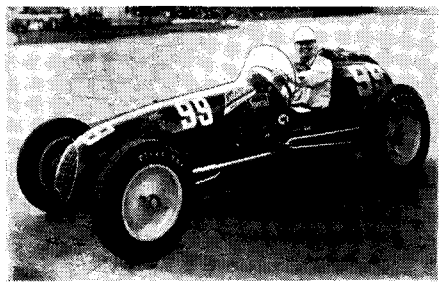
1940 Wilbur Shaw, 114.277 m.p.h.



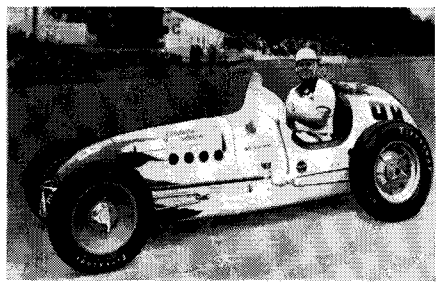
†1941 M. Rose, F. Davis, 115.117 m.p.h.



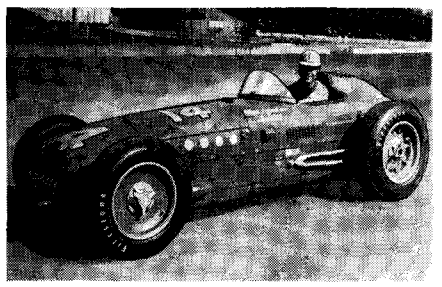
1950 Johnnie Parsons, 124.002 m.p.h.



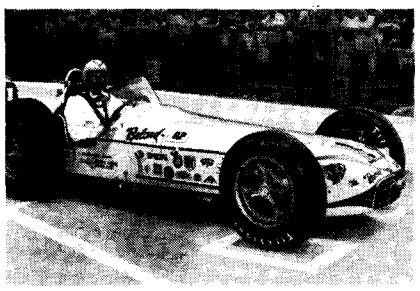
1951 Lee Wallard, 126.244 m.p.h.



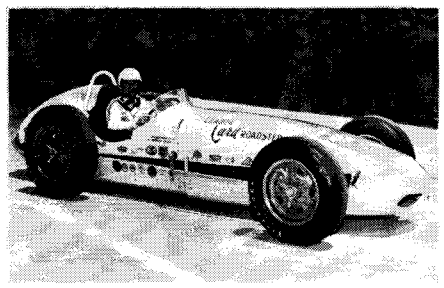
1952 Troy Ruttman, 128.922 m.p.h.



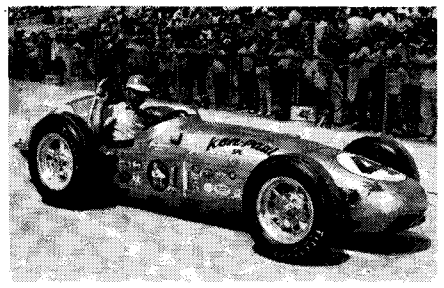
1953 Bill Vukovich, 128.74 m.p.h.



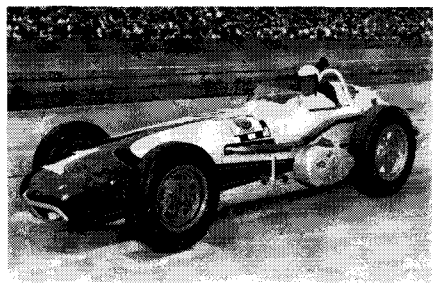
1958 Jimmy Bryan, 133.791 m.p.h.



1959 Rodger Ward, 135.857 m.p.h.



1960 Jim Rathmann, 138.767 m.p.h.



1961 A. J. Foyt, 139.131 m.p.h.

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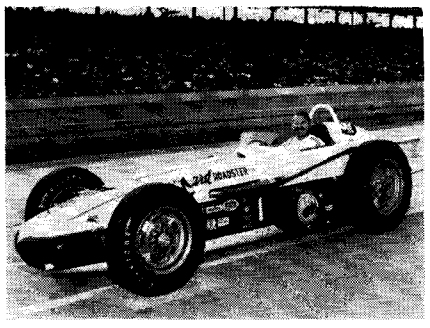
The world-famous Indianapolis Race puts tires to the toughest test—500 grinding miles at blistering speeds up to 180 m.p.h. Designing, building and proving tires for the speedway are a basic part of Firestone research which makes it possible to build safer, stronger, longer-wearing tires for *your* car. From Firestone's unequaled speedway experience have come such exclusive features as Safety-Fortified nylon cord body, plus-mileage Firestone Diene rubber and many other construction and rubber compounding "extras" found only in Firestone passenger car tires. And these exclusive features have been proved again and again—not only on the world's famous speedways, but also in millions of test miles every year.



1962 Rodger Ward, 140.292 m.p.h.

Remember, *only Firestone* has the background of speedway experience so vital to building safer, more dependable tires for your turnpike driving. Remember, too, wherever you see the Firestone sign, you'll find *tire experts* who can help you choose the tires best suited to your driving and will gladly charge them if you wish.

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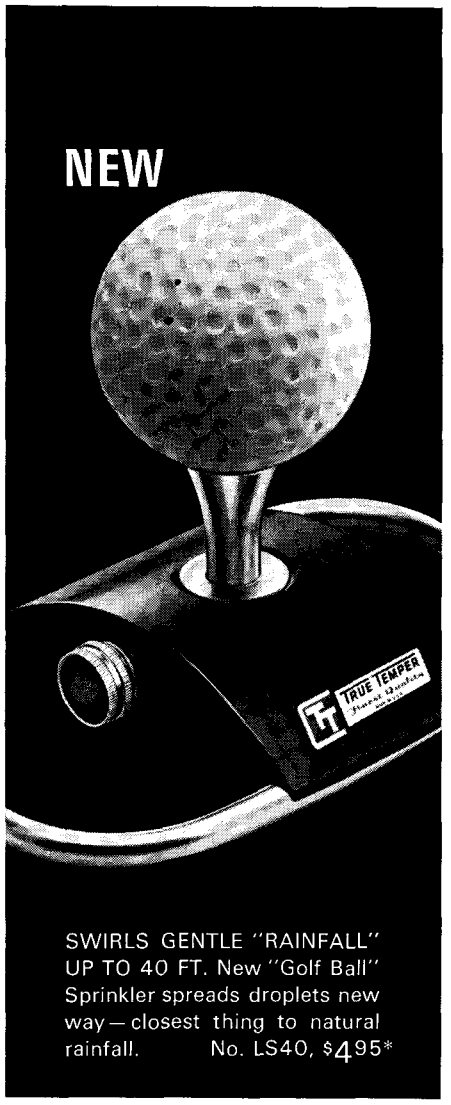

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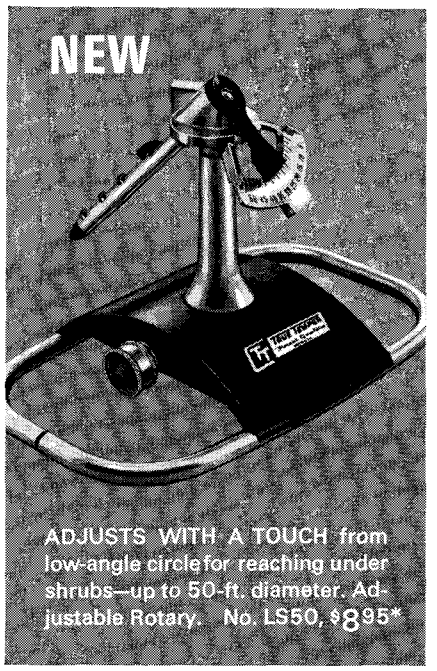

ADJUSTS WITH A TOUCH from low-angle circle for reaching under shrubs—up to 50-ft. diameter. Adjustable Rotary. No. LS50, $8.95*

DIRECT YOUR "RAIN". Wave-Type Sprinkler adjusts to narrow or wide areas . . . left, right, or center. No. LS60, $12.95*

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†*Not open to entrants in states or localities where participation is prohibited.*

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LETTERS

Los Angeles

• In your article TROUBLE IN HAPPYLAND [by James Phelan, May 25], regarding Los Angeles and its controversial mayor, your reporter intimates that in city government things are at a standstill. You could not be more mistaken. Having seen this city snowball from less than 100,000 to over two million population, and skyscrapers standing where I once saw wheat fields, I would say that Los Angeles is hitting on all 16 cylinders, despite an occasional engine knock. Men of goodwill and vision . . . have converted the once-sleepy pueblo into one of the most dynamic cities in the Western Hemisphere.

FRANK C. ELLIOTT
Los Angeles, Calif.

• Obviously Los Angeles—more so than any other municipality in the country—fits the governmental requirements of a state rather than a city. Its charter revisionists should study the question of having a lower house and an upper house. The mayor's functions would be analagous to those of a governor.

FRED M. CLOUTER
Boston, Mass.

India story

• Thank you for the Padma Perera story A VISIT FROM THE MAHATMA [May 25]. No violence, no psychosis, no political critique; just a sensitive, optimistic view of a changing India and a friendly personal look at her people. More, if you please, from Padma Perera. She is a genuine artist and a lady.

PROF. JAMES D. HOWZE
Lubbock, Tex.

Zermatt epidemic

• I have read with considerable interest ZERMATT'S TYPHOID EPIDEMIC [by Charles McCarry, May 25]. I certainly condemn the behavior of Zermatt as strongly as your writer. But I would like to remind you of the countless millions of tourists to Switzerland who have enjoyed that country in the best of health. After all, horrible, unforgivable greed happens anywhere.

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON
New York, N.Y.

Melina's movies

• Robert Emmett Ginna's article on Melina Mercouri [MERCURIAL MERCOURI, May 25] was delightful. She is truly a highly sophisticated dramatic actress who would be an excellent choice to play the motion-picture role from Lawrence Durrell's book *Justine*.

ANDREW D. ROWLAS
Marion, Ind.

• I AM SHOCKED BY ROBERT GINNA'S INCOMPREHENSIBLE AND IRRESPONSIBLE REFERENCE TO MY FILM THE VICTORS. THE FILM IS DEDICATED WITH RESPECT AND ADMIRATION TO THE AMERICAN GI'S WHO FOUGHT SUFFERED AND WON WORLD WAR TWO.

CARL FOREMAN
LONDON, ENGLAND

COMING...in next week's Post

A Post team reports:
How the Reds plan to win Latin America

THE FIRST AMERICANS ON MT. EVEREST

Robert Ruark:
Who needs sick comics?

The oversexed world of our little girls

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

10–Bill Bridges. • 15–New York Daily News. • 16, 17–Wide World. • 18–U.P.I.; The Bettmann Archive. • 19–New York Daily News. • 20, 21–Bill Bridges. • 22–Leo Fuchs (Vista). • 23–Universal International Pictures. 24, 26, 27–Larry Schiller. • 29–Harold Bergstrom. • 30, 31–Robert J. Lee. • 56–From Helen Klaben. • 57–From Weekend Magazine. • 58–From Weekend Magazine; U.P.I.; Alex Van Bibber. • 59–From Weekend Magazine. 60, 61–U.P.I. • 62–Bill Bridges. • 63, 64–Larry Fried. • 65–George Bettridge. • 66–Camera Press (Pictorial Parade). • 67–Bradley Smith. • 75–Ollie Atkins. • 76–Pictorial Parade (Paris Match). • 77, 78–Ollie Atkins. 79–Camera Press (Pix).

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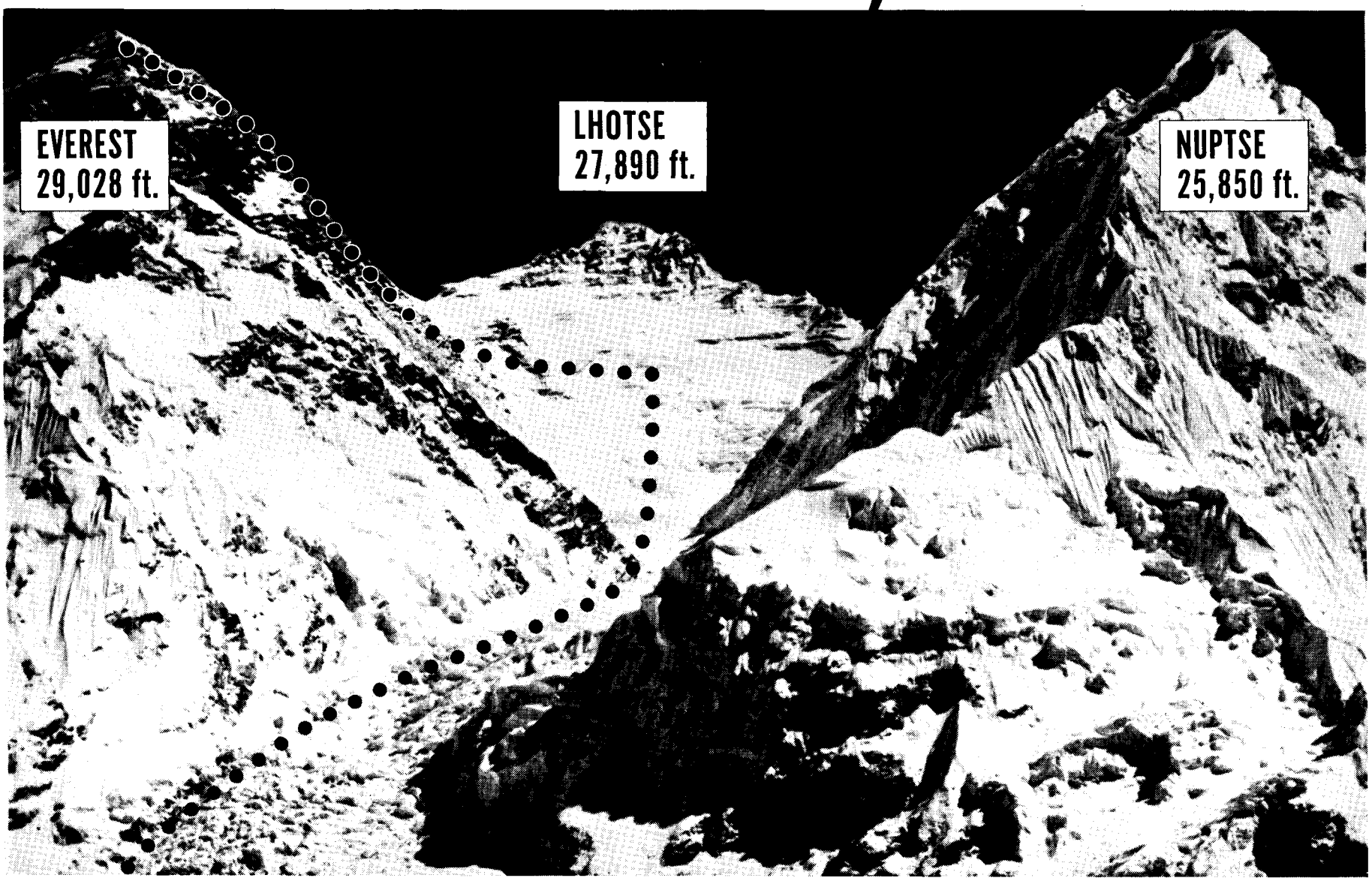

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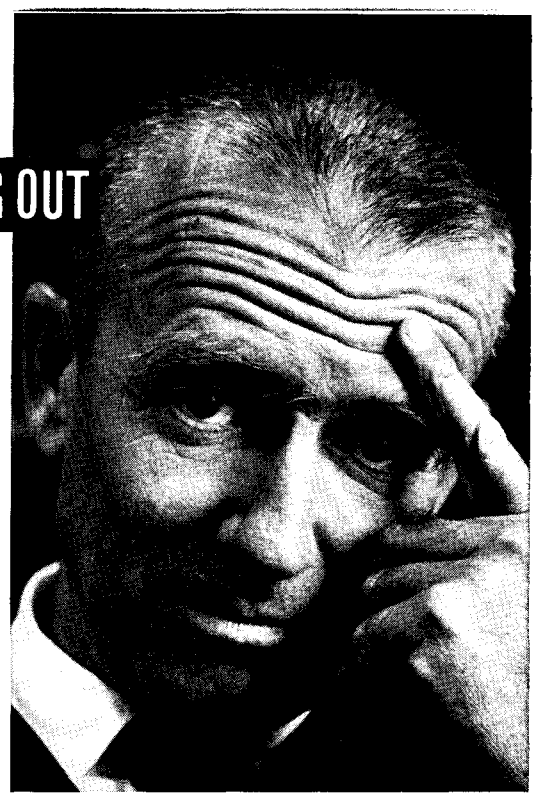
SPEAKING OUT



TOO MANY KIDS ARE LOAFING

By Judge Robert Gardner

On the juvenile court in Santa Ana, California, since 1947, Judge Gardner lives in nearby Corona del Mar. He and his wife have two daughters, both of whom are working this summer, the older as a swimming teacher and the younger as a babysitter.

Parents don't make children get jobs, says a juvenile-court judge, and thus all but help them into trouble.

I deal all day every day with troubled young people and I know there are many reasons for juvenile delinquency. But from where I sit as a working juvenile-court judge, one reason stands out—an alarming lack of employment among our young people.

If a youngster is going to get in trouble, the odds are that it will happen between his 15th and 19th years. And it is in this age bracket that I find an almost complete idleness among those who come before me. (I refer not only to full-time employment for those young people who are out of school but also to part-time employment—afternoons, evenings and summers—for those still in school.) Most of these young people are not, nor have they ever been, engaged in any productive activity whatsoever.

Now, I am a great believer in a happy carefree childhood. Stories of pallid, spindly urchins working 12 hours a day in a coal mine always bring a tear to my eye. But a hulking oaf of 17 sitting around on his large posterior while his hard-working but doting parents support him arouses in my soul an entirely different and not altogether judicial emotion. He makes me just plain old mad.

This idleness in the young is, to put it mildly, unfortunate. These are the years when the human body has that amazing vitality which all too soon departs, never to return. It is flying in the face of common sense to expect that a young person with all this energy can sit 24 hours with nothing to do. It is equally foolish to expect this energetic young person, if he happens to be going to school, to have his free time largely to himself, together with three completely idle months during the summer vacation. As I see young people of what I consider an employable age sitting around drive-ins or malt shops, on park benches or at the beaches, cruising around in cars or hanging around on the street corner at all hours of the day and night, I am amazed at their ability to stay out of trouble as well as they do. The old saw about the idle brain and the devil's workshop is as true now as it ever was.

This article was triggered by a scene in my courtroom recently. It was one of those quick, shattering scenes—unexpected, spontaneous—where raw emotions sometimes lift the lid off the truth. I had just sentenced a husky young man to an institution, and as he left the courtroom he turned and shouted (to no one in particular), "Goddammit, if I'd had a job, this wouldn't have happened." He wasn't making an excuse; he wasn't that kind. And it wasn't a plea; it was too late for that. It was a simple, stark cry of frustration, savage in its intensity, of a boy who simply hadn't been able to carry the crushing burden of having nothing to do.

I find no one in a position of knowledge and authority who will argue with the premise that idleness is a prime factor in most juvenile misbehavior. What, then, are the reasons for this widespread unemployment of our young people? Well, there are several.

First and foremost is an attitude on the part of parents that not only tolerates unemployment but sometimes, I think, encourages it. I find the average parent of the average employable but unemployed youngster to be weak, overprotective and overindulgent. Both he and his wife work to afford their child the niceties of life, which they now consider necessities—all the comforts of home plus a car and a gasoline credit card. They wish he hadn't dropped out of school but lack the intestinal fortitude to do anything about it. In short, as a group the parents are a generation of well-intentioned slobs who are rearing a generation of sloths.

This type of parent blindly accepts junior's plaint, "I can't find a job." Can't find a job! Well, Junior, I have news for you! These are boom times, and a whole generation of us grew up during a depression when there *were* no jobs—but we found jobs anyway. Oh, they weren't good jobs, but they were jobs. I well remember the extra money I picked up on Saturday nights in a honky-tonk resort, cleaning up the tables after people who became acutely ill drinking rotgut liquor. Fifty cents a mess, usually good for three or four dollars a night. It took a strong stomach, something I didn't have when the job started but something I certainly had when the summer was over. Or the job as night watchman in the sewage-disposal plant. (I never did know what I was watching for. Nobody, and I mean nobody, would have wanted to steal what I was watching.) I didn't even have to stand in line for that job. There are *always* jobs—mean, disagreeable, back-breaking jobs.

Here is an example. My court is in Southern California, where we annually import thousands of Mexican braceros to do stoop labor in the fields. And year after year I ask the unemployed youngsters who come before me if they have ever looked for work in the fields. *Not*

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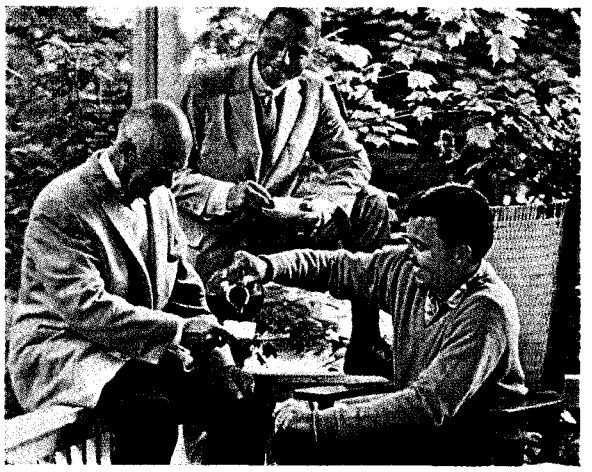
at work,

at play...

at home,

away.

Day in,



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SPEAKING OUT

one of them ever has. So I give them a nice choice: Get a job within 30 days or be locked up. The modern experts in this field of child correction cringe at this hopelessly old-fashioned, unenlightened and downright cruel approach. Maybe it is. All I know is that I have yet to lock up one of these youngsters for not finding a job. Somehow they find jobs within 30 days. Moral: If the alternative is unpleasant enough, somehow junior will find employment.

Another reason for this unfortunate situation is that the unemployment of our younger generation is an accepted part of our way of life. Current economic philosophy says, "Keep them in school so that they will not compete in the labor pool." The idea is that there aren't enough jobs to go around, so if you give a youngster a job, you take that job from the head of a family. I have a quick and completely unacceptable answer to this. Get women out of the factories and put them back in the home where they belong. This suggestion, I realize, is hopelessly fuddy-duddy. But I'm sure industry would continue to hum along if women (except those with no one to support them) were removed from those jobs which traditionally belong to men. And having women back in the home, washing, cooking, sewing, cleaning house and doing the traditional woman's work, would do both them and their neglected youngsters a world of good.

Another reason for this widespread unemployment of youngsters is restrictive legislation governing child labor. Over the years these laws have multiplied so that it is extremely difficult for the employer to hire a young person. In this state, for instance, the labor code has 72 sections (covering some 38 pages of fine type) of paternalistic legislation limiting hours and working conditions of young people. Another 44 sections are to be found in the education code, which governs the issuing of work permits for young people. It takes a Philadelphia lawyer to figure it all out, and an employer who violates any of these laws has committed a crime. Thus the reluctance of the employer to hire a young person is certainly understandable.

These obsolete and unduly restrictive laws virtually doom young people to idleness. Each state has them. Even the Federal Government got into the act with the Walsh-Healey Public Contracts Act, which does not forbid a boy under 16 or a girl under 18 to work for a company supplying materials for the U.S. Government if the contract is under $10,000. But if the company should get a contract involving over $10,000, it has to fire all the boys under 16 and all girls under 18. The logic escapes me.

The problem of jobs for young people deserves thorough study by our lawmaking bodies. A necessary part of this survey would be a searching look at the practice of forcing a youngster with no aptitude for education to stay in school to a certain arbitrary age. I suggest that the uneducable youngster who is forced to remain in school is dangerous to himself and even more dangerous to other students. He becomes frustrated and then sullen, antagonistic and anti-social. It seems only realistic that he should be allowed to leave school and, with all the employment rights of an adult, accept his place in the adult world. It is better for all that he be a happy, productive laborer rather than a disturbed and disturbing classroom prisoner.

Juvenile-court judges are constantly being asked by well-intentioned citizens, "What can I do about juvenile delinquency?" My suggestion is that an interested person try to find jobs for young people. While I recognize the need for all the organized recreational programs which society furnishes to young people, I do not think organized recreation, be it Boys' Clubs, Girls' Clubs, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts or continuing education, is any substitute for the responsibility of employment. None of these takes the place of a young person's pride of accomplishment in his own job, in actually earning money which does not come from his family.

Wonderful results are being obtained from the Jobs for Juniors program. With the cooperation of the public, of management and of labor, the program has almost miraculously cut down youthful misbehavior. The young man who has been standing around on the street corner snapping his switchblade knife and looking for trouble becomes a different person when he works hard eight hours a day, five days a week. Somehow he just doesn't find himself down on the corner with the gang on Saturday night. Perhaps he is tired. The probability is that he has attained that certain self-respect and maturity that could come to him only from the fact of employment.

Few become bankers

I do not say that I have never had a young person come before me who had a job. I do say that I have yet to see a really serious offender whose trouble was not caused to a large extent by idleness.

At this point I should conclude with a dramatic example of the therapeutic effect of employment on a maladjusted youngster, the story of the unemployed juvenile delinquent who became a bank president after getting a job. I can't. Graduates of juvenile courts just don't become bank presidents. But I do have an example. I have Eddie.

When I first met Eddie, he was a typical "Juvie," a torpid drone in school, chronically unemployed thereafter and a regular in my court. I finally was forced to send him to one of our training institutions that boasts an enlightened rehabilitative program. But, more important, it has a director who has a rule that his boys have jobs when they leave. His record is amazing. Eighty percent of his graduates have never again come to the attention of the authorities. So, when Eddie graduated, the director got him a job in a nearby service station.

I don't go there very often. I can't afford to. I'm a sucker for Eddie's eager, toothy grin. In addition to a lube job with every tank of gas, Eddie sells me every accessory in the place. My motor looks like a porcupine with all of the gas-saving gadgets Eddie has sold me. And I'll bet I'm the only jurist in the country with a U.S. flag, a Confederate flag *and* a foxtail on my radio antenna. Eddie may not end up as a bank president, but someday he's going to own his own service station. This I know.

I wish I could take some credit for this seemingly incredible change from maladjusted juvenile delinquent to well-adjusted young citizen. But I can't. I wish I could think that our rehabilitation program did it. Again, I can't. I'm afraid that the only thing responsible for this miracle was—a steady job. THE END

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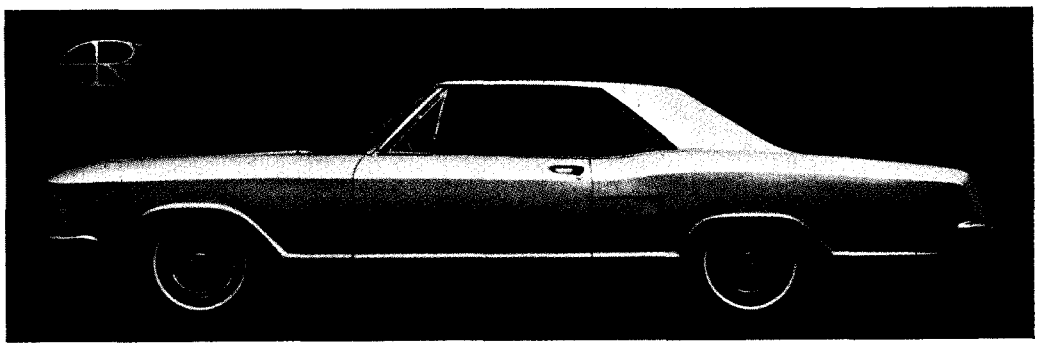

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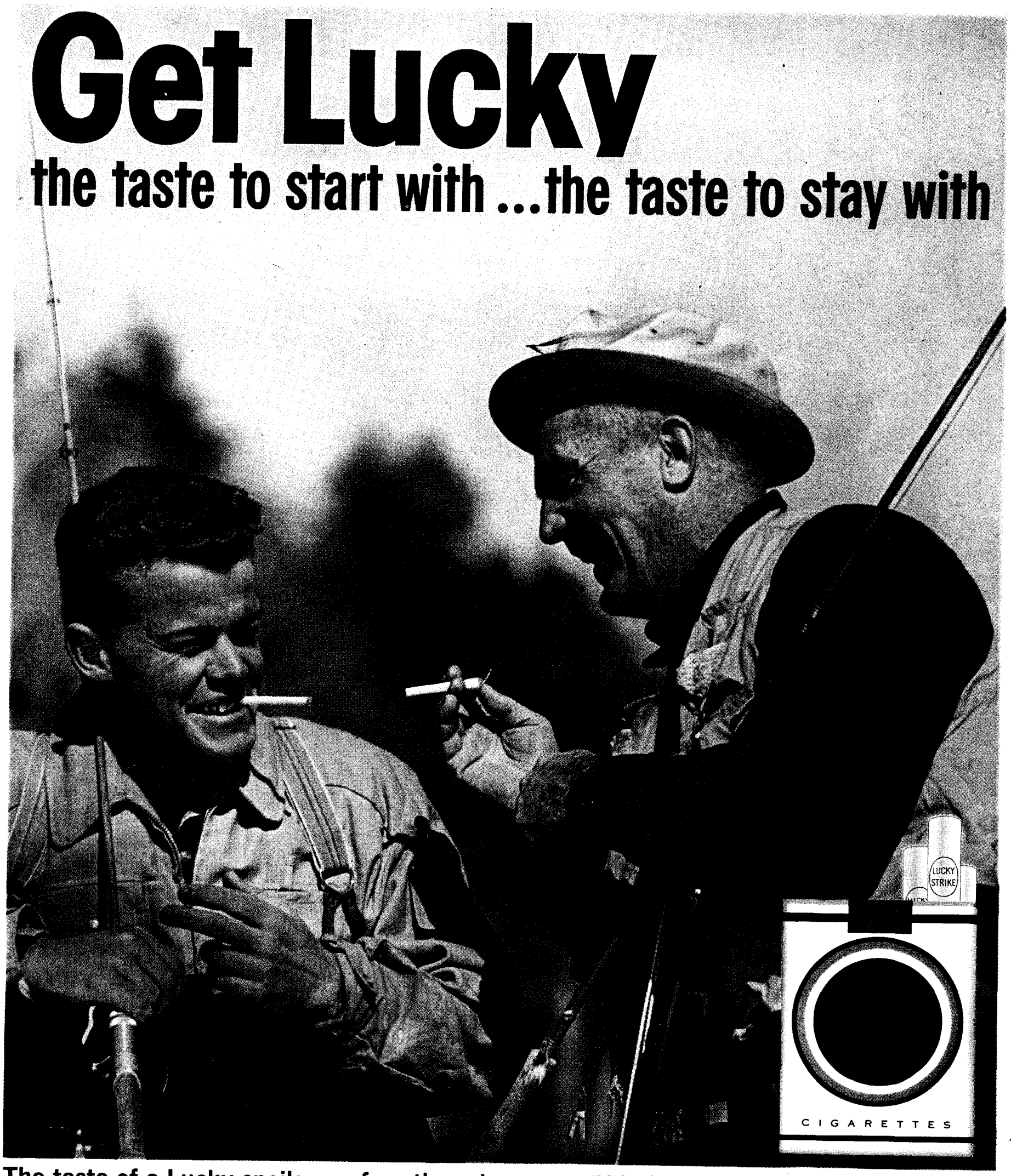

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

THE GOVERNOR'S HAPPY LADY

By JOE DAVID BROWN

NELSON ROCKEFELLER'S NEW WIFE, WHO MAY COST HIM THE PRESIDENCY IN 1964, IS AN HEIRESS AND ONETIME TOMBOY WITH A STRONG DISLIKE FOR DOMESTICITY.

■ On a drizzly evening only three days before Gov. Nelson Rockefeller and Mrs. Margaretta Fitler Murphy were united in matrimony, an imposing lady with flowers on her hat and wrath in her eye swooped down on a Rockefeller aide at a Manhattan reception. "Please tell me," she said icily. "Has it never occurred to Nelson that if he marries this Happy Murphy he doesn't have a chance of becoming President?"

"My dear lady," the aide replied wearily, "has it never occurred to you that maybe he just doesn't care?"

Nelson Rockefeller, at bay in his New York apartment, would have been pleased at the remark. That week alone he had been bombarded with the same question dozens of times. But he had never allowed himself the luxury of being so blunt. He seems to have been born knowing that a Rockefeller needs an excess of affability to be accepted as a regular fellow. From the time newspapers excitedly trumpeted the news that Mrs. Murphy

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En route to Venezuela vacation in 1959, Rockefeller and first wife, "Toddie," scan papers on plane.

HE HAD BEEN MARRIED MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS TO HIS WIFE AND HAD FIVE GROWN CHILDREN.

Flying to Venezuela for springtime honeymoon, Gov. Rockefeller shares paper with new wife, "Happy."

had been granted a divorce until they were quietly married less than a month later, he sidestepped reporters' questions with a smiling "No comment." Sometimes the smile grew strained, and often his face was drawn with exhaustion. Why he did not take the forthright way out is still a mystery. All he had to do to shake off trailing newsmen and end public talk was to announce what most people accepted as a fact anyway—that he would indeed marry the 36-year-old Philadelphia heiress, who was being referred to everywhere by her nickname of "Happy." But until the very last, Rockefeller seemed reluctant to reveal that what the press was treating as a new and explosive story actually was the last chapter in a long and anguished ordeal for him.

Nobody on the outside knows when that ordeal began. Since falling in love seldom is an uncomplicated business, perhaps Rockefeller cannot pinpoint the exact date himself. Happy Murphy was a volunteer worker during his first campaign for governor of New York in 1958, and a great deal has been made over a photo which shows them dancing at his inaugural ball. Actually, though Rockefeller is 17 years older than Happy, they have traveled in the same social circles all their lives.

"To think that Nelson and Happy suddenly discovered each other during his 1958 campaign is a lot of nonsense," said a Philadelphia friend. "Because of who he is, I'm sure Happy was aware of Nelson before he became aware of her, but they have been seeing each other around and probably dancing together for at least ten years."

People who have a romantic notion that any woman in a celebrated love affair always radiates allure might be disappointed with Happy. She is tall—five feet, seven inches—a poised, handsome woman with a warm smile, a slight tilt to her nose, an almost indiscernible dimple in her firm chin, and a slim but strong frame. But she is not an exceptionally striking woman. Despite her felicitous nickname, she gives the impression that, when necessary, she can turn as gelid as a queen upon a card. Her luminous brown eyes are her dominant feature. "Happy has unusual eyes," said a family friend, "the kind of big golden brown eyes you never see on any other living creature, except a cocker spaniel."

Happy was born Margaretta Large Fitler in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, on June 9, 1926. Her father, William Wonderly Fitler Jr., usually described as a clubman and yachtsman, inherited an eight-million-dollar estate. Most of this fortune came from a cordage and rope-making firm founded by his grandfather, Edwin H. Fitler, a onetime mayor of Philadelphia. Happy's mother, Margaretta Harrison Fitler, is a great-granddaughter of the Civil War general George G. Meade. Happy was the Fitler's second child. Her brother, William III, is a sports-car buff, and during Rockefeller's 1958 gubernatorial campaign he served on his staff as a television adviser.

Happy acquired her nickname when she was a toddler because, as her mother has explained, "She was such a happy funny little baby." The Fitler household, however, was not notably happy. It was no secret along the Main Line that Happy's father was a drinking man and, when she was 10, her parents were divorced. Happy's father remarried before he died in 1947, leaving an estate of four million dollars. Happy's mother married twice and is now Mrs. George E. Bartol Jr. of Wynnewood, Pennsylvania.

"It was almost pathetic the way Happy adored her mother," said a former neighbor. "Her

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mother was a pretty, dainty little woman—but completely caught up in social activities. Happy was really left in the care of the servants."

Some little rich girls who are entrusted to servants are scrubbed, starched and festooned with ows. Others are put in the care of servants who ay little attention to their charges' grooming or even whether they have clean clothing. Happy seems to have been in the second category. "Until she was in her middle teens, Happy was about the sloppiest girl I ever saw," said a former classmate. "Her uniforms at school were always limp and faded and looked as if they were ready for the rag bag. After school she wore faded blue jeans, decrepit sneakers and the most disreputable raincoat anyone had ever seen. She had raggedy blond hair and looked as if nobody ever took the slightest interest in her."

Perhaps Happy felt that nobody did. It may explain why the calm, self-possessed lady of today was such an aggressive tomboy until she was more than halfway through Shipley, a fashionable girls' school in Bryn Mawr. From the first time she entered Shipley's gilded barnyard, pugnacious young Happy appears to have taken charge like a young gamecock in a flock of pullets. "Happy dominated everybody," a classmate recalled. "If a girl did something Happy didn't like, she'd simply grab her and beat her. She fought all the time—not by the Marquis of Queensberry rules either. The only rule she observed was not to hit a girl while she was down. I suppose, at some time or other, she beat every girl in the class."

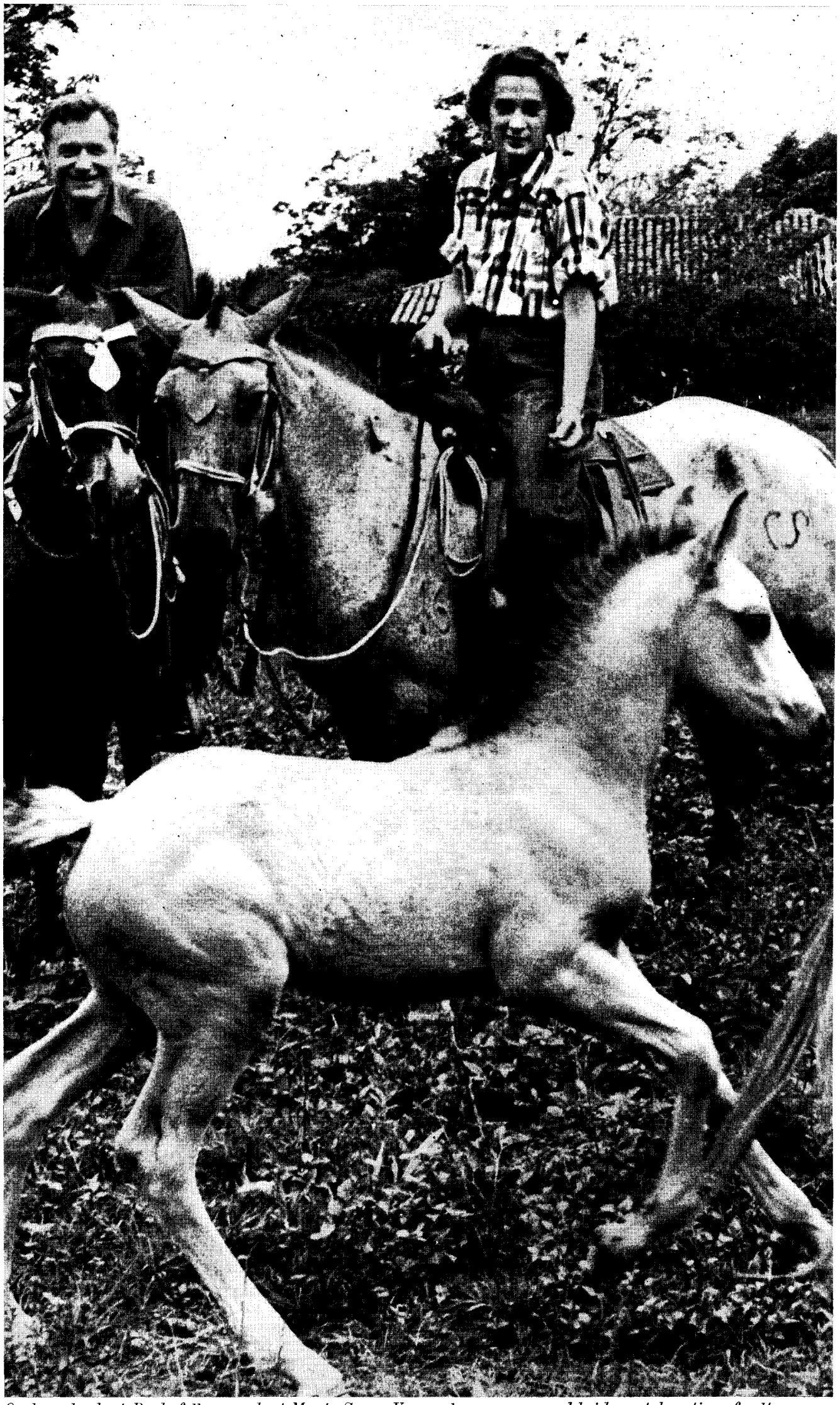
Happy was the girls' idol

Although no mere man can be expected to understand, Happy's habit of drubbing her classmates did not make her an outcast. On the contrary, most of her former classmates recall that Happy was their idol. "If Happy banged a door, everybody wanted to bang the same door," said one. "Happy was always a team leader," said another. "She was easily the best athlete in the class. She was slender but strong. If you had cut her hair and put her into boys' clothes, you would have taken her for a boy. Even when she entered a classroom, she would jump over a desk to get to her seat."

Practically all of her contemporaries remember her as a reckless, daring girl. Some still recall with awe how Happy, using no hands, would propel her bicycle as fast as she could down the steep hill leading to the quiet lane where she lived. But older neighbors have a somewhat different recollection. They remember her as a rather forlorn teen-ager, thin and unkempt, who seemed to be always out on her bike, even in the rain and snow, usually trailed by a German shepherd that she called Chiang Kai-shek.

Happy was an indifferent student. "She had girls doing her lessons, writing her papers, and carrying her books and picking up after her," a former chum said. "She was enormously witty and probably had the quickest mind in the class, but she didn't apply herself. She was spoiled otten too. While we were sitting around, she would scatter her books on the floor, say what we thought was a terribly daring word, walk out and grunt over her shoulder, 'Somebody do that work for me, will you? Make a few mistakes so they'll think it's mine.' And some stupid little idiot would always do it.

"It was awful the way we let Hap use us. French was her hardest subject and she was



On horseback at Rockefeller ranch at Monte Sacro, Venezuela, governor and bride watch antics of colt.

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BOTH BOAST ILLUSTRIOUS RELATIVES

Nelson's grandfather, John D., golfs in 1933.

Happy's ancestor, Union Gen. George Meade.

never prepared. But when the teacher would call her in front of the class and start bullying her, we felt so sorry for her, standing there red-faced and miserable, that we would start snapping our fingers under our desks. The teacher would get so furious trying to make us stop that she would forget all about Hap."

As she was about to enter her last year in the Lower School, Happy glumly announced to her coterie one day that her cousin, who lived in nearby Haverford, was about to transfer to Shipley. "She's being sent here to make a lady out of me," Happy said. When Margaretta (Peggy) Harrison, a pretty and coolly possessed little blonde, who was Happy's maternal uncle's daughter, entered Shipley, changes in Happy did begin to take place. When Happy would look at something feminine and contemptuously call it sissy, Peggy would look at her levelly and say it was beautiful. Once when Happy flew into a rage because somebody addressed her as Margaretta, Peggy said calmly: "You should be proud of your name. It's a family name; it's my name and I'm proud of it."

With Peggy as a confidante and adviser, Happy gradually began to drop her tomboy ways. She started dressing up and attending dancing classes on Friday and Saturday. "Happy was never stylish," a friend said, "but when she got older and shed those horrible jeans and sneakers occasionally, she looked quite nice. You know, the good-sweaters, plaid-skirts, real-pearls, the-right-kind-of-spectator-pumps look."

Happy was graduated from Shipley in 1944, during World War II, and the school yearbook gave this juvenile summing up of her personality and career: "Where found—on her bike. Pet expression—'Mmm-could be.' Besetting sin—eating. Pet hate—hay fever. Suppressed desire—to fly. Destiny—Navy wedding." Friends have no explanation for the last cryptic comment, but it is assumed 18-year-old Happy was writing to a sailor somewhere. Happy considered entering Sarah Lawrence College but instead became a driver for the Women's Volunteer Service in Philadelphia. She also became a volunteer in the Pennsylvania Hospital and for a while talked of entering nurses' training. It was after the war, in 1946, that she made her formal debut with the Philadelphia Assembly, which presents only the most socially prominent young maidens.

It was around this period that Happy seems to have met a handsome young Army Medical Corps captain, James Slater Murphy. A graduate of Milton Academy and Cornell, Doctor Murphy, known as "Robin" to his friends, had received his medical degree and served his internship at Johns Hopkins. He was the son of Dr. James B. Murphy, a famed cancer-research scientist with the Rockefeller Institute in New York. Robin was close to the Rockefellers, especially Nelson Rockefeller's brother David, who had been a boyhood chum. Robin, a calm, courteous, soft-spoken man, planned to follow his father into medical research.

The marriage of Robin and Happy in Philadelphia on December 11, 1948, was one of the splashiest social events of the holiday season. The wedding was held in Holy Trinity Episcopal Church on Rittenhouse Square, and a huge reception followed at the Barclay Hotel. Happy wore a bridal gown which had been brought from Belgium by her great-great-grandmother and worn by every bride in the family since then. She was 22 at the time; Robin had just turned 28. Robin's family was exceedingly well-to-do, and Happy had received her share of her father's four-million-dollar estate.

The newlyweds lived in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where Robin was stationed at an Army-base hospital, and also had the use of his parents' country place in Staunton, Virginia. In practically all respects the marriage seemed ideal. It is true that Happy, accustomed to servants all her life, was a poor housekeeper. But Robin was so engrossed in his work he didn't seem to care about what went on in the house.

"Happy is a great one for picking up things, folding them and putting them away," an acquaintance said recently. "It must have been drilled into her as a child. The trouble is, she never looks to see if they are clean: socks, sweaters, napkins—everything is put away dirty.

"Robin has a habit which is equally peculiar. When he gets his mind on something, he's oblivious. One of the things I've seen him do a half dozen times is get out of a car and let Happy unload baggage and struggle along after him. During their entire marriage I'll bet he never once helped Happy with a suitcase."

Robin had always hoped to follow his father into the Rockefeller Institute, and in 1950, some time after he was free of the Army, he received an American Cancer Society fellowship. Happy and Robin moved to New York, and the Rockefellers sold them a choice piece of land adjacent to the six-square-mile Rockefeller estate in Westchester County. The Murphys built a spacious modern house and were frequent guests at Rockefeller parties. About this time Happy gave birth to her first child, James, now 12. She had a daughter two years later: Wendy, now 10, and three years after, another daughter, Carol, now 7.

Robin's career advanced steadily. He had been named an assistant at the Rockefeller Institute and soon became an associate in the Virology and Medicine Department, a post he still holds. He had become recognized as a brilliant virologist, and was the codiscoverer of an influenza vaccine. Over the years, the Murphys had been seeing the Rockefellers fairly regularly, Happy more often than Robin. Robin was occupied with his work, and he often remained in New York, where he and Happy had acquired a town House next to David Rockefeller's home. He and Happy also had a summer place at Seal Harbor, Maine, where the Rockefellers had summer homes. It was there, in fact, that Nelson Rockefeller had first met Mary Todhunter "Toddie" Clark, his tall, reserved wife, who, like Happy, was from the Main Line.

Happy spent as much time at the country house as possible. She enjoyed the sailing and riding, and there were two maids, a cook and a governess to take care of Robin and the children in the New York house. It would be easy to say that she and Robin had drifted apart, except that their marriage was following the curious pattern that had been established when they first came to New York. They rarely entertained, almost never went to the theater, and Happy had never acquired any close women friends. Although the Murphys seemed oblivious, the few guests who did visit their three-story town house were always surprised at the relatively shabby surroundings. The furniture, which had been acquired from Robin's father when he retired and moved to California, was worn and grubby. Except for a few undistinguished pictures, no decorating efforts had been made. "It was a desolate, lifeless house," said one visitor. "There were some nice pieces of crystal around and some beautiful pistol-handled silver knives at dinner, but everything else looked as if it came out of a secondhand store."

She saved news clippings

Nobody was surprised when Happy became a volunteer worker during Rockefeller's first campaign for governor. Most of his friends pitched in. Probably only a few of Happy's old friends would have raised their eyebrows if they had known Happy carefully saved all newspaper stories about Rockefeller, along with all the mementos he handed out to his campaign staff. There was some slight surprise when Rockefeller took Happy to Albany with him as a confidential secretary on his private payroll, but only because she was fairly unknown.

Nearly everybody agrees now that she was personable, intelligent and in her job probably of inestimable help to Rockefeller. But if anyone had even suggested at that time that Rockefeller would develop a deep interest in his confidential secretary, much less lay his political career on the line for her, he would have been hooted.

Nobody doubted, however, that Rockefeller enjoyed the company of charming women. As a teen-ager while attending the progressive Lincoln School in New York, he often saved up his skimpy 30 cents' weekly allowance and caught rose bugs for his mother at 50 cents a hundred to get enough money to take some girl to a dance. At Dartmouth, where he lived modestly, taught

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Sunday school, won his letter in soccer and made Phi Beta Kappa, he always showed up at all the big dances. But everybody knew he had been raised in a household that had not only a habit of family prayers but also a sense of duty that often seemed to border on atonement for amassing so much money. Although he was a fiercely competitive, ambitious man, he also was a temperate one who didn't smoke and who drank only wine and beer. He had been married more than 30 years to his wife, had five grown children, all but one of them married. Only one member of the Rockefeller family had been involved in a divorce: his brother Winthrop. There had never been the slightest whiff of scandal about Nelson Rockefeller's name. It seemed inconceivable that now he was past 50 there ever would be.

After the 1959 legislative session ended in March, Happy left Albany. She shifted her base of operations to Rockefeller's New York office and continued to sit in on conferences he held there regularly, for he shuttled between Manhattan and Albany constantly. Early in 1960 Happy took a temporary leave to have her third daughter, Malinda. After Malinda's birth, Happy returned to the Rockefeller offices and worked there until 1961.

Rumors about a rift between the Rockefellers began early in 1960. At the time it was reported that trouble had developed because Mary Todhunter Rockefeller had insisted that her husband give up his political career. Why a report so false should have been so widely believed is difficult to understand. Perhaps it was because there were times when Toddie, a charming but sometimes astringent woman, did seem to prefer her knitting, her gardening and her family to accompanying her husband on his endless round of banquets, receptions and political meetings. Admittedly she wasn't as good at politicking as her husband, but she gamely did what she could to help Rockefeller's political career. She always spoke of him in glowing terms, took off her shoes so she wouldn't tower over women reporters at receptions, danced with everybody at staff parties, and was a dogged campaigner and handshaker. Once when she offered her white-gloved hand to a grimy-handed laborer who considerately drew his back, she grabbed his hand and shook it anyway. "Never mind, my gloves are dirty too," she said.

Whatever the reasons for the rift, the Rockefellers were divorced in March, 1962, the Murphys in April of this year, and the marriage of Happy and Rocky took place a few weeks later, on May 4. Friends of the Murphys speculate that the three-year-old Malinda probably will live with Happy, and the three other children will remain with their father.

No matter what the future, it is clear that the Rockefeller case has added nothing to the long-raging arguments about the national divorce problem. It is also too soon for anyone to predict with accuracy whether Rockefeller's marital difficulties have destroyed his hopes for occupying the White House. At this point one can only guess or be noisily partisan.

But there is one clear fact about the Rockefeller case. If a time should ever come when for some reason Nelson Rockefeller draws up a list of the sacrifices he made in dissolving his first marriage, it is certain that the presidency, as prestigious a prize as it is, would be far down the list. Moreover, if the sacrifices were listed according to what they cost in heartbreak and sorrow, then the presidency would have to be omitted altogether. THE END

Happy gazes lovingly at Nelson Rockefeller prior to their departure for honeymoon in Venezuela.

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EDGAR KAISER— MAVERICK IN MOTION

Boss of an industrial empire, Henry Kaiser's son jets over 200,000 miles a year drumming up new business anywhere in the world. His tactics are often offbeat, infuriating his competitors.

By William Trombley

The aqua-and-white DC-3 lifted off the runway at Portland, Oregon, and headed east along the Columbia River. Aboard were Edgar F. Kaiser, head of the merry-go-round of industrial enterprises (aluminum, steel, cement, jeeps, heavy construction and two dozen more) known as the Kaiser companies; half a dozen executives of the companies; and three company directors. They were flying to Helena, Montana, to dedicate a new $10,000,000 plant for Kaiser's Permanente Cement Company. Since Edgar Kaiser jets more than 200,000 miles a year, this three-hour hop in the company DC-3 (recently replaced by a faster plane) was scarcely more than a trolley ride, but it did provide an opportunity to measure the distance Kaiser—family and company—has come in three busy decades.

Shortly after takeoff, Edgar pointed down at some deserted shipyards. "That was the Vancouver yard," he said, referring to one of three Kaiser shipyards in the Portland area which produced hundreds of liberty ships during World War II. "I bought the land for the Vancouver yard at ten o'clock one night from a dairy farmer. He couldn't understand what I wanted with all that land—400 acres." Edgar, who is 54, laughed, and his thin, solemn face relaxed and brightened, as it does often in life but rarely in photographs, most of which make him look like an overworked actuary.

Twenty minutes out of Portland, the plane flew over Bonneville, one of the first great hydroelectric dams built in the West. In 1934 Henry J. Kaiser put together a combine of five construction companies to build Bonneville and named son Edgar, then 25, project manager for construction of the main spillway.

"It was a tough job," said Edgar. "There was no room for diversion tunnels, so we pushed cofferdams out into the river to hold the water back while we worked. The water flows at fifteen knots at that point, and it wasn't easy. One spring night the water was high and really roaring. I was afraid we were going to lose our cofferdams, so I phoned a supervisor who was up the river. 'Everything is O.K.,' he told me, 'I think we're going to be all right.' Just then I looked out the window and saw one of the dam's cribs going by. 'Harry,' I said, 'I don't think things *are* going to be all right—part of our dam just floated past my window.'"

Most of the cofferdams held, though, and Bonneville was finished in 1938, a year ahead of schedule. "That was the good life," said Edgar, who admits to occasional twinges of nostalgia for the days when he was out bossing construction jobs for his father.

But he is not a man who spends much time rummaging about in the past. Seating himself in one of the comfortable work chairs with which the plane was fitted, he plunged into a thick briefcase of work. After a day and a half in Montana, Kaiser was to fly to New York for weekend talks about a $324 million river-development project in Ghana. There Kaiser Engineers is planning the construction of a dam and hydroelectric facilities on the Volta River, which will bring electricity to the southern third of Ghana. After the dam has been erected (by others), Kaiser will build an aluminum mill, utilizing power from the new hydro plant.

Kaiser has been pushing this project hard in the face of fairly formidable obstacles. He needs the United States Government's permission to build, and the State Department is not altogether happy about Ghana's friendship with Russia. Kaiser, however, argues that our main hope in dealing with the less developed countries is to prove to them that capitalism does work by investing in projects such as the Volta River development. Before he can proceed, moreover, Kaiser needs assurance from Ghana that the aluminum mill will not be nationalized, and, Prime Minister Nkrumah is

At his 20-foot desk in Oakland, California, Kaiser plans a project with staff members and a visitor from India.

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not an easy man to pin down. At one point during earlier negotiations, in fact, Kaiser grew impatient with the African leader's stalling and told him that he was "free, white, and twenty-one" and ought to make up his mind. There was a brief pause while Nkrumah's coal-black face gaped in astonishment, and Edgar fervently wished for invisibility. But then the Ghana prime minister laughed, and negotiations resumed amicably.

Because foreign operations have become increasingly important to the Kaiser companies, Edgar spends a good deal of time away from his handsome office (20-foot desk, nine telephones, and push-button drapes that open to reveal a view of San Francisco Bay) in the new Kaiser Center building in Oakland. He likes to deal with the men at the top—like Nkrumah—in person rather than by letter or cable or through emissaries. His friendly but blunt, son-of-the-Northwest manner sometimes ruffles foreign feelings. But more often than not his face-to-face method of doing business wins friends for the U.S. as well as new business for the Kaiser companies.

These companies include Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical; Kaiser Steel; Kaiser Jeep; Permanente Cement; and Kaiser Industries, which operates businesses that range from building homes in Hawaii to manufacturing exhaust nozzles for the Minuteman missile. Total sales from all Kaiser companies amounted to more than a billion dollars last year. Profits were better than $10 million.

Unlike many second-generation business leaders, Edgar Kaiser does not pad about softly in the shadow of his famous father. Henry J. Kaiser is still very active at 81; he roars like a wounded bear when referred to as "semiretired," but in fact Edgar now runs the Kaiser empire. His training for this command began when he was a schoolboy. "When Edgar was in high school, his father would drive him to school every day and talk business all the way," recalls A. B. Ordway, a 75-year-old Kaiser vice-president.

At 22, Edgar was bossing a small pipeline-construction job in Kansas. Before he was 30 he had held important supervisory jobs at Boulder, Bonneville, and Grand Coulee dams. At 34 he was managing the Portland shipyards, helping to set Kaiser's wartime shipbuilding records. "Few fathers have given their sons the opportunity to run things at that age," says Edgar. "I was very lucky."

In 1946 Henry Kaiser handed Edgar his toughest assignment—to take over floundering Kaiser-Fraser Motors. He fought a stiff battle for eight years and still insists "we made a damned good car," but the Kaiser automobile venture finally collapsed in 1955, after losing $109 million. Out of this debacle, however, came much of Kaiser's present-day organizational strength. Edgar spoke of this on the plane ride to Montana.

"I took some of our top construction people with me to Willow Run. We were kidded pretty strong, but we learned a lot. Many of those people are still with me in top jobs."

Unquestionably, the experience has also helped Edgar make a profitable company of Willys Motors, purchased in 1953 and now called Kaiser Jeep. Furthermore, it introduced Edgar to Eastern and Midwestern money men. "They had always suspected us a bit," says Edgar. "We weren't a proven quantity, and some of our less-charitable friends called us a wartime fluke. But gradually that attitude changed." Today Kaiser's long-term financing is carried by more than 50 banks and insurance companies, most of them Eastern.

Grand Coulee, west of Spokane, Washington, was coming into view in front of the plane now. Edgar looked out at the huge dam, where he served as general-construction superintendent, and was reminded of the Volta River project in Ghana. "I'm still in the midst of my evangelizing on that one," he said. "But I think we'll make it."

Kaiser is an enthusiastic booster of U.S. investment abroad, believing that it will help make a better world. But he denies that he is running some sort of industrial CARE program. "It's in our own interest," he contends. "In aluminum, steel, jeeps, cement, we can't expect to compete in foreign markets by export alone, because we'll be beaten by lower prices and low exchange rates. So if we're going to participate in the foreign market—and if we don't, we're dead—then we have to be there, on the spot."

Kaiser finds himself facing charges of softheartedness, if not softheadedness, on other issues, too, especially a new contract Kaiser Steel has signed with the 7000 workers at its Fontana, California, mill. The contract provides that Kaiser steelworkers will share in any profits resulting from introducton of automated equipment and will be retrained to handle this equipment instead of being replaced. This is industry's most ambitious effort to deal with the job shortage created by automation, but it has upset some of Kaiser's fellow steelmakers. "It doesn't seem to have any relation to profitable operations," says Arthur B. Homer, chairman of Bethlehem Steel.

Kaiser disagrees. "It makes sense to take an employee who has been with you for some time and train him for a new job, instead of hiring a new man who has no loyalty to the company. The competition says you cannot exist if you pay a substantially higher wage. Under this contract, if we aren't paying a higher wage, the plan won't be working. (In its first month the plan paid an average $79 bonus to almost 4000 workers.) But I think a happy work force will do a better job for us. The test is the cost. If it doesn't work, we'll try something else."

Kaiser has been a maverick in the steel industry for some time. In 1959, when the United Steelworkers struck the whole industry, Kaiser settled first, causing apoplexy among his Eastern and Midwestern colleagues. A year ago, when the industry tried to raise prices, Kaiser would not go along, and helped to kill the price rise. Last October Kaiser shocked the industry by lowering prices $12 a ton, eliminating the traditional cost difference between Eastern and Western steel. When steelmen raised their prices this April, they held their breath to see if Edgar Kaiser would go along. This time he did, citing Kaiser Steel's operating loss in three of the past four years.

Some businessmen point to those losses, to Kaiser expansions in aluminum and cement which do not seem justified by present markets, and to the size of the companies' long-term debt ($325 million for the aluminum and chemical company, $214 million for steel, $60 million for Kaiser Industries)—and conclude that Edgar Kaiser is a visionary, if not something of a fool.

Kaiser grants that his companies have a high debt structure, but points out that loan payments are met with ease. As for overexpansion, Kaiser says, "In our business, which is basically raw materials, you have to be ready with plant capacity when the business comes. We're ready."

The plane was making its approach to Helena. As Kaiser buckled his seat belt, he talked with characteristic optimism. He was planning out loud: "We hope to make the chemical part of Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical more active in the next few years. We're looking for bauxite (the basic ingredient of aluminum) in Brazil. We're interested in the possibilities in nickel. Nickel would lead us into sulphur, of course."

Are there any businesses in which Kaiser has no interest?

An aide sitting in the seat across from Kaiser answered, "Well, we're certainly not going into the chewing-gum business."

Kaiser gave a quick smile. "How do you know?" he asked. THE END

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The former Alexandra Zuck now ranks as queen of the screaming teenies.

THE ODD ODYSSEY OF SANDRA DEE

At 21, her career lies ahead, her marriage lies behind

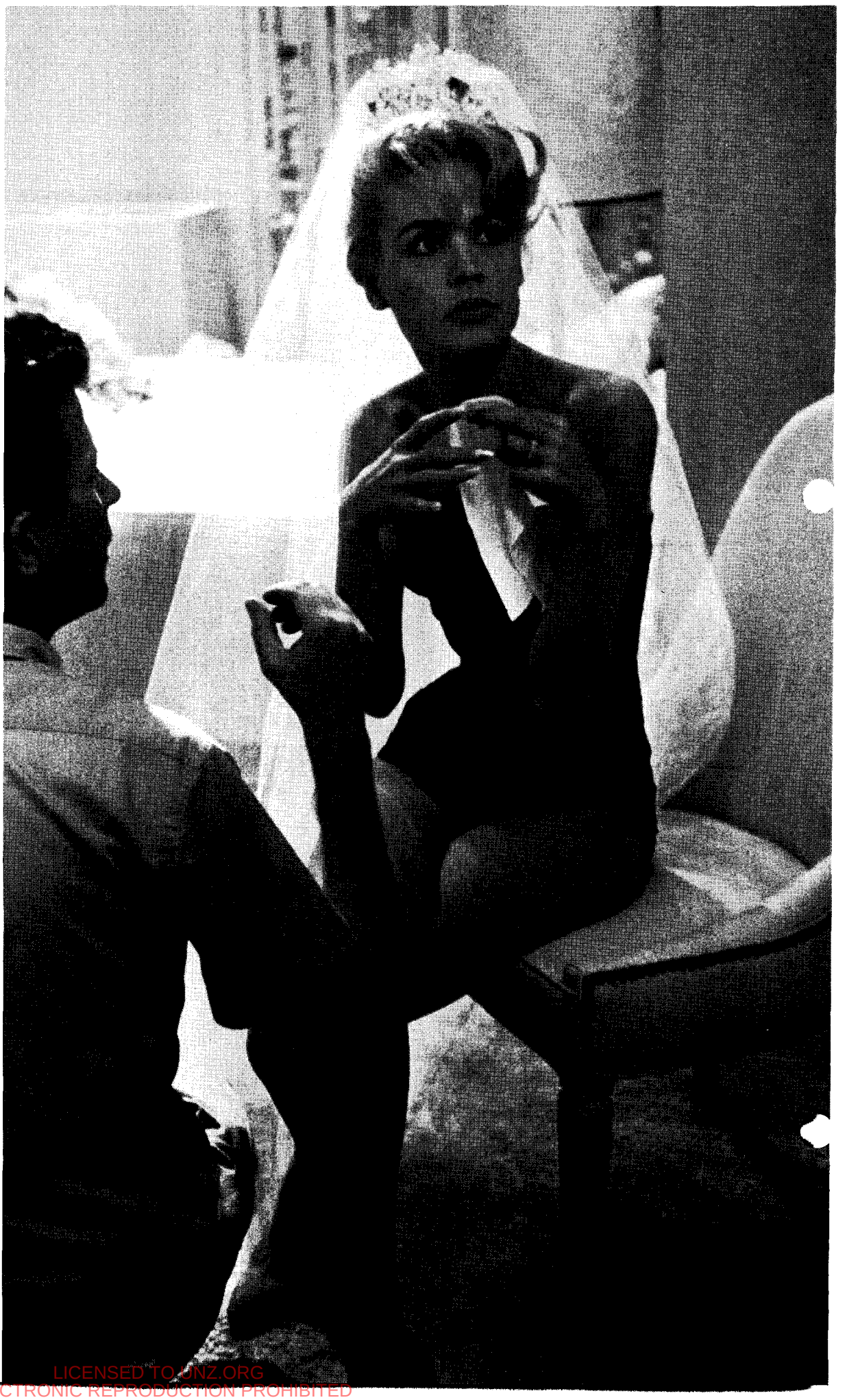
By C. Robert Jennings

The mobile villa, sleek and baby blue, rumbled up the scraggy mountain from its home site, Universal Pictures. Snaking around the curves of the Hollywood Hills, it finally came to rest on the 20th Century-Fox lot in Beverly Hills. On Stage 8, where movies are made, it was unhitched.

Inside the mansion on wheels all was gold and glass, blue and beige, antique French and movie-star moderne. There were white rugs, paneled walls, custom-built furniture, a lavender French phone, some stereophonic gadgets, an air-conditioning unit and a refrigerator. In short order a quaint parade filed inside: makeup men, hairdressers, assistant directors, reporters, photographers, publicity folk, assorted Pomeranians and poodles. And atwirl in the middle of it was the villa's tenant and sole reason for the extraordinary pother, a tinker toy named Sandra Dee.

The odd odyssey of Sandra Dee from Universal, her home lot, to Fox took place this spring. The occasion was a $200,000 "loan-out" of Sandra by Universal for Fox's version of the frothy Broadway comedy *Take Her, She's Mine*, in which the blond, brown-eyed actress will play a love-struck college girl.

By the dimly flickering lights of the struggling movie industry, the pampered treatment that Sandra receives might be termed revelatory, perhaps even epic. At 21, Sandra Dee ranks as a noblewoman of Hollywood, the only female to share every top-10 box-office poll with Liz Taylor and Doris Day. She is the chatelaine of a Sunset Boulevard pad with wall-to-wall furs, a Sargasso Sea of gowns, a soda fountain, projection room, three servants, four dogs and electronic burglar controls. When she is too tired to pilot her red Thunderbird or black Lincoln Continental con-



Offstage, makeup man ministers to Sandra.

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vertible, the studio provides her with a chauffeured limousine. She is, in short, A Big Star.

Since Sandra's acting skills might be equated roughly with those of Troy Donahue, the reason for her exalted station is not immedately apparent. But as Sandra explains, "It's glamour. I wear pretty clothes, have my hair done well, look clean. Older people see me as the daughter they would like to have—there's no scandal about me. With young people, maybe it's identifying with what they think they are or want to be, or—with boys—what they hope to have."

One fact is certain: Exhibitors estimate that more than 65 percent of their current audiences are screaming teenies. And though the teen-agers adore Doris Day (healthy sex) and dig Liz Taylor (illicit sex), they dote on Dee because she offers both without half trying. They write her 1,000 gooey letters a week. They camp outside her electric-eye gates. They demand her face on every issue of the fan mags they devour. Sandra is their Queen of Empathy; and, especially since her separation from her singer-husband Bobby Darin, she is their bitter and their sweet, their hurt and their hope. "She was thrown into a lot of pictures that did nothing for her acting ability but helped her image," says producer Ross Hunter, Sandra's Pygmalion. "Her fans couldn't care less if she's headed for Sarah Bernhardt's pedestal."

Clearly Sandra isn't. She has a tiny acting range that runs from joy to pout. Possessed of a curious charisma, she is at once crisp and cuddly, helpless and hoydenish, Mary Pickford with a hint of Tuesday Weld. Her saucer eyes can register warmth, yet often seem as cold as marbles. Her mouth can be set in a radiant smile or fixed in a mean *moue*. When she parts her sensual lips, it seems that applesauce will appear. But out tumbles vinegar. The charm of Sandra Dee is that her paradoxes seem right. She is that rare Hollywood commodity—a natural.

"I'm really normal just like anybody else," says Sandra, "but I do want to be a movie star very badly. Critics don't bother me. I just want to be a household name."

"There must be a reason she is in such demand today," adds Ross Hunter, whose real name is Martin Fuss, of Sandra, whose real name is Alexandra Zuck. "I'll tell you one reason—she looks like a star. I took her to the opening of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* She was wearing a sable coat, and they grabbed at her."

It was only six years ago, however, that a less impressed Hunter spotted the relatively unknown Sandra standing in front of Universal's Park Avenue offices with too much makeup on her face. "She looked as if her face had been dipped in white flour, and you couldn't see the eyes for the black shadow," Hunter recounts. He invited her, he says, to his office to read for a part. Sandra was one of 500 girls producer Hunter tested for an unpretentious film called *The Restless Years* and she was the only one who asked for time to read the script. "Which proved," says Hunter, "she had some brains anyway."

"When I came to Universal," recalls Sandra of her unreal cotton-candy, coddled life at the age of 15, "I was one student among thirty-two empty desks, yet I had to raise my hand to go to the little girl's room, and when they had recreation time, they even rang the bell for me. I made a screen test with Johnny Saxon and my grandmother was horrified—'Kissing a boy, and for all the world to see,' she kept saying."

Whatever her grandmother's reactions, they have proved no more pained than those of Sandra herself. "I hate watching myself on the screen," she says. "I get sick at rushes, sicker at previews. And after I saw myself in *The Reluctant Debutante* I went home and cried. Everytime I see myself now, I feel awful."

She *is* devoid of personal vanity. She rarely sees her films—she went to sleep watching herself in *Gidget*—rarely looks at studio photos of herself, has someone else scan all fan-magazine material. She spends most of her off-duty hours with a group that Hollywoodians condescendingly call "the little people"—hairdressers, press agents and other toilers behind the scenes.

She is also, despite her advanced years, still addicted to childish benders. "Right now I'm playing Andy Williams records over and over until I get sick of him. I think I could sing Bobby's records backward," she says of her estranged husband. "I've gone through Ray Charles and always cried over *Born to Lose*. It's like my shrimp kick which I was on for a year and then my wild-egg kick . . ."

Miss Dee's egg kick came during her European period. She was refused service at Paris' elegant Tour D'Argent, the citadel of pressed duck, because she ordered two hard-boiled eggs. In Italy, where she met Bobby Darin while making *Come September* and also played half the title role in Peter Ustinov's comedy, *Romanoff and Juliet*, she "mistrusted the food," Ustinov recalls. "She was quite eager to preserve her hour-glass figger, and was terribly homesick the whole time. The fact that she was always ordering hard-boiled eggs caused some trouble. We had a delay on the film because she got—I don't know how you can say this delicately—a stomach disorder.

A legendary stage mama

Ustinov was also a bit upset to find "her mother was younger than I was." It is true that Sandra's mother is one of the legendary stage mothers in moviedom, almost as good-looking as Sandra, and protective as a mother bear. John Saxon, Sandra's first screen lover and her costar in three Dee pictures, remembers that "Mama was there all the time. When we were doing our intimate scenes on the back lot there was Mama checking up on us. It sort of unnerved me."

Mama, who with Ross Hunter has played the crucial role in Sandra Dee's life, has, unjustly or not, been accused of living her own life vicariously through her daughter. As Sandra, an only child, says, "My mother loves me and it shows a mile." Indeed, the most fleeting survey of Sandra Dee's life explains her total lack of preparation for marriage, motherhood—she has a son by Darin—or anything approximating real life.

"My mother couldn't bear to be separated from me," says Sandra of her childhood. "She used to get jobs around school just to be near me. They had to put a curtain over the window in the kindergarten door so she couldn't watch me. She used to stand there and just cry."

Divorced from her Bayonne, New Jersey, bus-driving husband when Sandra was four, Mama married a wealthy real-estate operator named Eugene Douvan, who introduced her and Sandra, at age eight, to the headier things in life—theater, fur coats and dinners at "21." In Manhattan Sandra went to Professional Children's School and was playing Vaughn Monroe's TV daughter in her preteens. By the time she was 13 she was making $80,000 a year as one of the town's top

Producer Ross Hunter chats with his star on set.

teen models. At 15 she was swathed in mink and movie stardom and has known nothing else since. "When I was sixteen I had my own mansion with a pool, a sports car, a $12,000 fur coat, a poodle and toy Pomeranian and a thouand dresses," she says with wide-eyed insouciance.

Yet paradoxically she has no illusions about the business: "It's a great farce. You know you're only as good as the last picture, as long as you bring money in. Until then I will be taken care of by the studio."

Together, Sandra's mother and Hunter had chaperoned their "Sandy" through 16 films, happily and scrappily, until in 1960 their carefully nurtured hothouse plant showed fateful signs of new, independent shoots. Until Sandra became engaged to Bobby Darin, whose real name is Walden Cassotto, Hunter controlled all her associations. Hunter, noting her precipitous step into adulthood, admonished his protégée: "You've got to learn how to neck in cars first." And in a Homeric hotel-room fray over the engagement, Mama walked out. "I'd never been alone in my life," recalls Sandra. "I was frightened to death. For the first time, I had nobody—no dogs even, nothing." She phoned Bobby, and four days later they eloped—to Elizabeth, New Jersey, in the middle of the night in a red Rolls-Royce.

Today Sandra and her mother are close friends again. But Sandra now stands a little plaintively in the ruins of her lone romance and only marriage. "Bobby's ego couldn't stand it," says one of his crooning colleagues. And, adds one of Darin's own producers, "He wanted to be John Garfield. He may well have loved her, but still he used her. The trouble came when she surged ahead and he didn't."

Sandra Dee, the child-woman is patently confused. She has tried dabbling in psychotherapy ("I think I ran *him* onto the couch"). Her lingo is newly and too liberally larded with "damn" and "oh, hell," as if in some vague defiance. Trying out her first movie bikini recently she remarked, perhaps too determinedly: "It bugs me that now at age twenty-one I can't seem to get it across that I can't exactly be the Girl Scout forever. From now on, people are going to see me with cigarette in hand and maybe even hoisting a Martini glass. I've worked nine years, been married three, have a sixteen-month-old son, and now at last I'm old enough to vote, to order a glass of wine in a restaurant and to show my navel."

Perhaps Sandra Dee of Hollywood, California, has found herself at last—or at least is rediscovering a girl named Alexandra Zuck of Bayonne, New Jersey. THE END

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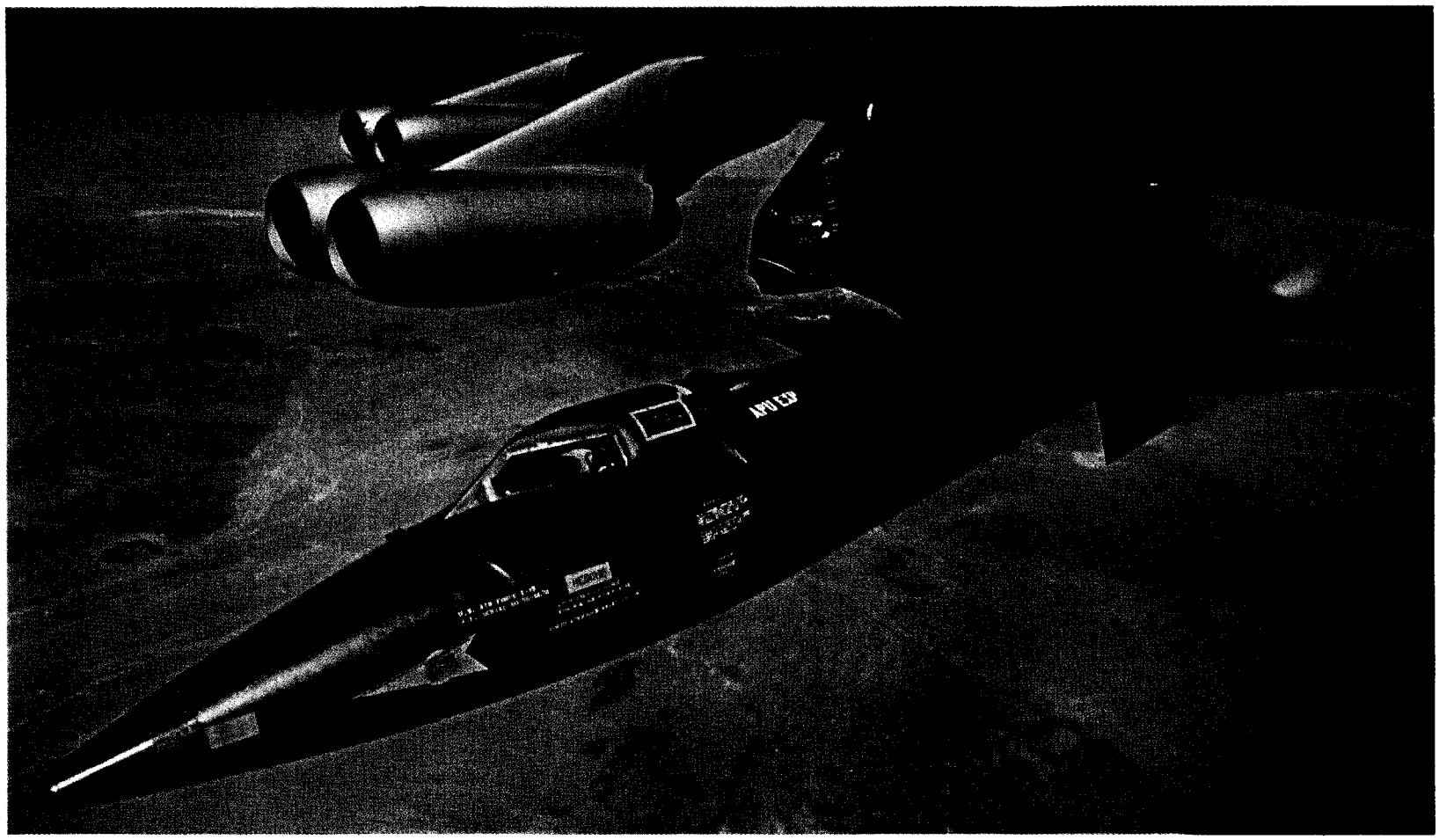
WINGED SPACEMEN

While Mercury gets the headlines, it is the astonishing X-15 plane which makes the most frequent visits into space.

The X-15 falls away from mother B-52 seconds before zooming to 50 miles altitude.



Astro-pilot Joe Walker

While the Mercury astronauts have been splashing down to glory and ticker-tape parades, another little group of space pilots have been blasting beyond the atmosphere with hardly a blink from the public. The half dozen men who pilot the wicked, delicate little X-15 have made more than 80 space flights over the last three years in a sleek black bullet that is a unique blend of rocket and airplane, "the missile with a man in it." With each landing they have brought back new information on how men and machines behave in the region beyond our atmosphere—information that has already proved vital to our astronauts and will eventually be important to supersonic airline passengers. For, despite the fanfare over Project Mercury, the X-15 is the most successful research plane ever built.

None of the work done in space has been easy, but the X-15 pilot's job may well be the riskiest of all. No computer-fed controls guide him automatically. From the time he drops free of the B-52 mother plane, touches a "light" to his 600,000-horsepower rocket engine and screams almost straight up at 4,000 miles an hour until the moment when his landing skids hit the parched lake bed at Edwards Air Force Base, California, 11 minutes later, he has been completely in command of his vehicle. The ship—and the mission—are in his hands alone.

Joe Walker (at left) is one of these pilots. At 42 he has spent more time in a space suit and a cabin full of pressurized nitrogen gas than any other pilot. Seventeen years a Government flier, he pushed the X-15 to the world speed record of 4,105 miles an hour last June 27. Walker also flew three of the ship's "X" (for "experimental") predecessors at Edwards, where he is now chief research pilot for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Flight Research Center.

Walker's team also includes Air Force Maj. Robert A. Rushworth and NASA's John B. McKay, plus a new pair of space pilots to be appointed this month. The five X-15 pilots (all engineers) average 30 flights a year in three models of the 50-foot craft that looks like an artillery shell and travels faster. They have included such colorful characters as Scott Crossfield, who first flew the X-15 and says, "A shaky hand on a stick should come only from a hangover"; Air Force Maj. Bob White, who set the plane's altitude record of 59.6 miles last July 17; and Neil A. Armstrong, the only X-15 pilot so far to transfer to the higher-flying NASA astronaut program.

"I spend only a few minutes in the X-15," says Joe Walker, "but my whole life is centered around those few minutes." For one of those minutes he is crushed back into his seat by up to five times the force of gravity as he rides up into space.

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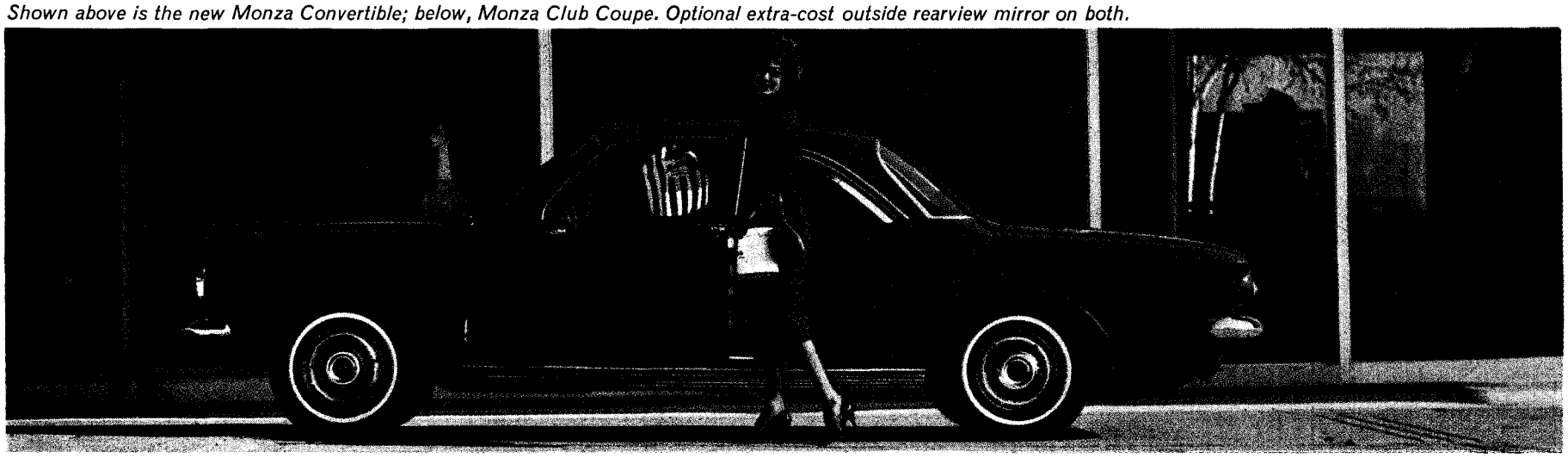
It growls for the men—purrs for the girls

The Corvair Monza is a man's car that goes for the ladies, too. Men like its biting road grip that takes it through tough going like a competition car. Girls like the way it frisks in and out of tight parking places. Why is it so ideal, both for cross-country and cross-town jaunts? Unlike other American cars, it has a rear engine; weight's *over* the rear wheels for extra traction, *off* the front ones for easy handling. Its ride, with a coil spring flexing at each wheel, convinces you that every road's a paved one. Its air-cooled six-cylinder engine needs no water, no antifreeze. Its self-adjusting brakes save you a lot of bother. And the high style of its rugged Body by Fisher will turn more heads than a tennis match. Slip into those sporty bucket seats (no extra cost!) and have some fun with a Monza soon. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET
The make more people depend on

Shown above is the new Monza Convertible; below, Monza Club Coupe. Optional extra-cost outside rearview mirror on both.



Betty Skelton (above) enjoys international fame as a pilot and car driving record holder. So she appreciates Corvair engineering that combines stamina and smooth ride with quick, effortless steering. And being fashionwise, she admires Monza's standard all-vinyl interior trim and front bucket seats.

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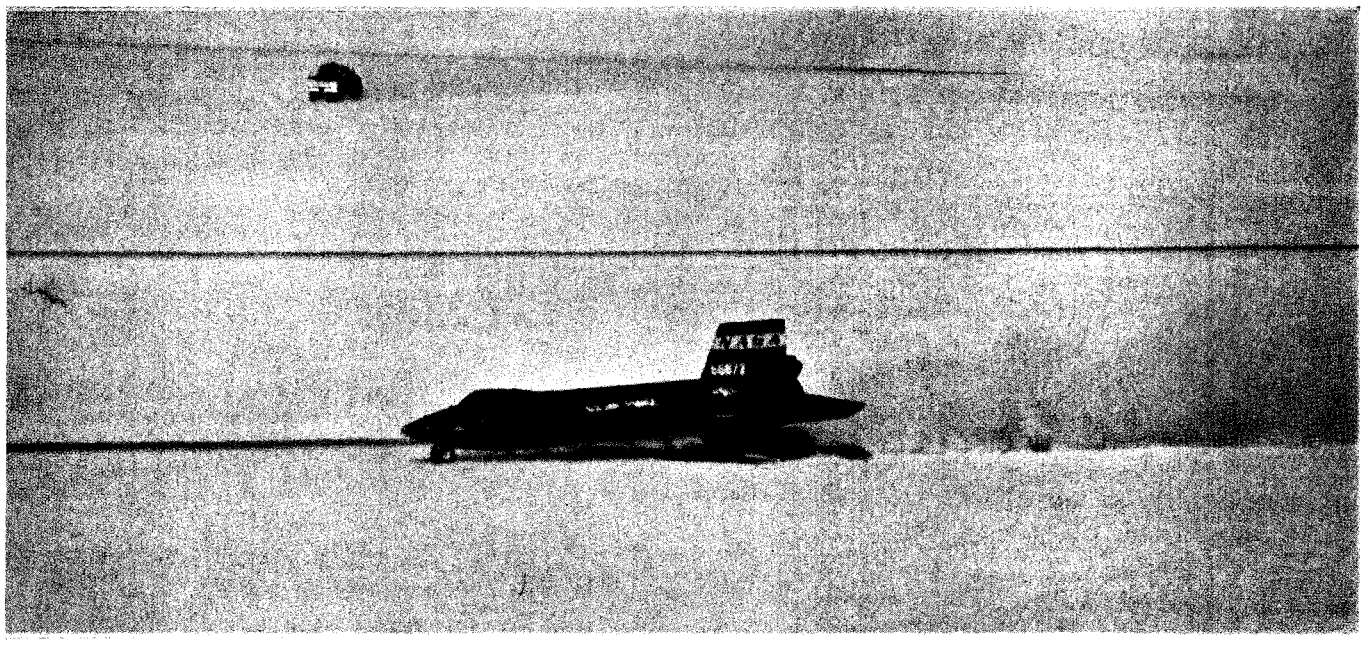
"This is the missile with a man in it."



Its rear skids raising the dust of Rogers Dry Lake, an X-15 lands at a leisurely 200 m.p.h.

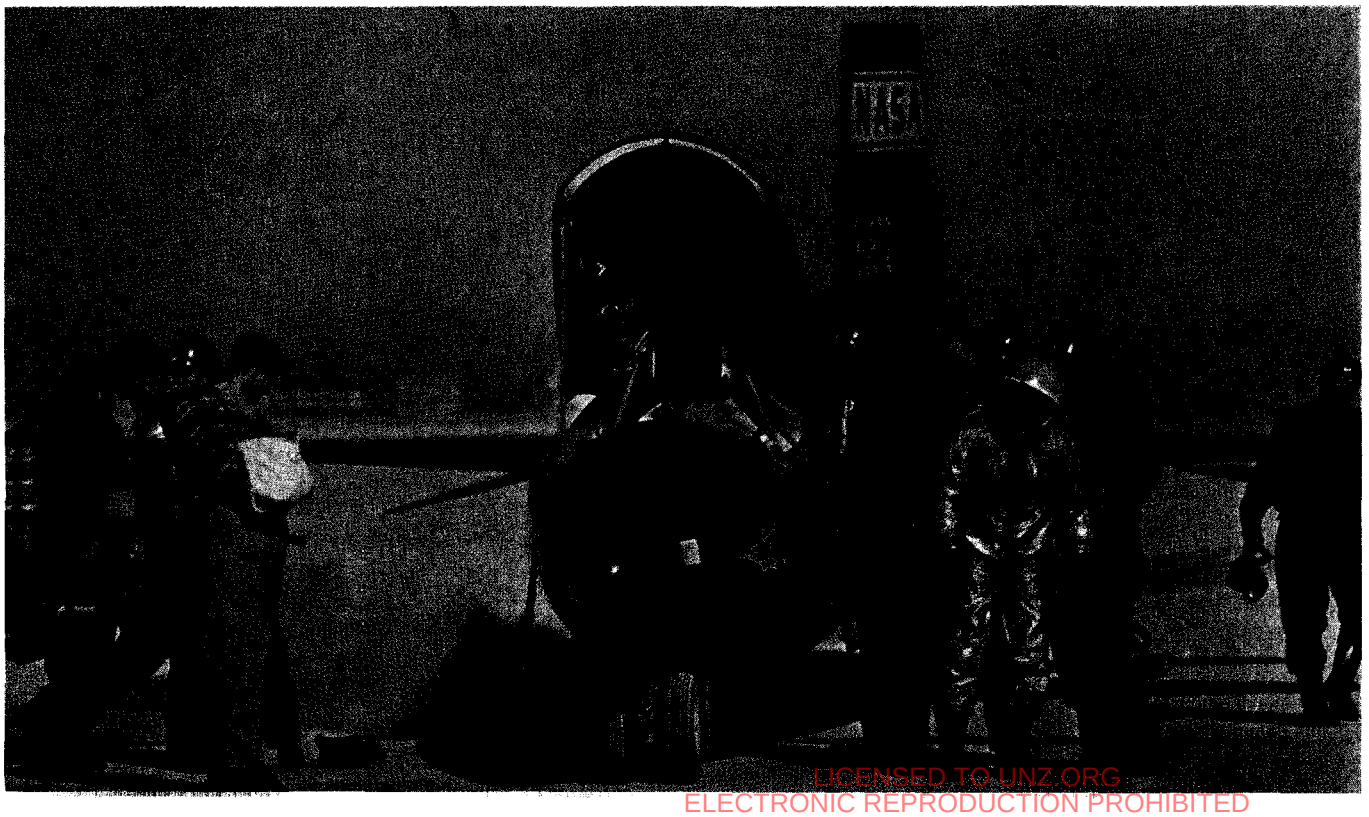
After 80 seconds he cuts the throttle and "coasts to the top of the hill" at five or more times the speed of sound. Weightless for a few seconds, he tops the arc and heads down, reentering the atmosphere at 3,000 miles an hour. Once again he fights the "G" forces to work his controls while the ship's wings, tail and nose glow red with the 1,000-degree heat. At 65,000 feet he pulls out into a glide, then at 200 miles an hour his steel skids touch down on the clay of Rogers Dry Lake.

"Well, there's that one for today," says Joe Walker, heading home to his wife and four children. "That one for today," like all X-15 flights, radioed back 1,000 pieces of data a second from hundreds of electronic eyes and ears. Each successful flight makes the next one that much safer for all American pilots and astronauts.

At $20 million a year, less than half the cost of a single Mercury flight, the X-15 program is an incredible bargain. NASA is now aiming its black bullet at a series of new jobs: measurement of atmospheric density, horizon-scanning as a navigational aid for earth orbiters, star photography. Thanks to the pioneering work by the 15, the next "X" in a few years should be able to skip the embarrassing ride by B-52 up to the launching site. A new air-breathing engine now being planned will eliminate the five tons of liquid oxygen the little bird carries, thus making possible a winged craft that can take off and go into orbit under its own power.

NASA officials say the X-15 has gone about as high and fast as was intended. But if pressed they will admit that it just might reach 360,000 feet and 5,000 miles an hour. If it does, Joe Walker may be the man to do it.—LINCOLN HAYNES

After flight the ground crew scurries to release pilot Walker and escort him to medical van.



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Cramped X-15 cabin is a weird world of sky and instrument glow, filled with nitrogen gas: "My whole life," says Walker.

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...as an old G-E 10-cu. ft. refrigerator (1948-52), yet requires no more kitchen space. The reason: more efficient thin-wall insulation. Thinner walls mean more room for food. No crowding or altering your kitchen with this 18.8-cu. ft. refrigerator. And you get many extra benefits, like the big Roll-Out Freezer that brings frozen food out in plain sight. Two extra-deep baskets for bulk storage. Dependable Self-Filling Ice Tray (just close the freezer drawer and it refills itself automatically). Complete freedom from defrosting in both the freezer drawer and the fresh-food section. Choose from exciting mix-or-match colors, white or fashionable coppertone finish.

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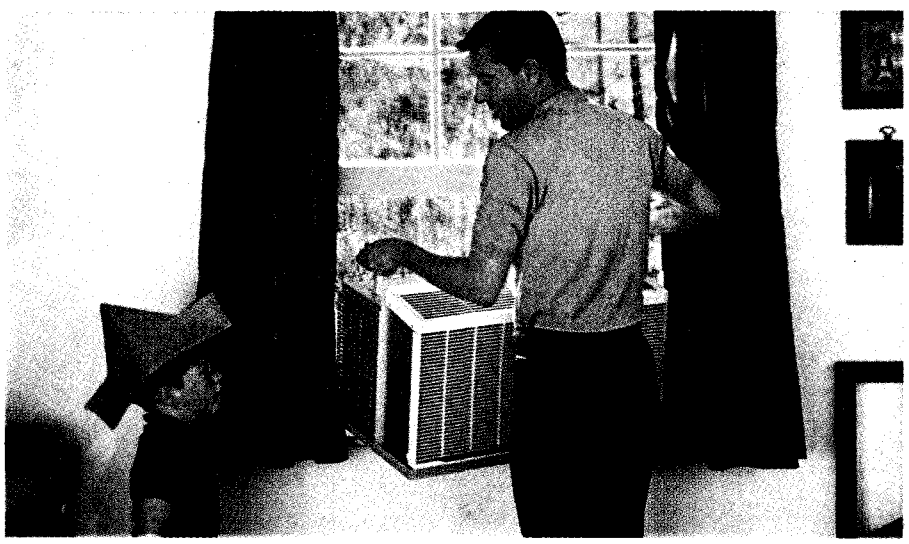

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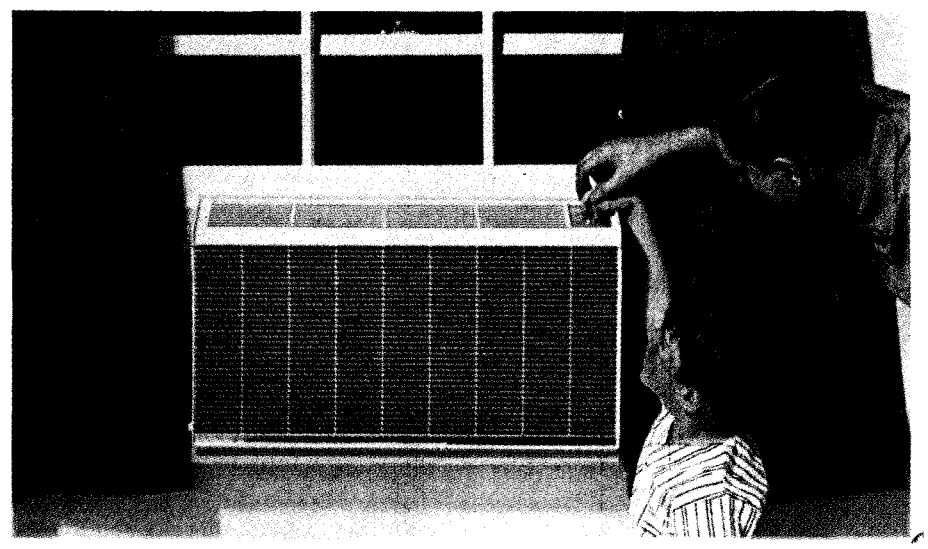

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THE BULANGO AFFAIR

about the author Dagmar Edqvist's books are best sellers all over Europe. Several movies have been based on her works, notably Ingmar Bergman's *Night Is My Future*. Born in Visby, a Swedish medieval town on the Baltic island of Gotland, Miss Edqvist first studied linguistics, then served as secretary to a prominent psychiatrist. She learned enough about his work to edit a major study he had written about mental hygiene. Her novels have been marked by psychological insight and careful research. Preparation for *The Bulango Affair* began in 1956, when Miss Edqvist paid a lengthy visit to a Swedish friend, Miss Barbro Johansson, headmistress of an African girls' school in Tanganyika. On two subsequent visits, Miss Edqvist met and talked several times with Julius Nyerere, now the prime minister of Tanganyika, followed an "election safari" through the wild country near the Congo frontier and studied the tribal and British judicial systems.

about the book Miss Edqvist cables, "Perhaps the novel expresses something I felt while walking in the African bush one day with a friend. We met a small girl who yelled at us, 'You are white!' She had never seen white women before; to her, 'white' meant lepers and dead people stalking the forest at night. It was an enlightening experience suddenly to feel repulsive because of the color of my skin. Black and white—our color is different, our blood is the same. In Africa the life of your white child may depend on a blood transfusion from a black man, or it may be the other way round. In *The Bulango Affair* I write about a law case in which an African woman is accused of murdering the wife of a British official. So the case involves a race conflict. I sincerely hope that I have treated black and white in the same way: not as heroes and saints, but as human beings, sympathetic, laughable, tragic—and equally possible for readers to identify with." Like all of Miss Edqvist's novels, *The Bulango Affair* was first published in Swedish. In the United States the book will be published in August by Doubleday & Company, Inc., under the title *Black Sister*.

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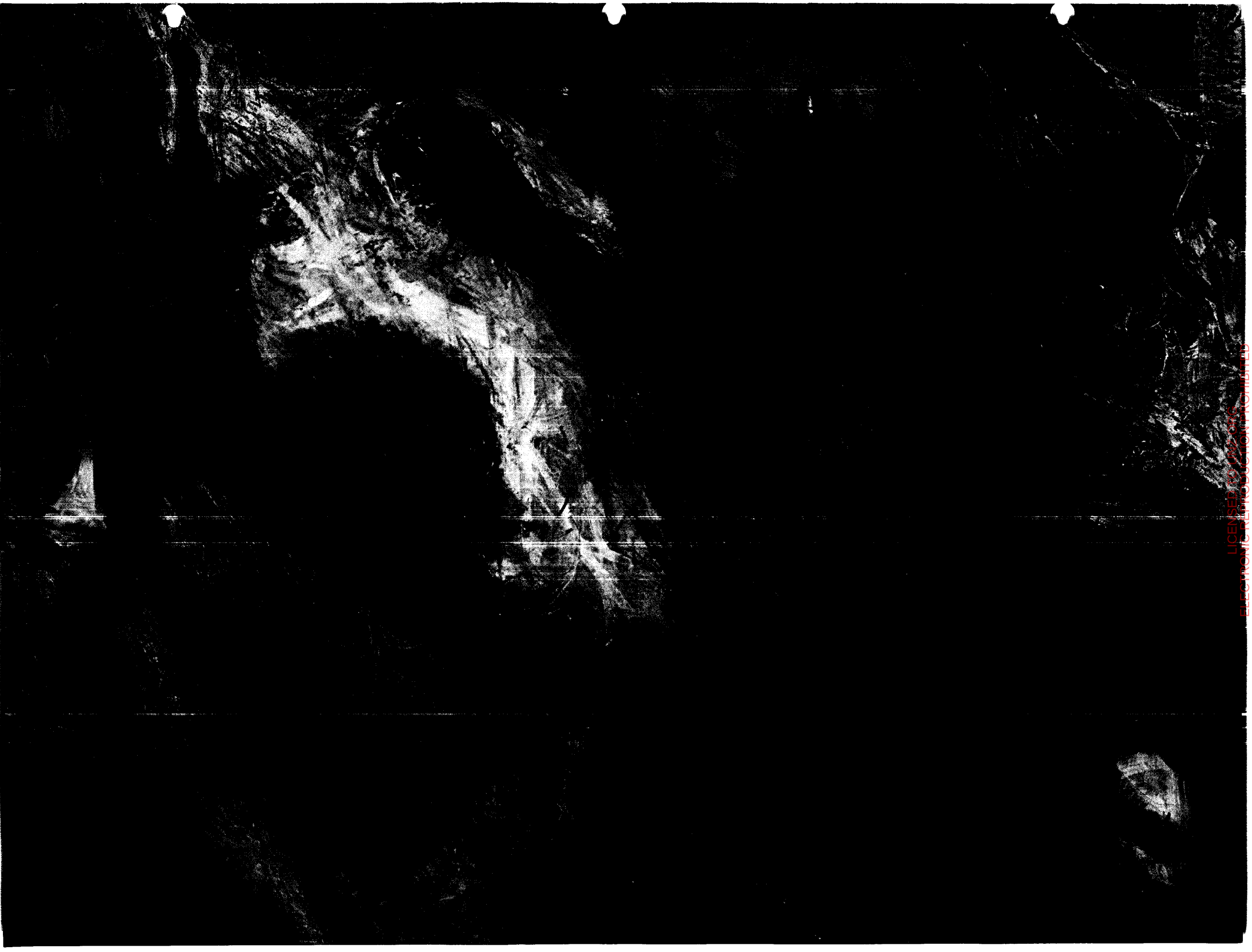

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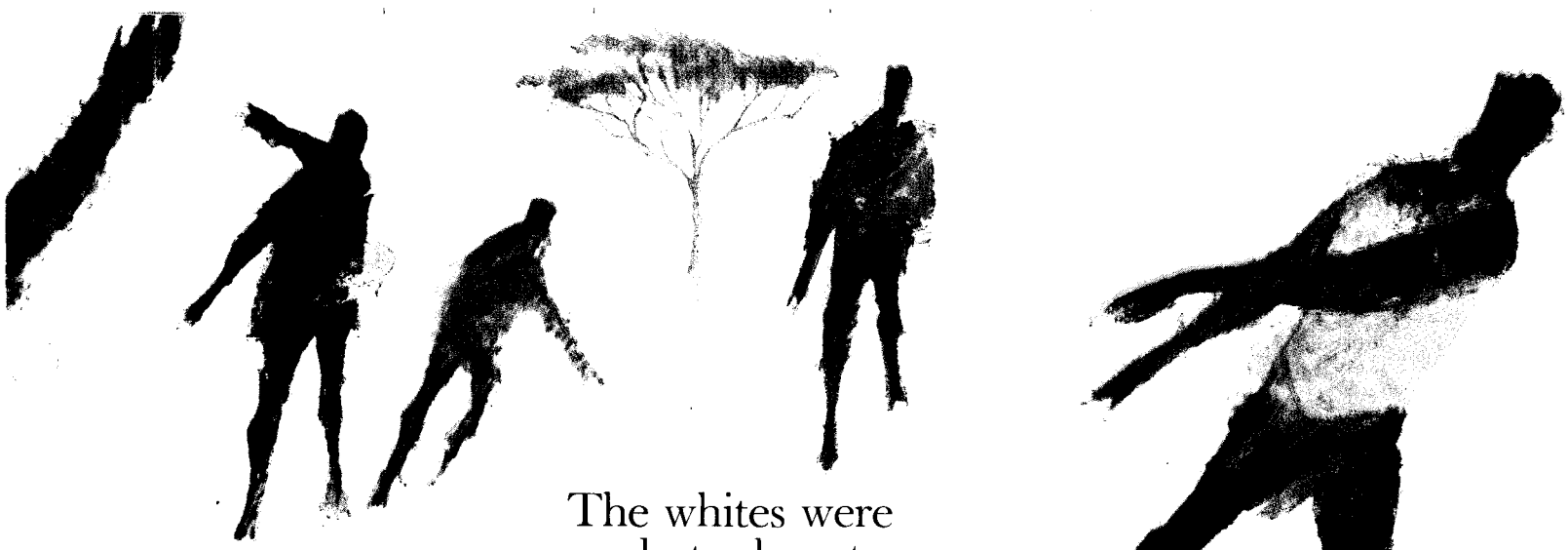

The whites were ready to depart in peace and let the Africans form a new nation . . . until the killing of an Englishwoman triggered a race riot.

THE BULANGO AFFAIR

By DAGMAR EDQVIST / Translation by Joan Tate

The main routes from the lakeside village ran past Richard Palmer's house, the crossroads lying a bit to the right. Feet tramped by all day, long black feet mostly, workers going to the coffee factory and the sheet-metal works—so much sheet metal was being hammered out all over Africa. There were white officials too, from the lakeside villas, headed for their offices, and wives doing their shopping in the cool of the morning. Fragments of conversations hovered in the air, blending with the swirling dust.

Richard Palmer drank his morning tea on the veranda, invisible behind a screen of purple creepers. The fat Joshua had just placed an egg, toast and marmalade in the small space between a report by the Tanganyika police on a case of embezzlement and a book of poems: Aimé Césaire's *Cahier d'un retour au pays natal.*

The combination of sophisticated lyrics and the chatter from the road affected Palmer strangely. Now and again he raised his head and listened intently. His hearing was acute, and he spoke Swahili like a native.

"Mister policeman, where does *Bwana* Palmer live?"

"Man, what do you want with him?"

"Mister policeman, my daughter has been unfaithful to her husband. Now he wants his cattle back."

"Go to the village chieftain's *baraza*, not to the white magistrate."

"Oh, but I've been to the chieftain. He says the dowry must go back. But how can it go back? The cattle went sick and died, and ——"

"Man, I know your kind. You sold the cattle and bought *pombe* with the money. You stink of it even now."

"Mister policeman, have a heart. I must ask *Bwana* Palmer to change the sentence."

"Move on now—you're holding up the traffic."

". . . and no race shall possess the sole right to beauty, wisdom and strength," read Richard just then. But no race can avoid appearing comical at times, he added to himself. A moment later, like an echo of the poem's sincerity, young voices rose from the road:

"*Uhuru.*"

"*Uhuru.*"

"Were you many last night?"

"Yes."

"Any rumors from Ruanda?"

"Bad."

"What did the leader say?"

"That we should make haste."

"When will freedom come?"

"Soon."

Richard Palmer forgot both Césaire and the police report. What news had the bush telegraph brought from Ruanda? The official news was disturbing enough.

Then European voices on the road.

"Strange to see Kiroro after such a long time. It's quite a town now, not just a village."

"Development is fast here."

"MacCormick was the magistrate in my time. What's the new one like?"

"Palmer? He's been here seven or eight years . . . born in Africa."

"A native!"

"Well, white, of course."

"You gave me quite a shock."

"Parents were missionaries. Scandinavians. Decent . . . but . . ."

"Yes, I know what you mean. Not quite . . ."

"Exactly."

Palmer's ears should have been burning by then. He smiled grimly and scratched a mosquito bite on his weather-beaten knee.

One morning the chatter on the road contained a touch of violence.

"Have you heard? A white woman has been murdered."

"Where? Whose woman?"

"Upriver. The news just came on the drums."

"A missionary?"

"No. *Bwana* Wilson's wife. The river inspector."

"Who killed her?"

"No one knows." There was a thoughtful silence. "We'll get the blame, of course."

Richard Palmer left his half-finished tea and went to call the chief of police, Jim Casey. Just then the phone rang. It was Casey.

"Good morning, Palmer. Bad news."

"About Mrs. Wilson?"

There was a silence. Richard could imagine Casey's brick-red face going purple.

"How did you know?"

"Black magic," said Richard.

"I've just had a message," said Casey. "There's no telephone up at Bulango, so the village policeman sent a runner to the next village." Casey paused, but Palmer did not enlarge on the black magic, so the police chief went on. "An attack on a lone white woman. You've probably heard rumors of unrest across the border?"

"And you think that a black did it?"

"Well," said Casey with a snort, "the Wilsons are the only whites in a black area. Their servant has disappeared."

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BULANGO AFFAIR

"Lone woman, you said. Where was her husband?"

"Stephen Wilson was on one of his trips upriver."

"Was she strangled? Or cut down with a *panga?*"

Casey replied, "She was shot, they say. I'm just going to get in the car and go up there."

The next morning the black feet once again trod in the red dust and the voices were indignant.

"Have you heard what they're drumming? That a black woman did it."

"Which woman is it?"

"The schoolmaster's wife. She's a trained teacher too, they say."

The old voice said, "It's not good, all this educating women. They only learn what evil is."

The young voice was indignant. "You're backward. When we're free, everyone'll go to school."

Richard Palmer stood at the telephone listening to Casey, who had just returned from Bulango village up the river.

"She was shot through the chest. I suppose we can let them bury her as soon as the doctor has finished?"

"Yes, of course."

"It's an old-fashioned house—the living room is the dining room too. The floor was spattered with blood and some other sticky mess. Broken china and glass all over the place. There must have been a terrific fight."

"What time did it happen?"

"After nightfall. A lighted lamp had been knocked to the floor—presumably to set fire to the place and cover up tracks. But it went out. About eight o'clock probably, at dinnertime. Part of the mess on the floor was spilled soup."

"Had the neighbors seen anything?"

"The woman in the house farthest out of Bulango thought she caught sight of Rosana Lutshaka, the schoolmaster's wife, on her way to see Mrs. Wilson. For a while they had been friends, but something went wrong. One can understand that Mrs. Wilson felt isolated out there in the bush, and took what company she could get."

"What does Mrs. Lutshaka say herself? I presume you've questioned her."

"We've arrested her."

"Wasn't that a bit hasty?"

"Wait till you hear," said Casey. "At first she denied being anywhere near the Wilsons' house. Then she admitted she had been there but maintained that it was Mrs. Wilson who had threatened her and the servant, Kabono, with a revolver."

"And then?"

"She just ran away. Or so she says."

"What reason did she give for going there so late?"

"She went to give Mrs. Wilson a basket of eggs, she said. An attempt at reconciliation."

Palmer said thoughtfully, "It sounds plausible."

"There were smashed eggs on the floor. But supposing Mrs. Wilson rejected the gift—that they quarreled, insults, a scuffle—and Kabono came in to help one of his own race . . ."

"But the revolver?"

Casey answered with reserve: "It was Wilson's."

"Where was Wilson at the time?"

"On his launch on the river. He found the body next morning. The launch was only a mile or two upriver. Steve said he thought they'd make it back, but darkness fell and they had to anchor."

"H'mm. Was it a happy marriage?"

"I think so. Steve's a good chap."

"And how was Mrs. Wilson?"

Again a touch of reserve came into Casey's voice. "We hardly knew her. She was a good-looker—at first, anyhow."

"What was her maiden name?"

"Evie Adams."

"Evie Wilson, née Adams." Richard Palmer thought he must have met her at the club sometime; but at the name "Mrs. Wilson," he could only visualize Carol, Wilson's first wife, who had died about four or five years before.

He asked curtly, "Any fingerprints?"

"There was a print of a bloodstained left hand on the inside of the door. We took Rosana Lutshaka's fingerprints, and they matched."

The river lay sunk in its sultry midday sleep. The clumps of papyrus were motionless, the parrots were silent, the monkeys had vanished from the treetops. In the shade below the riverbank the government launch lay anchored, and Mr. Wilson sat hunched in a deck chair under the canopy. Two black members of the crew were oiling the engine, now and again revving it up. Under cover of the racket they gossiped in river dialect.

"Why doesn't he go home?"

"Perhaps he's afraid of *memsahib's* spirit."

"D'you think it's him?"

Each time they said "him," meaning Mr. Wilson, they pointed toward him by thrusting out a lower lip.

"I didn't say that. But I don't think it was the mamma the police have taken."

Stephen Wilson just sat there, enveloped in misery. He had made his way to the launch as if in a dream, for it was here that he felt at home, by the water. He knew every yard of the river, its sluggish lower course where mud transformed the banks into swamps, its winding central part, and its lively source high in the mountains. He knew the wild animals who came down to drink at sunrise and sunset, and the crocodiles that lay in the water pretending to be logs.

Usually, as he sat there on deck, short, sturdy, sandy-colored, with his bushy moustache and the freckles on his arms, he was for the river people the incarnation of the British Empire. Stephen Wilson was part forester, part fishing superintendent and part administrative officer, keeping an eye on the river tribes. Fishing was not so prosperous as before; it was smuggling that really brought in the profits, for the river was also the border between Tanganyika and Uganda. It was Wilson's duty to stop this traffic, so he waged a perpetual war of wits with the river tribes.

The feeling that he had lost his grip on life swirled round Stephen Wilson's mind as he sat on deck. For the second time. Is today today, or a day about five years ago? He had just buried his wife then too, and then too he had retreated to his anchored boat. If one did not go on land between tours, one did not notice that a house stood empty.

Evie. There on the floor. He made a twisting movement so that the chair creaked and he looked up in confusion. Had someone called? No—it was on that day five years ago that a voice called to him from the riverbank, and the provincial commissioner, Christopher Peters, came on board. He said:

"Steve, steady on the whiskey. We're terribly sorry about Carol's death—my wife sends her regards and all that, but you know, the tropics take their toll."

"It was all so unnecessary," Steve said, his throat cramped. "Pneumonia—and scared boys who didn't get a message through to me or a doctor."

"Her health was undermined . . ."

"By malaria—nothing serious. We've all got it."

"And by homesickness too," said Peters. "By Africa. If you eventually marry again . . ."

"Never. I've not thought about it."

"Listen, Steve. Next time—try to find a more robust woman. One you can take with you on board, or on safari."

Stephen Wilson shifted in the creaking deck chair. Four and a half years ago, and now Evie gone too. Even Peters would be silenced now.

He had not taken in Peters's advice at the time, but when he was on leave in England, he had been introduced to a tall, well-built woman, and something had clicked in his mind: *This is her—it was someone like this that Peters meant.*

He was impressed by this beautiful, well-dressed, practical woman who had inherited an antique shop in London. She hinted that she had not been doing so well since the death of her parents—first Joe, and then Emma Adams. She was proud of her father, although he was clearly of very humble origins. "He was a genius," she would say. She did not say the same of her mother, or her younger sister, Miriam. Steve himself discovered that she was the famous actress, Miriam Adams, and he thought even more highly of Evie for not boasting about her relation.

Strangely enough, he remembered best from those weeks of his engagement a visit to the Lamp and Ensign, round the corner in Evie's part of Hampstead. He was the only customer at the time. The landlord, a healthy-looking, oldish man, suddenly said:

"Are you the chap who's marrying our Princess Evie?"

The personal question startled Steve, but pleasantly so. He thought that Evie was magnificent too.

"It was Joe who called her Princess," the landlord continued. "He was terribly proud of her, was Joe Adams. You see, he was dark-haired and hook-nosed and couldn't believe that he could have such a beautiful child. Nothing was too good for Princess Evie. She had to have velvet jackets and little fur coats. When Evie was seven, Emma had another child. Joe came in here the next night. He said, 'Albert, she's the spit image of old Miriam, my grandmother.' He used to call her 'my little black Jew baby.' Who would believe that plain little Miriam would turn into a famous actress?

"But Evie was the beauty. I remember once she was to get a prize at Sunday school. The whole family came here so that I could admire Evie. Joe was carrying Miriam, the baby, rocking her on his arm, saying as usual, 'My little black Jew baby.' Then Evie flared up. 'She's not yours. She's Mummy's,' she screamed. 'I'm yours, only me—only me. Tell me you're only *my* daddy—mine!'"

Perhaps Steve had a questioning look in his eyes, for Albert added, "Maybe Joe wasn't as Aryan as a certain Mr. Hitler might like, but he was a good Christian—Emma saw to that. He even became a churchwarden in the end."

Albert polished a few glasses, and went on.

"When Joe died, Emma had to run the furniture shop. She was bad at figures, and Evie had gone to such a grand school that she couldn't add up a bill. Miriam had got high marks in maths and all that, but she wanted to go to drama school. Emma came down and cried all over me, saying it could only end in disaster, a young girl among actors and loose people like that. Evie sided with her too."

Albert said nothing for a moment, busying himself with a few customers. But then he returned to his memories.

"Miriam became famous almost overnight—had pictures in the papers—but what pictures! Her bosom exposed . . . She took tarts' and child-murderesses' parts and goodness knows what else. And Emma was right too; Miriam had an affair with a married actor."

"I think it's time I went to fetch my fiancée," said Steve. It was one thing to listen to memories of old Joe Adams, but quite another to listen to gossip.

"Yes, sir," said Albert, unconsciously straightening to attention.

Steve expected to meet his sister-in-law, but he soon discovered that she had not been invited to the wedding.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I get up early to chop ice and slice lemons for a decent breakfast—and for what?"

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"It's to be our day—yours and mine," said Evie, squeezing his arm. "If Miriam comes, there'll be a lot of vulgar publicity with her as the central figure. I didn't think you'd like that."

"You're quite right," said Steve firmly.

The next thing he remembered clearly was one day on the boat coming out to Africa. Evie was full of expectation.

"A whole house to ourselves, and servants, and flowers all the year round—how wonderful it will be," she said. "How I wish Daddy could see it! And Miriam..."

"We can invite her out," said Steve.

"Oh, no. We certainly won't," said Evie, giving him a sideways look. "Miriam is a thief."

"What do you mean?"

She told him a long and pointless story, how Miriam had stolen her best doll, and had pulled all its hair out.

"But you were only children then," said Steve, bewildered.

"What's that got to do with it?"

Steve had tried to take Evie with him on his river tours. He remembered one day on the launch he thought that life was perfect: the green half-light under the trees, the glittering water, the sound of distant drums.

But Evie did not like it. She kept fiddling with her sunglasses. She said, "I can't see—everything's quivering... light spots and flashes all over the place. Was that a crocodile or a log?" The following week she refused to go with him.

Then there was trouble about their social life. Back in England he had told her that only black people lived in their district.

"But there's the town a few miles away, and the club," she had replied optimistically. "Can't one meet people there and go dancing?"

Yes, one could, but he pointed out that a ten-mile trip through the bush and swamp country of Africa was not quite the same thing as ten miles by paved road to London. She asked whether there was anyone in the village of Bulango who could keep her company.

"There's an educated woman in the village now, the schoolmaster's wife. She's very pleasant to talk to."

"That's nice," said Evie.

On one of the first days after their arrival he took Evie for a walk to show her the village of Bulango. Among the round mud huts stood a square little house with passion flowers tumbling over the roof.

"The schoolmaster lives there," said Steve, stopping by the path. He called, "*Hodi*, Mr. Lutshaka—are you there?"

Rosana Lutshaka came to the door.

"Good evening, Mr. Wilson. My husband isn't at home."

Steve introduced his wife, who had suddenly become awkward.

"Welcome to our country," said Rosana Lutshaka with shy dignity. "Won't you come in?"

She was a young, motherly woman, dressed in a cotton frock and a flowery plastic apron, high-breasted and slightly swaybacked, with an open face and short hair. She held the door open for them. From Evie's worldly point of view the room was extremely bare: a radio, a sewing machine, a table, a sofa and a couple of chairs. Steve looked at it from an African viewpoint and thought it a fine room. Rosana went out to fetch something to drink.

"She's *black*," Evie whispered furiously. "How can a schoolmaster have a black wife?"

Steve put his finger to his lips and shook his head. He had told her ages ago that all the villagers were black, but Evie had not understood. For her a schoolmaster meant a white man.

Rosana came back with a couple of bottles of lemonade and some glasses on a tray "I'm afraid it's rather tepid," she said with a hospitable smile. "We have no refrigerator."

This was surprise number two for Evie; the black girl spoke remarkably good English. "She talks like Miriam," Evie said afterward.

As time went on and Steve had resumed his old routine of being away four or five days a week, Evie turned to Rosana to have someone to talk to. For a couple of years they had seen a great deal of each other. Then something happened; Steve never knew what it was, but they met no longer. Evie would not hear Rosana's name mentioned.

"She is conceited and pushing, like all the blacks," she said. "The sort who wants to appear remarkable."

If only Evie had found it easier to get on with people! He suspected that she had often offended other women; otherwise, why had all their contacts come to nothing?

Another episode rose in his mind: the Barkers' visit. His old friends from Kenya had come to see them about six months ago, looking suddenly harrowed and much older. Their farm had been burned down during the Mau Mau disturbances. Evie listened with horror to details about mutilations and live burials. But Mrs. Barker lingered over how they had had to be prepared for an attack.

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BULANGO AFFAIR

"We sat at the table with the rifle pointing toward the door. *One* boy was allowed in to serve the food—only one. If several tried to come in, we had orders to shoot, without questions or explanations."

"Were you really prepared to shoot?"

"It was our lives or theirs," said Mrs. Barker, rubbing her hands together nervously.

The Barkers left the next day, but Evie returned to the subject again and again. When Steve saw that the Mau Mau question continued to prey on her mind, he tried to explain that it was another people, another country. In Tanganyika the tribes did not have the same reasons for hating the whites.

He started. One of the crew had come up to him, slapping his naked heels together and standing at attention.

"Yes, sir—can we go now?"

The boatmen wanted a lift in his car, which stood nearby under a hot tin roof. Wilson rose heavily.

"Come on, then," he said.

On the Uganda side a tourist's car was preparing to drive onto the leaky old ferry which was hauled over the river along a chain. Steve hurried to get away, for two cars on the road meant a crowd to him. He did not stop at his own turning but drove on toward the village, muttering something about shopping. Yohana said to Yuma (or Yuma to Yohana):

"Shall we offer to cook his food?"

Yuma answered Yohana (or vice versa), "But think of *memsahib's* spirit. Perhaps our wives are impatient."

When Mr. Wilson stopped they jumped out and thanked him with a salute. Steve drove through the village, passing the school. The children were having a lesson outside the schoolhouse, laying out the contours of Tanganyika's coast with white stones. Their schoolmaster was standing silent and distant, his shoulders drooping heavily. A shiver went through Steve Wilson. Mike Lutshaka was another man who would have to return to an empty home—empty because his wife was in prison.

Mike Lutshaka was a tall, powerful man, full of aggression and conflicts. He hated the white man. It had begun when he was a student at the university in Makerere, a chieftain's son, and fell into the arms of the national resistance movement. He spoke at secret meetings, and he and Rosana together wrote freedom verses and campaign songs.

At one of the secret student meetings the police had made a raid. The students were threatened with imprisonment—especially Mike, who was charged with sedition as the author of the song *Uhuru*, or "Freedom." The song had run like wildfire all through the country, and in itself combined the fiercest exhortations from *The Red Flag* and *La Marseillaise*.

Only the men were arrested, so Rosana created a sensation when she said that she, not Mike, had written the song. Mike was released. Rosana should have been arrested, but she was so feminine and unaggressive that the British magistrate contented himself with sending them both down from the university. Mike was not grateful for Rosana's intervention.

"But I *did* write them," Rosana said.

"I did nothing, I suppose?"

"Of course, darling—you were the angry one. You put in the gunpowder."

Although there were few educated Africans in the country, Mike could not get a job. The civil service and the government schools were closed to a politically marked man. After a year of near-starvation Mike went to an education officer who was known for his decency. His voice sticking in his throat, he apologized and asked for a job. After signing an undertaking that he would no longer mix in politics, he was appointed to a village school in the western provinces. Their worst troubles were over, but it was exile for a university man.

In one corner of the prison yard stood a mud hut occupied by Rosana and her wardress. Rosana refused to eat, and, when evening came, she lay on the rough bed with fever-bright eyes. How could she sleep here, without Mike, and without kissing Lukia and little Tom good night? In the first few days she lost weight and her wardress was troubled.

One morning she woke suddenly and thought about the law—tribal law and white man's law. For her people the unforgivable sin was to be abusive and insulting. Evidently the white man did not have this law, for their voices were often hard and their tongues sharp. When she thought about Evie Wilson . . .

How had Evie Wilson come to hate her? She remembered the day when Evie, who she thought was her friend and confidante, had once again become the strange white woman. A year ago . . .

She had decided to take her exercise books to show Evie some of the poems she had written. Evie read through a couple of verses and put down the book. Her silence was terrifying.

Rosana said breathlessly, "Our teacher said, 'Fine, Rosana, but Tennyson has done it all before you. Burns too, unfortunately.' "

"Not bad," said Mrs. Wilson through tight lips, "to be compared with our greatest poets."

"He meant only that I was plagiarizing them, and that poets today write quite differently," said Rosana humbly.

"Shall we have tea now?" asked Mrs. Wilson abruptly.

She was ice cold and polite—a white woman amusing herself with a native. Rosana sat with the food choking her.

Evie laughed maliciously. "I always seem to come across people who want to appear remarkable."

"What do you mean?" asked Rosana.

"Let me give you a bit of advice: Don't show that book to anyone else. They would say, 'How pretentious—a black woman who likes to think she can write like our great poets.' "

There was malice behind the surface friendliness. Rosana burst into tears and ran away.

One day, a long time after, she saw Evie Wilson in the village street. She had put on weight and was walking heavily, staring straight ahead. Had she been ill? Rosana felt a great upsurge of emotion. The weary, heavy lines of Evie's body cried out for consolation. Here was a person who was truly lonely, far from her own country and with no children to comfort her.

Rosana went home and wove grasses into a small basket. She could not give any other present, for she had no money of her own. Then Mike went hunting at sunset with two other men. As an African, he was forbidden to handle a gun, nor did he hunt with a spear; but the other men were skilled with spears, and Mike went along for the trip.

Some time after he had gone, Rosana put the children to bed, pulled on her best dress and went out. Just outside the village she met Mike, alone. The other hunters were still watching a water hole.

Mike looked surprised. "You! Where are you off to?" Then he understood and caught hold of her arm fiercely. "You're not going to the Wilsons'. You mustn't."

The little green basket swung on her wrist, and five new-laid guinea-fowl eggs lay snugly inside it. She thought it a handsome present.

"I'm only going to leave this basket."

He wanted to stop her, but she wriggled free and ran away from him, calling over her shoulder, "I'll be back soon."

It was inky black under the trees down the Wilsons' turning, but as she turned the corner, she saw the lighted windows of the house. Just then the door from the kitchen swung open, and a servant came out carrying a bowl of soup over to the dining room. She followed him to the house, glancing over her shoulder to see if Mike had come after her. But she could see nothing.

In this way, half turned away and slightly distrait, she stepped through the screen door.

Rosana Lutshaka, as the accused, was allowed to testify from the dock without taking the oath. This was the Low Court, where cases were tried according to a simplified form of English procedure. The chief of police acted as prosecutor, and the accused usually presented his own defense. The magistrate cross-questioned and pronounced sentence without a jury; or else he referred the case to the High Court, to which a convicted person could also appeal.

The courtroom was crowded with men, black and white. Fans circulated the air without freshening it. Rosana's face was turned to confront the magistrate. She was wearing her usual dress of red cotton with small white flowers. Richard Palmer continued with his interrogation.

"Did you tell anyone you were going to take Mrs. Wilson a present? Your husband, perhaps?"

"No," said Rosana, lowering her eyes.

"Did you meet anyone on the way?"

"No."

This answer came after a slight hesitation and a quick glance round the court. Thank God, Mike was not there. Perhaps he had not been able to get away from school. She felt relieved—and disappointed.

"Tell us what happened when you got to the Wilsons' house."

"But I have already ——"

"I know you have told the police. But we should like to hear it directly."

Rosana began as if repeating a well-learned lesson, but soon she became gripped by her story, and her hands moved with quick explanatory gestures.

". . . the kitchen door opened and the servant came out carrying a bowl of soup."

"One moment. The kitchen and the dining room are in different buildings, so he had to cross the yard?"

"Yes."

"Go on."

"As he had his hands full, he opened the door with his elbow and sort of backed into the room. I followed him."

"Well?"

"I saw Mrs. Wilson sitting at the table, pointing a revolver at us. We stood paralyzed, but then the servant dropped—the servant . . . Kabongo?"

"Kabono."

"Kabono dropped the soup and yelled, 'She's going to shoot!' Then ——"

"One moment. Didn't Mrs. Wilson say anything?"

"Yes. I'd forgotten. Just as I came into the room she said, 'If more than one comes in, I'll shoot.' "

"Well, what happened next?"

"I screamed, 'It's me, Rosana!' Kabono dropped the soup and swung round to rush out, but I was in the way and we both fell against the door. Then she fired a shot . . ."

"Was anyone hit?"

"No—maybe it hit the doorpost. Kabono turned and threw himself forward—to take the revolver away, I suppose. But he slipped in the soup and caught hold of the tablecloth, and everything fell to the floor—the china and the lamp. The lamp went out—it was quite dark—and she fired another shot."

"Take a drink of water if you want to," said Richard Palmer. "Did you get into a panic in the darkness?"

"We bumped into each other—and I rushed out and ran and ran . . ."

The chief of police cleared his throat, and the magistrate turned to him. "You have a question, Mr. Casey?"

Casey spoke to Rosana. "You maintain that Mrs. Wilson was still alive when you ran away?"

"Of course."

"How do you know, when it was dark?"

"I could hear her yelling, 'If more than one of that pack of blacks comes in, I'll shoot.' So she was alive then."

"But if Mrs. Wilson was alive and uninjured when you ran away, how can you explain the bloodstained print of your hand on the door?" There was a pause and Casey went on. "I think either Kabono or you shot her."

"No, no, no!" cried Rosana, pressing her hands to her temples.

The magistrate made a sign that she could sit down. Casey summed up. "Mrs. Lutshaka must have been in the room when Mrs. Wilson was killed. The prosecution therefore demands that Rosana Lutshaka be charged with murder."

The magistrate quickly intervened. "But Kabono?"

Casey replied, "If it was Kabono who fired the shot, I can't see why Mrs. Lutshaka hasn't said so."

The magistrate asked where the suspected Kabono was. Mr. Casey replied with some embarrassment that the police had not been able to find him. With a glance at Rosana he added, "For that matter, we don't know whether Kabono is still alive."

Richard Palmer said dryly that the police should make the utmost effort to find Kabono, dead or alive, before the question of guilt was even considered. With that he adjourned the case for a few days.

It was the lunch hour and the hottest time of the day. Richard Palmer sat behind his shady screen of climbing plants, glancing through the papers of a civil case. His stout servant Joshua came in to say that a young man had called. He handed Richard an envelope and a visiting card: MARTIN L. HANSSON, LL.B.

The envelope was not exactly dirty, but it looked as if it had been carried a long time. Palmer opened it, glancing first at the signature—Samuel A. Hansson.

My dear Richard,

Do you remember your father's old colleague? When you were a child you used sometimes to come with your parents over to Kilimishenye to play with my son Gunnar. When he died you did not come anymore, unfortunately. The same epidemic which took him also took many other lives that year. My wife and I felt guided to adopt a fatherless

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child, partly to help him and partly to console ourselves.

When we went back to Sweden, we took him with us. He has done well both in school and at Lund University. Like you, he wanted to read law. He has his degree now, and could have a post in Sweden, but he wants to go back to Africa. So, as you did, he has qualified in London. He has a particular interest in Customary Law in Tanganyika, and has been given a UNESCO grant to do research on the spot.

He is shy and will not want to ask for help; but if he finds himself in difficulties, I should be very grateful if you could give him a helping hand.

Richard Palmer looked back into his memory. "Uncle Samuel," a kindly, dry old man. He could faintly remember his son Gunnar, a much too well-behaved boy, and wondered whether the adopted son would be the same. Perhaps this proud young bachelor of law was in trouble, as he had now at last delivered a letter which was—Richard glanced at the date—nearly three months old.

"Let him come out here," he said to Joshua.

A slim young man in sunglasses and wearing a gray suit stepped hesitatingly out onto the veranda. An African. Richard Palmer did not show surprise, but the young man smiled all the same and said in Swedish:

"Yes, I am Martin Hansson."

So the Hanssons had adopted an African boy—the letter made it quite clear if he had given the matter a second's thought. His Swedish upbringing explained the gray suit; a well-brought-up young lawyer calls on an older official. *That's me*, thought Richard. *Forty next birthday.* He rose, in khaki shorts and a shortsleeved shirt, stretched out his hand and said, "Welcome to Africa. What'll you have to drink?"

"Thank you, please don't trouble yourself," mumbled the young man.

Richard's eyes glinted. This was just what his childhood friend Gunnar had been taught to say when offered fruit juice.

"Lime and ice," he said to Joshua, and then to his guest, "You must have forgotten how hot it is here. I suggest you take off your jacket."

Martin L. Hansson, with obvious relief, hung his jacket over a chair. He was a serious young man, and he began correctly by passing on greetings and regards from his foster parents.

"You've been a long time coming," said Richard with a glance at the letter. "You were up at Lund, I see. I was too . . ." He asked after professor this and professor that. Martin Hansson answered eagerly, and the trace of homesickness in his voice moved Richard. He was just a Swedish student who happened to have black skin.

"We have several things in common," said Richard. "Both at Lund, both born in Africa. It's like meeting a cousin."

There was a slight pause.

"That was a very nice thing to say," said Martin Hansson. He took off his sunglasses and put them into his pocket. His eyes were round, black and clear. His forehead, chin and cheekbones were shiny like dark, polished wood.

"Is it difficult—coming back?" Richard asked.

"Yes. I am reminded of my color about fifty times a day. I think it's harder to be black in Africa than it is in Europe, oddly enough."

Richard nodded understandingly, and looked at the clock. Duty called. "You wanted something?"

"I've come to see you about acting as defense counsel," Martin Hansson said. "In your court."

"Ah. The Evie Wilson case."

"That's the one. A black woman is accused of murder. I'd like to defend her."

"This is worth thinking about," said Richard. "We must ask Rosana Lutshaka if she wants defense counsel. Can you have dinner with me tomorrow? Half past seven."

They went out together, and Richard asked if he would like a lift. But Martin had a bicycle. He was wearing his best trousers, so he carefully put his bicycle clips on before riding away. Richard watched him with a smile. Yes, this was Gunnar's little black brother, but he had much more human warmth.

Martin Hansson arrived for dinner with true Swedish punctuality. Richard Palmer sat writing at his desk. He looked up. "I can't give you any definite information yet. Let's eat now and talk about something else. No, let's have a drink first on the veranda."

They went out into the darkness and the cool of the evening, turning out the lights behind them so they could watch the stars. On the other side of the road lay the fields, and beyond them Lake Victoria. Lights glowed from a few lonely fishing boats, but otherwise the lake lay dark and deserted. They went in to dinner.

"How are you setting about your research into Customary Law?" asked Palmer, acting the part of host.

Martin had begun by buying a second-hand bicycle on which he rode from village to village, asking the chiefs and the elders about the ancient laws, which had never been written down.

"Here's to us natives," Palmer said.

"Us?"

"I haven't lived in Europe for more than twelve years all together, but I've lived here for twenty-five. And you?"

Martin smiled. "Two years in Africa, twenty-five in Sweden."

"Did you come back to Africa as a matter of principle? Or did you really long to come?"

"I don't know. . . . But I did long to get away," said Martin. He made a wide, expressive gesture. "Everything was wrong sometimes. The climate, my color, my temperament."

"Weren't you happy?"

"Yes . . . sometimes. Games and sports helped. And friends. Especially one. But . . ." Martin was silent for a moment. "One can be part of the white world. But . . ." He sounded miserable.

"There's a girl in all this, I gather?"

Another silence.

"Yes. A Swedish girl. She didn't mind that I was black, and we were going to get married. Then she came under her mother's influence. . . . I'm not calling myself 'Martin Hansson' any longer. My African name is Lokele, so I think I'll take it back. It's better that people should know from the start that they have an African to deal with."

The wardress took Rosana Lutshaka across the prison yard to a room behind the main buildings. When Martin Lokele greeted her, she thought, *How can this young boy stand up against Mr. Casey?* Martin told her that he would act as her defense counsel if she wished it.

"How can I help?" asked Rosana.

"By answering my questions truthfully," he replied, firmly reverting to Martin Lokele, counsel for the defense. "Whom are you trying to shield, Mrs. Lutshaka? Your husband?"

Rosana looked away. "He never set foot in Mr. Wilson's house. But he's violent and he's against the whites. If they suspect him . . ."

"Where did you meet Mike?"

"Just where the road leaves the village. He guessed where I was going and wanted to stop me. But he didn't follow me beyond the Wilsons' turning."

"And you went on in with Kabono?"

"Yes. Inside everything happened just as I said. It's in the police report. But when I came out of the house I ran straight into Mike's arms."

"So he was there?"

"He thought he heard a shot so he had walked down toward the house. Then . . . I don't remember any more."

"Try to think. It's important."

She pressed her hands against her eyes. Slowly those minutes in the darkness came to life again. How she had clung to Mike in a storm of weeping. . . . "She's mad, Mike—she's firing a gun . . . at *me*. Come, Mike, come. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You stand too close to the ball. Next!"

They rushed away, hand in hand. She could still see their shadows in the sudden light. What light? She did not know. She could only remember coming home and locking the door. That was when she saw the red spots on Mike's white shirt. She thought he was bleeding, and undid his shirt buttons. His dark skin was without a scratch, but new spots appeared whenever she touched the material. Her right hand was horribly sticky.

"You're the one who is bleeding," said Mike. "Look at your dress."

Her light-colored dress had red splashes all over the shoulders and the sleeves. But the blood was not hers either. Where had it come from?

He held her tightly, stroking his face against her soft cheek. "I'd better wake up the village policeman."

Rosana said, "And tell him that Mrs. Wilson tried to kill me? No one will believe that."

Rosana had been unbuttoning her soiled dress, and she put it with Mike's shirt into a washtub full of rainwater at the kitchen door. The dress she left there, but she washed out the shirt and hung it up to dry, for Mike would need it the next morning. Mike stood there, hesitating. Should he put on another shirt and go to see what had happened at the Wilsons'?

"There isn't another shirt ironed," Rosana said. It was late, and he was tired. Over there was a wild white woman with a gun. The old resentments put an end to his hesitation, and Rosana helped.

"Come to bed, Mike. I'm shaking still."

At dawn they got up quietly in order not to wake the children and walked to the Wilsons' house. Several people were standing outside the house, not daring to go in because a dog was there, howling.

The village *askari* came running up, clipping on his belt as he ran. He opened the door. The onlookers pressed cautiously behind him to look, but they quickly withdrew in horror. The *askari*, whose name was Mashini, shut the door sternly. A man scampered away. Soon the drums began to sound and the news spread to the other villages.

The *askari* said something to a boy, who went off on his bicycle. Suddenly the dog's whining changed to a bark of joy as his master's car swung in from the road. Stephen Wilson got out.

He frowned when he saw all the people outside his house. "What's going on?"

They moved to let him pass, but no one answered. Mr. Wilson walked through his own door. The people standing outside heard a cry—then the *askari* replying to inaudible questions.

"Yes, sir. I found her like that. No, sir. We mustn't move her until the chief of police comes. Yes, sir. I've sent someone on a bicycle to Ali Aissa, the trader in Mwindi, who has a telephone."

Outside Rosana whispered to someone standing by her, "What has happened?"

"They say that Mrs. Wilson has shot herself."

Rosana's hand gripped Mike's arm. They drew back from the gathering crowd. When they neared their home, Mike said, "Did anyone see you going there last night?"

"Not as far as I know."

"Well, we can't be any help now. I must think—oh, I'd forgotten about school."

Rosana helped Lukia to dress, and Mike put her on his carrier and cycled away. The morning crept slowly by. Little Tom felt the unrest in the air and was noisy and clinging. As Rosana was preparing their midday meal, a red-faced

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police officer, who introduced himself as Mr. Casey and who was accompanied by a strange *askari*, came in and asked for Mrs. Lutshaka.

"I am Mrs. Lutshaka," said Rosana, drying her hands on a towel.

Had she visited Mrs. Wilson the previous evening? Yes. The white police officer sauntered round the house.

"Were you wearing a light-colored dress last night?"

Mr. Casey was standing there looking into the tub of soaking clothes. *Thank God she had washed Mike's shirt.* The *askari* held up the dripping dress. Had they seen the stains? They were pale brown now.

Mr. Casey started strolling round again, asking in an everyday tone: "Why did you go to see Mrs. Wilson last night?"

"I thought I'd give her a present."

"Oh, yes. Your neighbors were mistaken, then, when they thought you had broken off with Mrs. Wilson? That you had quarreled?"

He had spoken to the neighbors before he had come here. Trapped, Rosana admitted that they had quarreled. No, it had been Mrs. Wilson who had suddenly turned hostile.

"It is possible, isn't it, that you went there last night to take revenge?"

"Certainly not!"

"No?" said Mr. Casey. "Will you tell me what happened then?"

By now, Rosana was shaken and confused, and her story sounded confused too. When she came to the meeting with Mike, she hesitated, then went on without mentioning him. Her stumbling made the whole story sound dubious.

"Thank you," said Mr. Casey. "Now—your fingerprints. It's just a formality."

Rosana pressed her fingertips obediently onto the dark pad and then onto the white paper. Then the police officer and the *askari* left, taking the wet dress with them.

Mike and Lukia came home and ate their dinner. Afterward Rosana pulled Mike into the bedroom and made him promise not to tell that they had met on the road.

"You know the police are always harder on men than on women, Mike."

But the police chief came back, and gave her the official warning that anything she said might be taken down and used in evidence against her. Her fingerprints matched those in the bloodstained print on the Wilsons' door. That proved that she had been in the room after Mrs. Wilson had been killed, said Mr. Casey. He thought he had found the murderer.

Rosana looked up at the solemn young lawyer who had forced her to live through it all over again. He had listened intently.

"I believe you," Martin Lokele said. "I don't think you need worry until the police have found Kabono."

He left the prison deeply sunk in his thoughts. First he must find an explanation for the blood on the door and on Rosana's dress. Dared he try to find Kabono?

The bus that went to Bulango village ran only twice a week, but he was lucky, for one was going the next morning. Martin and his bicycle were squeezed in among the villagers, their goods and chattels and a lively black pig.

When the bus arrived at Bulango, Martin cycled off to the Wilsons' bungalow. The building lay locked and deserted. After circling it once, Martin continued along the road, looking for a turning that would lead toward Kabono's village farther upriver. But there was no path, just swamp and forest.

A guard stood watching the customs barrier which lay across the road, so Martin left his bicycle with him. Two half-naked men were winding an ancient wooden ferry over toward Uganda. Some distance above the ferry lay a motor launch with two men at work, dragging petrol cans on board. A white man was locking up his car under a corrugated-iron shelter. Martin went up to him and asked if he might have a few words with him.

"Make it short then. We're just off," said Steve Wilson.

Martin asked whether he could see the place where the crime had taken place. At first, Mr. Wilson answered curtly that he lacked the time. Then, opening the car door, he said, "It won't take long, I suppose. Hop in."

In the car, Martin asked about Kabono. Did Mr. Wilson think that Kabono had committed the murder? Or was he hiding because he was afraid of someone?

"Afraid of whom?" asked Wilson.

Of his master, thought Martin, but he was careful not to say so. Instead he asked Wilson what Kabono looked like. Steve Wilson described him: a small, sinewy, bandy-legged man with a wrinkled face and an operation scar on the left side of his neck.

"My wife didn't think he was handsome," he said reflectively.

He unlocked the door of his house, and they walked in. The place already gave the impression of desertion and decay.

Martin asked if he might look round. Mr. Wilson would have preferred to say no. Still . . .

"You're defending Mrs. Lutshaka, did you say? For God's sake, look at anything you want to, if it'll help her."

The police had gone over the whole place, so what could Martin hope to find? But it was easier to imagine what had happened when one could see everything. Rosana Lutshaka maintained that she had heard two shots, and two bullets had been found; one had glanced off the doorpost and finished up in the kitchen wall; the other had lodged below Mrs. Wilson's shoulder blade. Next to the handprint, this was the police's main case against Rosana; one of the two shots she had heard must have been the fatal one, although she denied it.

But there were *three* bullets missing from the revolver. After hunting in vain for the third bullet, the police thought it had been one fired by Mr. Wilson the previous week, when he had been awakened at dawn by a troop of baboons invading his garden. Wilson could not remember whether he had reloaded. If one were to believe Rosana, three shots had been fired; and the last one had killed Mrs. Wilson. There should be a third bullet somewhere.

"Have you changed anything in here, Mr. Wilson?" Martin asked.

"The boys have cleaned up the place, as you know."

"That morning when you came in . . . Did you move anything?"

"I don't know. I only saw my wife."

As he was speaking, Wilson took out a book which had been put into the shelf with its back against the wall. When he noticed Martin's glance, he said apologetically, "My wife often put the books in crookedly—and I always straighten them out."

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BULANGO AFFAIR

Martin had an idea. He took one book after another out of the bookcase. On the third one, a thick dictionary, he saw a slight mark; when he opened it, there lay the bullet like a fat maggot in its burrow. The bullet had plowed into the pages, but not through the back. Then someone had turned the book round and it had stood there as if untouched.

"That must be the third bullet," Wilson said. "Just as I told the police—my revolver was fully loaded after all."

"Are you willing to testify how we found the bullet?" asked Martin.

"Of course. I'll fetch the village *askari* and he can look after the book for the time being."

Martin went into the bedroom to look round. A carafe, a glass and several pillboxes stood on the bedside table—paludrine for malaria and two kinds of sleeping tablets. On the shelf below stood bottles and jars: Adults' Nerve Tonic, Blood Purifier, Andrews Liver Salts. In the bottom cupboard stood a bottle of whiskey. On the bedcover lay a pad of writing paper, a pencil and an open newspaper. Martin picked up the paper. It was open on the entertainment page, which was full of articles on film stars, and a large crossword which Evie Wilson had begun to fill in.

He left the room as he found it, and went out with Mr. Wilson. As they walked toward the car, Wilson asked, "Are you really going to look for Kabono alone? It might be a murderer you're looking for."

"That's possible," said Martin. Of course, Kabono would be just the right answer for the whites. He shivered at the thought of swamp country, the muddy pools, snakes and the village which was perhaps hiding a killer.

"You're going all the same, are you?" said Steve Wilson. "Good lad. You can come on the launch if you like. There's no road to Chirishungu's village. People there always go by canoe."

It was evening as the boat moved toward the bank to set Martin Lokele down. Canoes hollowed out by fire lay drawn up on the sand. A path led straight into the forest. As the launch drew away, Martin waved with a cheerfulness which he did not feel.

"Regards to Chief Chirishungu," called Mr. Wilson.

Several hundred yards from the riverbank Martin found a cluster of round mud huts. The largest, which had a straw roof, was presumably the chieftain's.

The village seemed quite dead, but Martin was not deceived. He walked into the open space to let himself be seen. Suddenly out tumbled several inquisitive children, followed by the braver adults. A man in a ragged coat stepped out of the chieftain's hut. He was wearing a handsome amulet and had a carved stick in his hand. His aged, sculptured face was pitted with smallpox scars.

Martin bowed, and they exchanged polite phrases. The chieftain spoke bad but comprehensible Swahili.

"You came with *Bwana* Wilson's *touf-touf*," he said. "I heard that you were coming." The trip had taken two hours, but the drums had been quicker.

Martin passed on Mr. Wilson's regards with appropriate respectfulness, and the chieftain was pleased. He invited Martin to sit down on a goatskin and offered him spiced coffee beans. Village elders came forward to sit in a circle around them.

"I usually travel by bicycle but it is very difficult to ride on the river," said Martin.

This simple joke was much appreciated, and the chieftain repeated it to the elders. Now the time had come to ask the stranger where he had come from, and what he wanted. Martin named the village in Haya country where he had been born, and told them that he had been to Ulaya (Europe) far up in the north.

He also told them that he had come back to his own country to write down all their old laws, and that he would be pleased to hear whether they remembered any of the laws that had existed before the *waingereza* (Englishmen) and even before the *wajermani* (Germans).

Martin read from his notebook some of the old laws which he had learned from other tribes. There were juicy extracts on witchcraft and adultery and theft, and the men laughed and clapped their hands. But one of the old men looked anxiously at him and said:

"*Bwana*. You look like an ordinary man but are you a *mzungu* (European) all the same? You talk so learnedly . . ."

"That's because I have been to Ulaya," said Martin. A boyish urge made him thrust out his arm. "Rub as hard as you like—my color is as true as yours."

"I can see that," said the chief impatiently, twisting his amulet. "But I am trying to remember . . ."

With his eyes half closed, Chief Chirishungu began to chant the old formal tribal laws which bound one man to another in a pact of friendship. Martin scribbled away, so fascinated that he forgot the main motive for this visit.

When darkness fell, a fire was lit, and the young men brought out drum and string instruments. Martin sucked banana wine through a straw until his head began to hum. Suddenly, in a flare of firelight, he saw a man with a long, creased scar on his throat. The next moment he was gone.

The fire burned low and the night darkened. The chief made a sign that dispersed the crowd, and invited Martin into his hut.

He asked suddenly: "How did you come to travel with *Bwana* Wilson? Sometimes he takes the very sick to hospital, but otherwise no one may travel with him."

Martin turned ice cold inwardly. This was the moment to admit why he had come, but he felt unprepared. "*Bwana* Wilson has lost his wife. A black woman is accused of killing her—a mother of two children."

The chief looked at him intently. "What's that to you? Are you a policeman?"

"No, but I have studied the laws, and I am thinking of defending Rosana Lutshaka."

There was a long silence. The chieftain's dark, wrinkled face looked frightening in the lamplight. Martin drew a deep breath. "I am looking for Kabono—who is hiding here."

"The police have already been here and could not find him."

"I saw a man with a scar on his throat—by the light of the fire."

The chief walked round the room, pondering. In the corner stood his spear and shield and on the wall hung battle axes, *pangas* and the murderous jungle knives.

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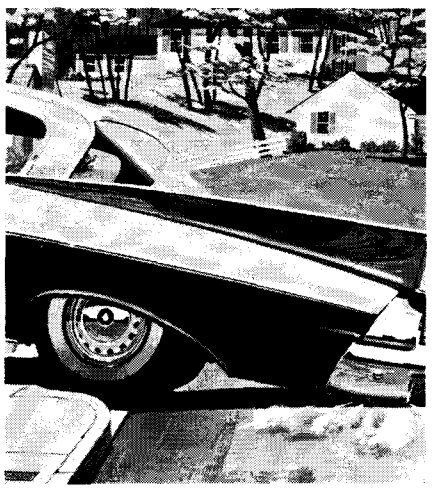

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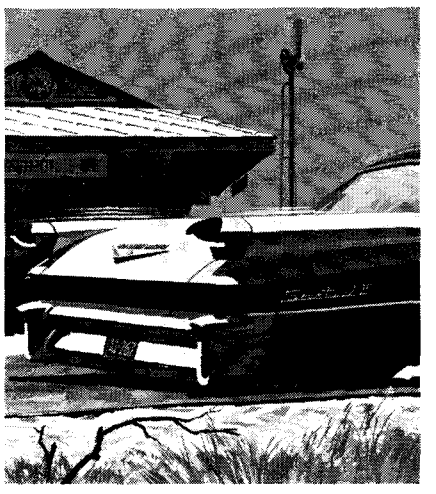

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"It's risky to hide a criminal," said Martin.

The chief shrugged. "He has two wives and many children whom we would have to support if he dies."

Suddenly Martin saw, instead of a frightening chieftain, the considerate head of a community who did not want to lay burdens on his kin. It was a disarming vision.

"Chief, has Kabono confessed to you that he killed Mrs. Wilson?"

"He says he did not do it, but the white man would not believe him. That is why he is hiding."

It was not Martin's business to hand over prisoners to the police—his object was to prove Rosana Lutshaka's innocence. "Chief," he said, "can you read and write?"

"Yes," replied Chirishungu falteringly.

"Let's us hear Kabono's story. I will write it down, then we will sign it, he with his mark and you and I with our names. Then I cannot stop him hiding in the forest again before the police come."

"You are wise although you are young," said the chief. "You can sleep in peace in my house. Tomorrow we shall do as you say."

The next morning, when Martin woke, Kabono was sitting at the end of his bed, watching him reproachfully. The chief was there too. Martin said to Kabono, "Rosana Lutshaka is languishing in prison. Only you can help her."

Kabono replied with a markedly unsympathetic grunt. Martin pressed on.

"When you went to serve dinner that evening, Rosana Lutshaka came behind you. Was she alone?"

"I saw no one else."

"So you went in . . . and Mrs. Wilson was sitting there reading the newspaper . . ."

Kabono sprang into life. "No, she wasn't. She was sitting there looking at us with three eyes. I was so frightened I dropped the soup, for the third eye was *Bwana* Wilson's gun."

"What did you do then?"

"I wanted to get out, but that woman was between me and the door. Oh man! What a thing!" Kabono beat his fists against his bulging forehead. "We collided . . . then the lamp fell to the floor . . . then *memsahib* fired . . . the bullet hit my ear and the blood poured onto my shoulder. Look . . ."

Kabono showed a dried scab at the back of his ear. At last an explanation for the blood on Rosana's hand, thought Martin.

"Who managed to get out first?" asked Martin. A great deal hung on the man's reply.

"She did, the woman who kept getting in my way," said Kabono angrily.

"Did you fight with Mrs. Wilson—shoot her in self-defense?"

"Oh, *Bwana!*" said Kabono. "I didn't dare do such a thing."

"What did you do then?"

"I rushed to my room behind the kitchen and bundled my clothes together—and let out the dog, and ran away before she could kill me. She was possessed by a very evil spirit."

"He ran through the forest all night," said the chief. "He came here at dawn in a terrible state."

"So Mrs. Wilson was alive when you ran away?"

"Yes, there was much life in her."

"Are you satisfied now?" the chief asked Martin Lokele.

"Tell me, Kabono, did you see anyone come that night?"

"Only a car when I crossed the road—and then I ran into the bushes."

"Was it Mr. Wilson?"

"Who else would come from the river at that time?"

Martin Lokele suddenly remembered Mr. Wilson's car in its little shed by the ferry. Supposing that it had been Mr. Wilson who came and went unseen—and then returned the next morning, openly. Supposing that he had found his wife alive, distracted, violent . . .

"Kabono," he said, "if you are arrested, I shall defend you."

"You've tricked me. I don't want to be arrested," growled Kabono, raising his hands threateningly.

The chief thrust his spearlike stick between them. "Calm yourself, Kabono. The stranger said 'if,' and he is a clever man. Be grateful for his offer, and go now."

Martin bowed to Chirishungu. "I hope I may come again, for there is much I can learn from you. I must go now."

"You need not bicycle on the river this time either," said Chirishungu. "A canoe will take you to Bulango."

It was already suffocatingly hot in the courtroom, despite the creaking fans. At last the moment which everyone was waiting for had arrived: the case against Rosana Lutshaka.

One or two newspapers in Dar es Salaam and Nairobi had sent photographers, and these superior types greatly impressed their fellow countrymen. A

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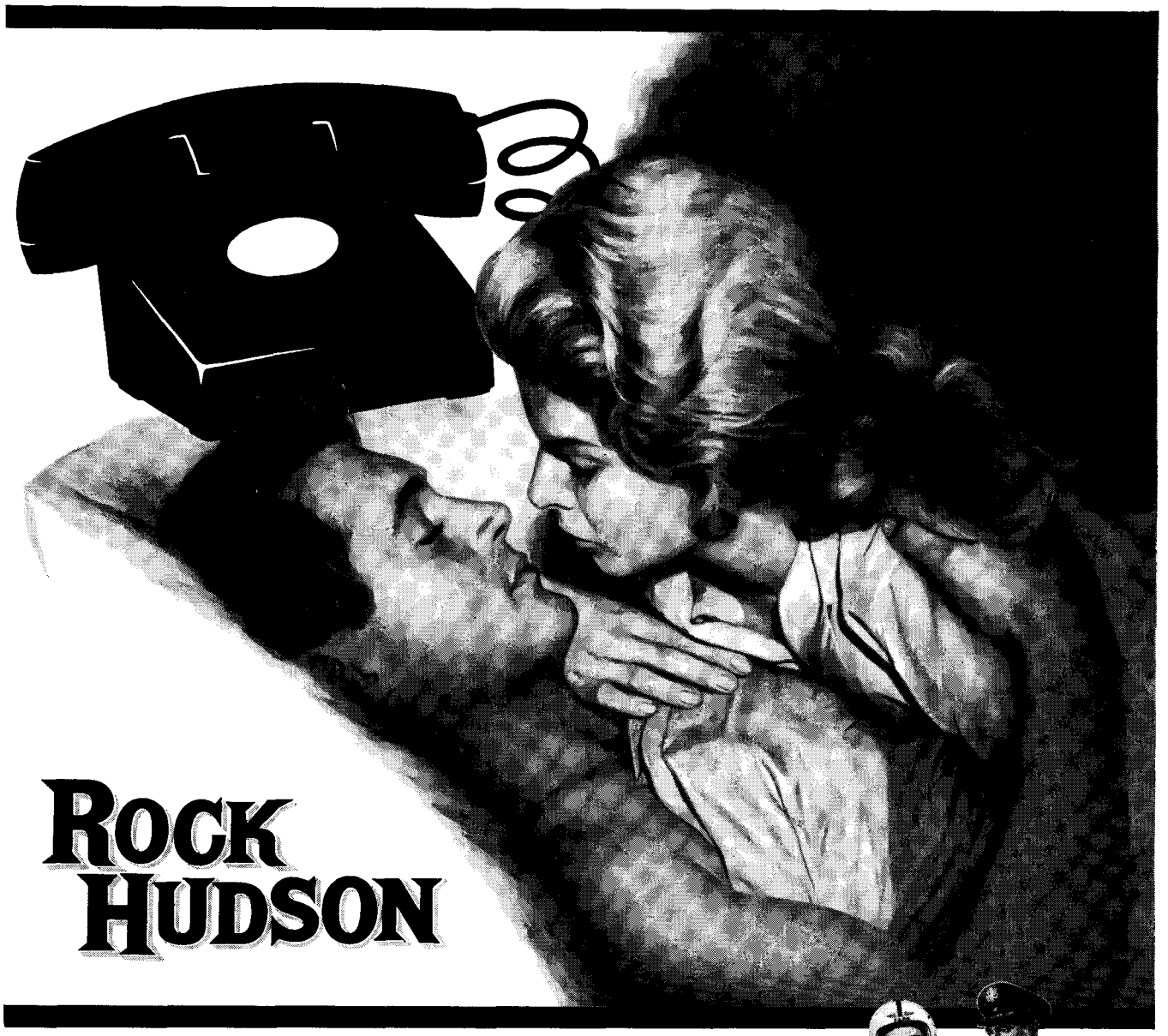

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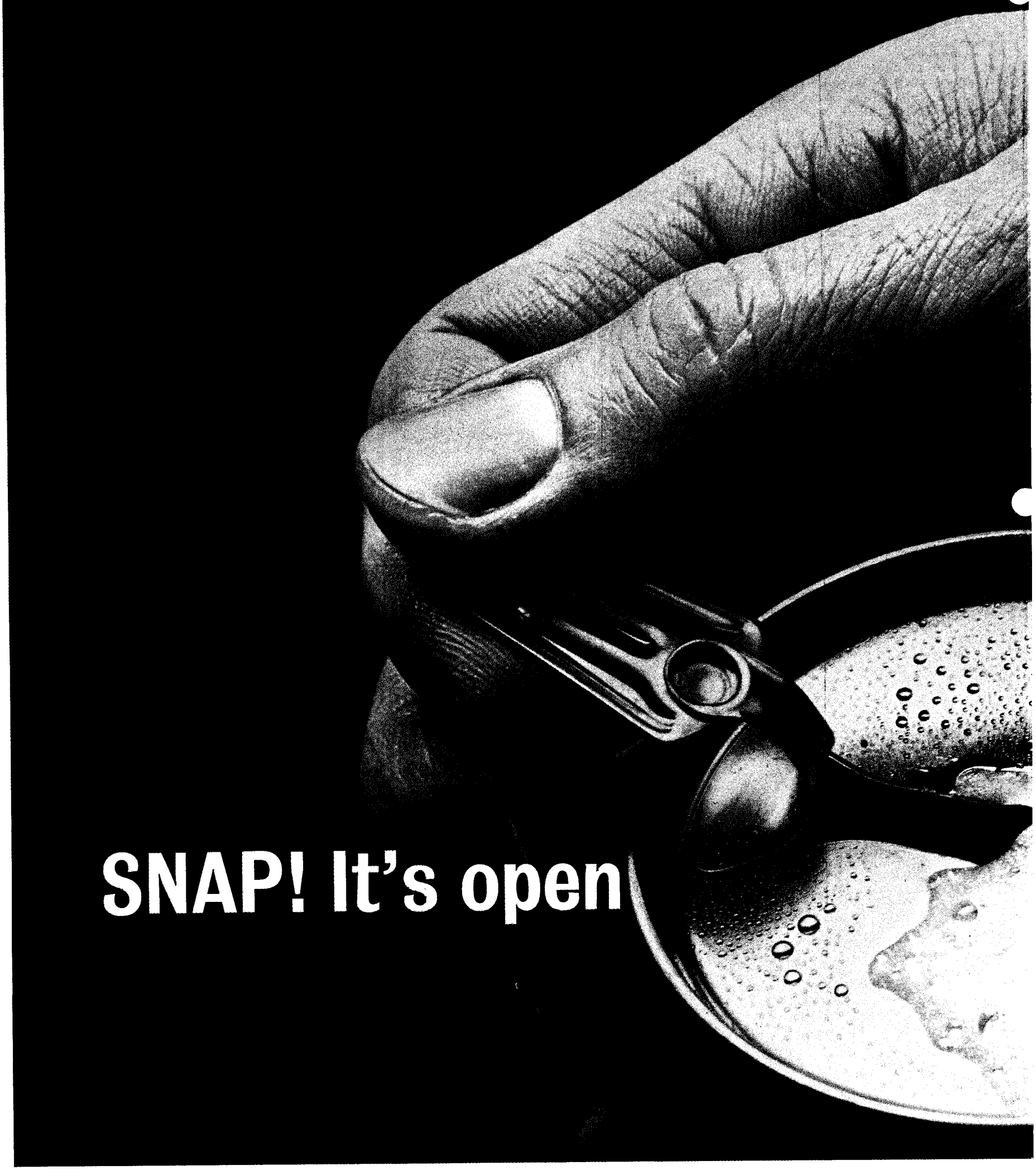

SNAP! It's open

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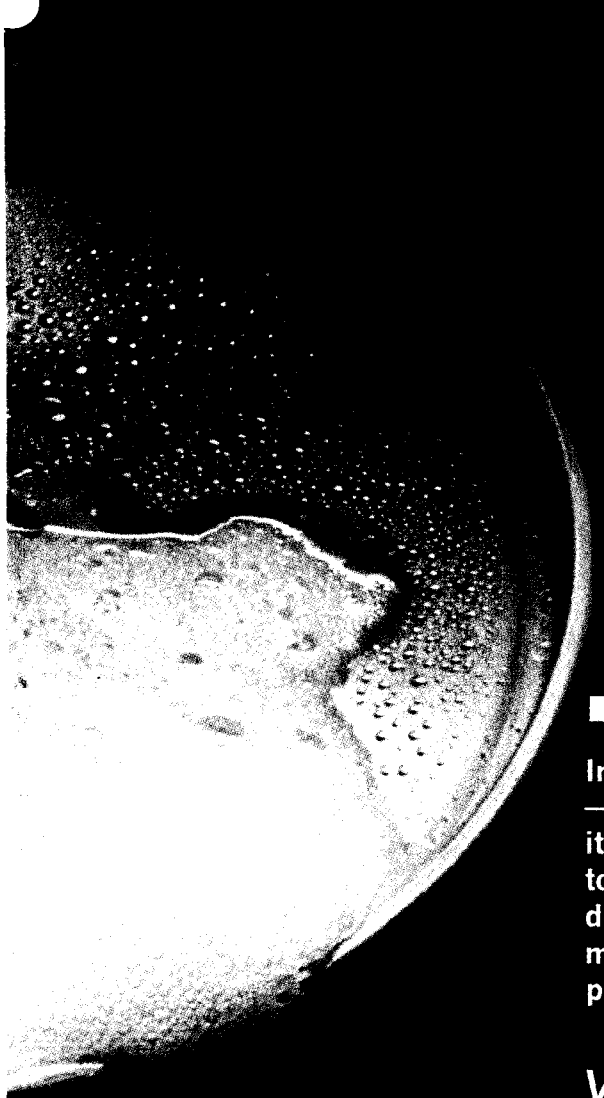

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trial reported in the papers—culture had really come to Kiroro.

The accused and the witnesses were brought in. The magistrate's first question was whether the prisoner Kabono was present.

"We're still looking for him," Casey said defensively.

The magistrate turned to Martin. "Does defense counsel wish the case to be adjourned until the witness is found?"

Martin Hansson-Lokele did not take the hint, but declared himself ready to continue. A hum of surprise swept through the spectators. A young black man as counsel!

Martin went quickly through the points that had risen the last time, but he put another slant on them. Rosana Lutshaka had been friendly with the dead woman. Then there had been a period of coolness between them, but she had wanted to mend the breach and had gone there with a gift. Mrs. Wilson had fired at her, so she must have wanted to kill her. And Rosana Lutshaka had fled.

Now it was Casey's turn, and he said with heavy irony, "If Mrs. Wilson was alive when Mrs. Lutshaka fled, how do you account for the blood on her hand? Or that the bullet from one of the two shots she heard went through Mrs. Wilson's heart? If Kabono fired the fatal shot, we would have found a third bullet."

"May I answer the last point first?" replied Martin Lokele, and then he called Mr. Wilson to witness how they had found the bullet in the book.

Martin said, "One of the shots hit Kabono's ear, which bled freely. Mrs. Lutshaka must have got some of his blood on her."

"How can you say that?" Palmer asked.

Martin Lokele replied respectfully. "I met Kabono two days ago at Chief Chirishungu's. Our conversation was written, signed with Kabono's mark, and witnessed by Chief Chirishungu."

Now the crowd could no longer contain its glee, nor the police their annoyance. The magistrate banged his gavel on the table, and when silence fell, he ordered the conversation to be read out. Martin read it, and the paper was handed over. Casey icily pointed out that an affidavit of this kind was hardly evidence in a court of law. Palmer replied with equal acidity that, as Kabono was clearly available, perhaps the police would kindly bring him to court.

At that moment Mike Lutshaka came through the door, hot, sweaty and exhausted. He had obtained a lift on a lorry, which had broken down, and had run for the last few miles.

Martin Lokele demanded that Rosana Lutshaka be discharged. Kabono's testament supported all her statements, especially her claim that she had left Mrs. Wilson still alive. In saying so, Kabono was admitting that he had been alone with Mrs. Wilson after Rosana Lutshaka had left. The magistrate asked the police chief whether he wished to withdraw the charge against Rosana Lutshaka. Casey asked for time to study the affidavit.

There was an interval of half an hour, and those who felt like it could strengthen themselves with a cup of tea.

When the court reassembled, Mr. Casey read curtly in military fashion from a piece of paper. "If the magistrate considers that the court can accept the evidence of Kabono's injured ear, without seeing Kabono himself, then the prosecution is prepared to withdraw the charge against Rosana Lutshaka and instead demands that the servant Kabono be arrested for the murder of Mrs. Stephen Wilson."

The court announced that Rosana Lutshaka was discharged on bail, but should hold herself available to appear as a witness. Rosana had her eyes fixed on Mike, who was pushing toward her against the stream of people. Their reunion was charged with emotion, as if they were two adolescents instead of a married couple.

The case was continued the next day, for by then the police had found Kabono. Sullen and scared, he pointed at Martin and said, "He will speak for me."

Patiently the court again went over what had been said the previous day. Kabono corroborated Rosana Lutshaka's statements—with additions of his own. For example, that the house would have caught fire if he had not stamped the lamp's burning wick into the spilled soup. Kabono maintained that he had left the room a few seconds after Rosana. Mrs. Wilson had been alive then and had shouted curses after him—terrible things.

Martin asked, "Kabono, what did you see when you ran across the road?"

"Oh . . . the car," said Kabono. "A car came from the river. I thought it was *Bwana* coming home, so I ran."

Mr. Wilson, who had been sitting huddled in his chair, pricked up his ears at the mention of a car.

"Mr. Wilson," said the magistrate, "did you go back home that evening?"

"No."

"Can your crew confirm that you were on the launch the whole evening and the night?"

"No—there was a wedding in the nearest village and I let them go to the party."

"You were alone for some hours?"

"Yes."

There was a distinct silence.

"I should like to call Rosana Lutshaka," said Martin Lokele.

Rosana told of glimpsing distant headlights, throwing shadows onto the road. The car must have been coming from the river. The police chief spoke to Rosana Lutshaka with scarcely disguised bitterness: "It could have been any passing car on the public highway," said Mr. Casey.

"*From* the river, at that time?" said the magistrate, who knew the district well. "How long does the ferry keep working, Mr. Casey?"

"Between sunrise and sunset," the police chief said.

"Quite. And this was a couple of hours after sunset."

"Sometimes you can get the old men to ferry a car over at later hours," said Casey. "But there was no crossing that night. We can bring in the customs official who was on duty."

A policeman was sent out and soon came back with a young man in khaki uniform. When he took the oath, he looked scared. His name was Tembe.

"You were on duty at the customs barrier that evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the ferrymen work later than usual?"

"No, sir. I saw them tying up the boat on their home side—on the Uganda side, that is—and go home before dark."

"And you saw no car come later?"

"No, sir. I saw none."

There was a feeling of tension in the courtroom. Eyes turned toward Mr. Wilson. If no car had come over the border, who other than he could have come from the river?

"Mr. Wilson," the magistrate said, "if you have anything to add to your previous statement, please do so now."

"I've nothing to add," said Steve Wilson in an even voice. "I slept on the launch and didn't get home until the morning."

"Can you prove that you didn't leave the launch? It is unfortunate that your crew were at a wedding."

"No, I can only give you my word."

Mr. Casey was becoming worried by the way the case was going. He said, "There is just a possibility that a car might have come from the other side. I should like to request an adjournment until tomorrow in order to question the ferrymen."

The magistrate granted the application. On the other hand, he refused Martin Lokele's request that Kabono be released. Kabono's tendency to disappear was altogether too evident. But it was no longer Kabono who was capturing the attention of the crowd. All eyes were turned toward Stephen Wilson as he left the courtroom, still a free man. No charges had been made, but much had hung in the air.

The police chief and the magistrate ate a late lunch in the hotel dining room, each at a separate table, each buried in a newspaper. When the last guests had gone, the private Mr. James Casey said to the likewise private Mr. Richard Palmer: "If Rosana Lutshaka is cleared, then Kabono is the only possibility. But that so-called lawyer makes the whole courtroom believe that Steve Wilson did it. A decent chap who often comes into the club for a drink."

"We are agreed that he is a decent chap. But who knows what a decent chap will do if his marriage has gone to pieces?"

Casey gulped down his coffee and invited Palmer to come with him upriver. "We're just going to question the ferrymen," he said.

They were on their way to Bulango a little while later, a police sergeant at the wheel. The road wound its way over long hills. The dry season's yellow, rustling grass was just beginning to show faint signs of green. Some distance out of town they overtook a young black man cycling up a long hill. The police car tooted. The bicycle swung to the edge of the road.

"I do believe it's our hard-working counsel for the defense," said Richard. "Shall we give him a lift?"

Casey could not believe his ears. "Are you joking?"

"No. He's got a long, rough road ahead of him. Anyhow, you can't stop him talking to people in Bulango or the ferrymen."

Martin Lokele looked unhappy as the police car stopped for him, and a uniformed policeman held open the the door. But he was relieved when he saw Richard in the back and even more relieved to find that he would not have to cycle up any more hills. The bicycle was hooked onto the back of the car.

When they arrived at Bulango, the sun was well over to the west, and the worst heat over. The customs official at the road barrier was not Tembe, but his colleague. Wilson's launch lay tied up in its place; his car was not there.

High trees bowed over the river, their roots curving like snakes through pools of stagnant water. Reeds with tall plumes hid the view. A considerable noise could be heard on the Uganda side, for the ferry was just about to leave with a car. The chains creaked and groaned as the two ferrymen hauled the boat across the river. The white car owner had taken command and was shouting orders: "Little to the left—that's right—straight ahead now!" The ferry followed its chains and the men hauled as usual, without protesting or understanding.

Casey opened negotiations with the ferrymen. One was an old man with filed teeth and a wrinkled skin. The other was younger and slightly more civilized. The younger one, Seku, did the talking, for the elder one suffered from a speech defect, and only Seku could make out what he was saying. They could not understand the older one's name, so they called him Charon.

When did they usually finish work? At sunset. Had they ever taken the ferry over after dark? Yes, once or twice, for an important official or an especially impatient tourist. Could they remember taking over a car one Friday evening three weeks ago? Friday . . . they scratched their heads. Three weeks; it was a long time. Did the gentlemen mean the night the white woman was murdered? Yes—that evening, said Casey.

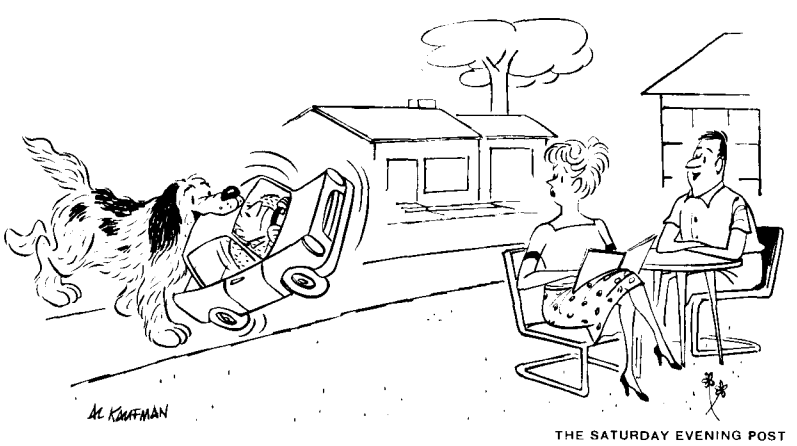
Charon let out a series of guttural and exasperated sounds and Seku interpreted. Yes, they had taken a car across the river after dark. The lady had insisted.

The lady? A woman? Yes, a woman in long trousers—perhaps a girl. One could not tell how old Englishwomen were.

"Why didn't you bring this information to the police?" Casey asked threateningly.

To the police? They knew nothing about this woman. Anyhow they lived in Uganda, and did not go to the Tanganyikan police.

Casey objected. Perhaps the ferrymen had got the wrong evening? They laughed heartily. No. Of course, the Tanganyikan customs man didn't know they'd been



"Well, he finally caught one!"

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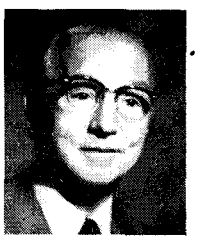

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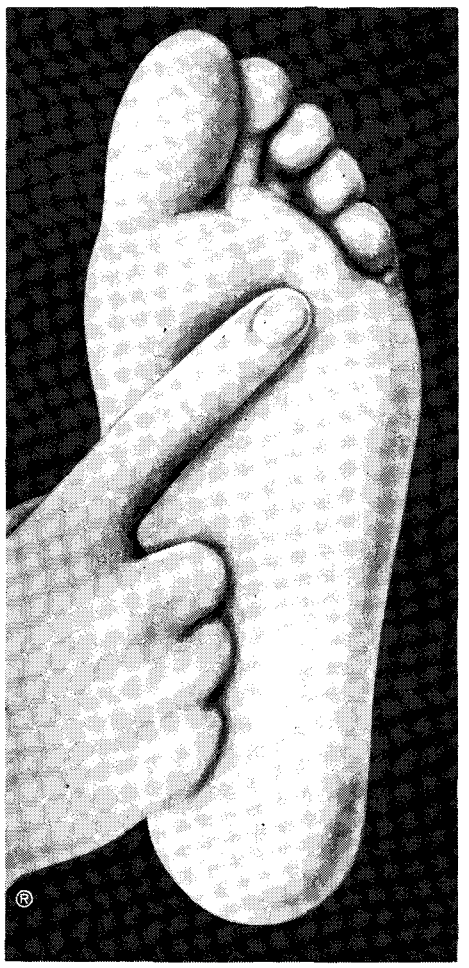

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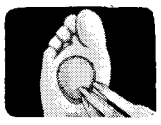

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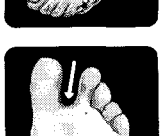

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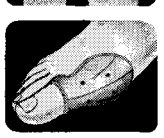

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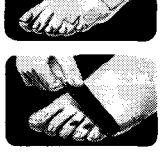

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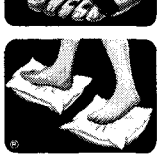

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across that night—he was at the wedding. There had been a big wedding with dancing and drums farther up the river. Casey's objections were silenced. It must have been the same wedding to which Wilson's crew had gone, so they must have got the right night.

Seku asked, "Why don't the gentlemen ask about when she came back?"

"We're just coming to that," said the police chief. "So she came back?"

Yes, indeed, a little while later she was back again, tooting away until they had to fetch her. Did they remember the car? Seku said it was a yellow Morris with a Kampala number and a firm's name on it—a firm that hired cars to tourists.

The three men were disappointed. A tourist—it could be anyone. But Casey's energy returned; here was a clue which led away from Steve Wilson. Who was the tourist? Where had she come from?

The next morning Casey was on the phone to Kampala. On the fourteenth of October someone had hired a car, a Morris, to someone from a film company which was on location in the bush. A woman? No—it was definitely a man. Wait a moment—his signature was on the order. C. Porter . . . or Paulton . . . or Patton. The signature was illegible, but it was a man. The fourteenth of October. Two days before Evie Wilson's death.

Mr. Casey phoned the Uganda police, and they agreed on certain matters. Then, together with the first sergeant he could find, he set off along the long road to the river again. Seku and Charon greeted them with caution. That car from Kampala. Had they got it wrong? Were those two passengers in it—a man and a woman? No, just one lady.

Casey related all this to Richard Palmer as an example of how a promising clue could come to nothing.

"H'mm," said Richard. "I suppose you've already got a man on the way to look at this film company. Was Mrs. Wilson ever an actress?"

"No. She ran an antique shop."

"Perhaps she had an affair with an actor before she met Wilson."

"I'll consult the London police," said Casey.

The door to Palmer's study stood ajar, opening out onto the veranda. Casey had only just disappeared when another shadow darkened the threshold. Martin Lokele stood there, curious about the results of Mr. Casey's investigations. Palmer told him that the car had been hired to a man, not a woman, from a film company in Uganda. Martin said, "I must have a chat with Mr. Wilson," and was away on his bicycle.

This time it was the telephone in Palmer's office that rang. It was Casey again and he sounded disturbed.

"Have you seen the article in *Umeme?*"

"No."

"Send out for it then. It's disgraceful!"

Umeme (*Lightning*) was the organ of the extreme nationalists, who opposed TANU, the liberal independence movement. *Umeme* had learned from the white man's gutter press to use showy headlines and to teeter on the edge of the law. A copy was fetched. There stood, in huge black letters: ARE POLICE SHIELDING WHITE WIFE MURDERER? BLACK SERVANT GETS BLAME . . . and so on and so on, with no real falsehoods, but taking Kabono's part and accusing Stephen Wilson. Martin Lokele was portrayed as the black hero, defending the innocent against injustice. Richard Palmer read through it with a bitter taste in his mouth.

There was no bus, so Martin Lokele had to take his bicycle, but after riding for a while, he got a lift on a lorry as far as Mwindi, the nearest village to Bulango. In Mwindi a TANU meeting was in full swing. People were sitting on the grass round a platform on which the speakers were perched in a row: three black men, one white man and an Indian woman. They were the Opposition's candidates for the legislative assembly. Before each speech the drums sounded, freedom songs were sung, and a cheerleader urged the crowd into shouts of "*Uhuru!*"

The crowd awaited Mukama, who would be in the government when Nyerere became prime minister, and Ali Aissa, the trader and the village politician. There was a short pause in the proceedings. People streamed over to Ali Aissa's stall to buy soft drinks, and in the background a heap of newspapers was dumped off a lorry. Martin rode straight into these lively, noisy groups and for a moment he was frightened, reacting as a stranger would, a white man.

"*Uhuru!*" they shouted at him, to try him out.

"*Uhuru!*" he replied, and then there was no difference between him and hundreds of other sweaty young men on bicycles.

Ali Aissa's name was called through the loudspeakers and people streamed back to the platform. Martin stayed to listen. This man could rouse the crowd.

"Now the time has come for us to undertake the responsibility for our own country. We no longer need the white masters!"

"*Uhuru!* Freedom!" they shouted.

"*Uhuru na kazi*—freedom and work!" shouted Ali Aissa. "You must understand this. Freedom means that we must work twice as hard as before!"

"*Uhuru na kazi!*" answered the crowd. But the most eager forgot about the work and wanted only the freedom. "*Uhuru! Uhuru!*"

Martin withdrew from the crush and cycled away to Bulango village. It seemed quite empty, the men having all gone to the TANU meeting in Mwindi. But Mr. Wilson was sitting at his veranda door, reading a newspaper. Martin Lokele propped his bicycle against a tree, bowed awkwardly, and asked whether he might trouble Mr. Wilson for a few moments.

Steve Wilson flushed. "You practically accused me of murder in court!" he said roughly.

"Mr. Wilson, another car came that night. The ferry made an extra trip. Mr. Casey and Mr. Palmer questioned the ferrymen."

"Good God," said Steve, his tone quite changed. "Who was it?"

"We don't know. But the existence of this car clears both you and Kabono."

"Are you defending everyone who is suspected?" asked Wilson with a reluctant grin. "Come in and have a drink."

His voice had lost its officer-to-private tone. They went into the living room and Mr. Wilson took a can of beer out of the refrigerator, and filled two glasses.

"Ask away now."

"Mr. Wilson, when I was last here, there were a few things lying on the bed in there. May I look at them again?"

"Certainly, but I've put most of them away by now."

Martin's heart sank. Mr. Wilson had taken charge of his household. A masculine confusion now reigned in the big room. Tobacco tins and maps lay all over the table, and a pair of shoes stood under a chair. Empty beer cans were heaped in the wastepaper basket. In the bedroom everything feminine had been removed.

Martin said in a disappointed tone: "I had hoped to find the newspaper which lay on Mrs. Wilson's bed."

They searched but could not find it. It was a newspaper dated a few days before the murder, and Martin remembered best the half-completed crossword. But what he was looking for was a photograph, a headline, conjured up by a remark made by Richard Palmer—plus a name.

"Have you got a dustbin?"

"It's behind the kitchen."

They went to look. A parcel wrapped in newspaper lay among the empty tins. Martin's hands trembled as he spread out the newspaper and recognized the crossword. On the other half of the same page was an interview with an English film company on location in Uganda. At the top was a picture of a blond beauty and a virile-looking man—the two stars. Underneath was a blurred photograph of a slim, dark woman whose hair was parted down the middle.

Martin smoothed out the paper. "Look at that photo . . ." Mr. Wilson looked carefully at the photo of the blond star. "No, not her. The dark one." Martin kept his hand over the caption. "Do you recognize her?"

"Should I?"

Martin took away his hand. The caption ran, *Miriam Adams in the character part of the woman missionary.* Stephen Wilson looked up sharply.

"Miriam Adams . . . but that's Evie's sister . . ."

Martin Lokele sighed deeply. "I had a vague memory of the caption—and I knew that your wife's maiden name was Adams."

"What on earth are you babbling about?" asked Mr. Wilson.

Martin suddenly remembered that he had heard about the film company in confidence. "The little I do know, I'm not allowed to tell you," he said. "Didn't you know your sister-in-law was filming in these parts?"

"Had no idea. Evie and she didn't write to each other." Mr. Wilson began to stride up and down. The questions had taken a turn which was worrying him. "To try to mix Miriam Adams up in all this is damned silly—you must see that."

Why was Mr. Wilson so anxious that no suspicion should fall on Miriam Adams? He was an old-type gentleman. An old-type gentleman lied to shield a woman. Was Mr. Wilson lying?

"It's long past lunchtime," Wilson said. "And I haven't even got a boy yet. But you're welcome to share my eggs and bacon, if you could sink so low as to hold a frying pan."

An odd relationship was springing up between them—prickly, suspicious and defensive, but decidedly human, almost friendly. They went into the kitchen, hunted for the frying pan and pumped up the primus. A pause in the battle, because men must eat. The kitchen soon filled up with fumes, so they took their plates back into the house. Mr. Wilson opened another can of beer.

As they sat there, they became conscious of voices, and the tramp of feet out on the road.

"What on earth is going on?" said Mr. Wilson.

"The TANU meeting must be over," said Martin.

"They can't be coming this way . . ."

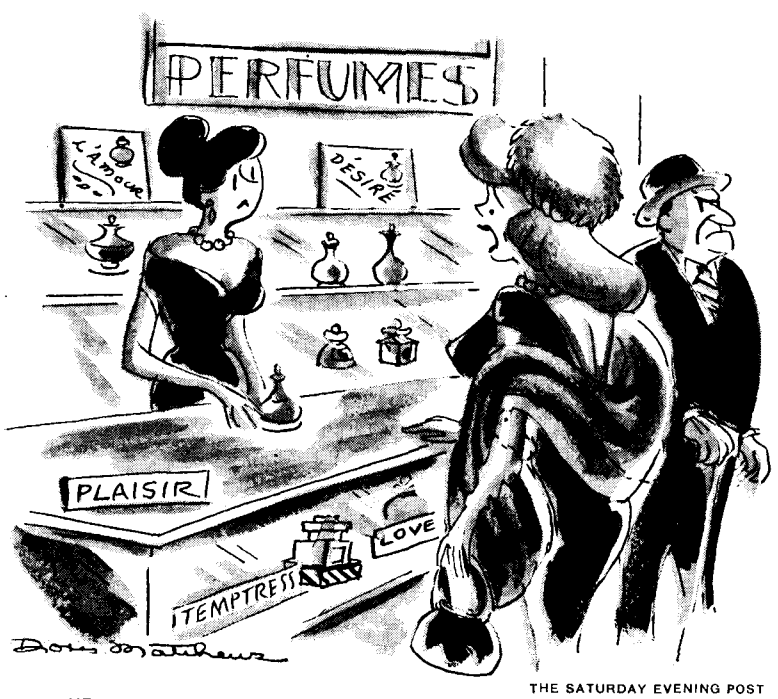
But the voices and the footsteps came nearer and nearer.

During his short visit to the TANU meeting in Mwindi, Martin missed seeing two acquaintances: Rosana and Mike Lutshaka. They had gone to Mwindi because Mike wanted to show everyone that Rosana had been released, and the charges dropped.

When the TANU meeting broke up, an energetic black boy was going round selling copies of *Umeme* to the crowd. Mike bought one. A murmur rose from the crowd. A white official who had murdered his wife, trying to put the blame on a couple of Africans! The newspapers traveled from hand to hand and indignation grew. What a man, this black defense lawyer, this Martin Lokele!

Mike read the article, and it went to his head like the strong, rough *pombe*.

"Yes," he shouted, pointing at Rosana. "Here she is! They falsely accused my wife and put her in prison."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Do you have something that will make me like him?"

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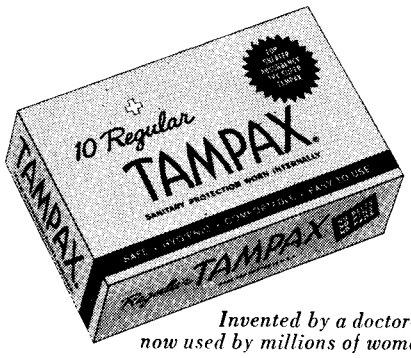

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

BULANGO AFFAIR

"Mike," said Rosana. "Come on, Mike. It wasn't Mr. Wilson who . . ."

A rough gang of roadworkers flocked round them. It was Mike's angry words they wanted to hear, not Rosana's tame protests that no one had done her any harm. The people from Bulango were frightened of the roadworkers, and backed away. The men asked about the African lawyer. Where had he come from? Amazing! So brave that he dared to tell the white men what the laws said! More and more people joined the crowd, and the anger rose.

Rosana did not like being pointed at as a victim. She began to walk quickly homeward with several other women. The roadworkers flocked round Mike Lutshaka.

"We ought to go and have a few words with this Mr. Wilson."

So the crowd began to move toward Bulango. Most of those who lived there crept away and hid in their houses, so it was a noisy crowd of strangers which swirled round Mike Lutshaka. He walked with his eyes blazing, on his way to speak for justice. When they came to Wilson's house the more courageous went up to the windows to see if he was at home.

"He's sitting in there with an African!"

"Who is the African?"

"It's the defense lawyer!"

Many voices were raised. One of the men who had been to the window reported, "They're eating together."

A feeling of unrest spread through the crowd. What was this? Treachery?

Steve Wilson opened the door which led out onto the veranda and stood there calmly, eyes taking in the crowd pouring down from the road.

"What do you want?"

Mike Lutshaka took a step forward and said in English, "Mr. Wilson—it was you who killed your wife. Do you deny it?"

Steve flushed scarlet. "Yes, Mr. Lutshaka, I certainly do."

Many understood the simple English, but confusion arose between the affirmative and the negative. They looked at each other in horror. Did you hear? He did it. He said so himself. Mike had not misunderstood the reply, but he was immovable in his anger.

"You killed her—but you crept behind a woman to save your own skin."

"Mr. Lutshaka ——"

But Mike could not be stopped. "Men! He let the police take away my wife. He let them tear away a mother from her children. How do you think we feel, Mr. Wilson?"

"Lutshaka. Come to your senses! I did not accuse your wife. I thought she was innocent, and said so aloud. So did the court."

This silenced Mike for a moment. Doubt entered his mind. Then a rough, bull-necked man pressed forward and shrieked in Swahili:

"But you thought you'd hang Kabono instead!" They waved the newspaper *Umeme* and shouted again. "The lawyer Lokele has proved it! The murderer came in a car. You drove it."

"Ask your friend the lawyer," said Steve, stepping to one side.

Martin Lokele stepped into the doorway. The threatening mass of people frightened him. He raised his hands for silence. "Friends! A car did come. But it wasn't Mr. Wilson's car."

They all shouted at once. "Yes, yes! You proved it yourself."

"I was wrong. The car came from across the river. Mr. Casey and ——"

But his voice was drowned in the tumult. "The whites have bought him. Look at him!"

"Friends!" yelled Martin, trying to make himself heard above the noise. "You're wrong. You're ——"

The first stone came whistling down, then another. The second struck Martin's arm.

"You traitor!" screamed the crowd. "Murderer!"

Wilson pushed Martin back into the house, slammed the door and shot the bolt. A stone came crashing through the window. Steve Wilson took a rifle from the corner and loaded it.

"We can't shoot at my countrymen," said Martin.

"Can't we?" Wilson showed the rifle barrel at the window. The crowd drew back a little.

Martin's arm was beginning to hurt. He could feel a painful knot in his stomach too. He said, "Are you afraid? I know I am."

Steve Wilson smiled. "You're a good chap. I thought you'd leave me in the lurch. You could have gone over quite easily. But you didn't."

Martin felt his eyes moisten. Yes, he was afraid of his own kin, but his heart was with them out there, they who had got it wrong this time and were behaving badly. Confused, he put his trust in Mr. Wilson and his cold-blooded calm.

Somebody got word to Ali Aissa, the TANU leader. He had a telephone, but decided there wasn't time to call the police. He banged a kind of drumming signal on the copper gong which hung outside his store in Mwindi. Several tall men appeared at the doors of their huts. Ali climbed into his car, and collected his bodyguard. Then they were gone in a swirl of dust.

When the men outside Wilson's house began to throw stones, Mike Lutshaka quickly calmed down and wanted to stop them. But now they would not listen to him. A new leader appeared, a man named Mboko. He was red-eyed from the aftereffects of hashish, and he bellowed like a bull.

"We'll smoke out the white man . . ." With a yell he started trying to overturn Mr. Wilson's car and at once received assistance from many willing hands. Petrol and oil ran out, a cigarette set fire to it and soon the car was burning like a torch, singeing the roses in the garden. The heat forced the men to stand back, but they were only waiting to see the house itself catch fire.

"Men, what do you think you're doing?" cried Mike. "We've come here to bring a murderer to justice, not to become murderers ourselves."

In the clamor of voices and the crackling of the fire, the sound of Ali Aissa's car was not heard until it was quite near.

Ali got out of his car, followed by his men, and made his way with calm authority through the crowd, taking a quick look at the burning car, the men with cudgels and stones in their hands, the house with broken windows. Two of his strongest followers went to stand on either side of the violent Mboko. Ali Aissa went toward the house, and saw the glint of the rifle barrel. He said in a cool voice: "Don't shoot."

He stepped up onto the veranda. One of his men was carrying a drum. He gave it a reverberating blow. Then another. Ali Aissa raised his hands and cried:

"*Uhuru!*"

"*Uhuru!*" the men replied, astonished.

"Men—will you listen to my voice?"

"Yes," cried Mike and his circle. "Speak!"

"No," bawled Mboko. "Knock him down! Set fire to the place!"

There was another mighty blow on the drum and the tumult died away. But now several voices made themselves heard "We want justice! The European in there killed his wife!"

Ali raised his hand. "Possibly. But it is not for you to judge. Men! If there is evidence against the man in there he will be charged—I give you my word."

He went on more quietly. "Don't you see that freedom is nearly here? We are free to think our thoughts. The lawyer is free to speak the words. The newspapers are free to print them."

Mboko struggled to get free of Ali's bodyguard. Again the sound of the drum rang out. Ali raised his arms and cried: "*Uhuru!*"

They stopped shouting and answered sullenly, "*Uhuru!*"

"You can do better than that."

"*UHURU! UHURU! UHURU!*"

"And the song. Our song."

Ali's men began to sing "*Uhuru*," and the others fell in with them one by one, until they were all singing in unison. Ali Aissa had regained the upper hand, transforming a murderous crowd into a political meeting.

When the men had finished the last verse, Mike was filled with shame. How could he, Mike Lutshaka, a schoolmaster, an educated man, stand here like a rabble-rouser in a lawless mob? The things he believed in had not been said by him, but by the brave man who was standing alone, speaking sternly:

"Yes. We want freedom. But we must value it. You are not hurting the British with this kind of behavior—it is TANU that you are hurting. Your own Tanganyika African National Union."

They shouted from all directions. "No! It's a lie! We like TANU!"

"Don't you see that our opponents will write, 'TANU Meeting Assaults Official'? The shame will not be yours but TANU's."

They looked at one another uneasily. But no reasoning could penetrate the hashish-thickened brain of Mboko.

"Don't listen to him! He's been bought too."

Ali Aissa's men grabbed his arms and held him. No one stepped forward to defend him. Mboko's moment was over.

Ali Aissa said, "TANU will see to it that justice is done. So I command you, in the name of TANU, to go home."

When Ali Aissa found himself alone with his men he went up to the door and said, "*Hodi*, Mr. Wilson. Open up. We wish you no harm."

More reporters were in court than before, for after the article in *Umeme*, it was presumed that Steve Wilson would be charged with his wife's murder. There was an unusually long wait before the magistrate appeared. He and Mr. Casey were in conference in the inner room. Mr. Casey had suffered a setback.

"The Uganda police have let me down," he said, harassed and angry. "They swore they'd have her here last night, but they haven't come."

Mr. Casey had been extremely secretive about his activities in Uganda, and the mysterious woman in the car. He had hoped to be able to whip her before Richard Palmer's astonished eyes like a conjurer producing a rabbit from a hat.

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Richard said dourly, "We'll start anyhow. Although it means starting without Miriam Adams."

"So you knew it was her?" Casey asked, disappointed.

"Well, even I manage to put two and two together and make five occasionally," said Palmer. He did not say that Martin Lokele had helped him do the sum. "Have you any information on Miss Adams from London?"

"Yes. Been involved in some police case. I'm expecting further details."

They walked over to the courtroom. Kabono sat on the defendant's bench with Martin Lokele quite near. Mr. Wilson was sitting among the witnesses.

The magistrate said, "Last time we had arrived at the following state of affairs: When Kabono left Mrs. Wilson—alive, according to his own statement—a car came from the border to the Wilsons' house. The evidence suggested that the car was Mr. Wilson's."

A sigh went through the court. Now it had been said in so many words. Everyone expected the arrest of Mr. Wilson. But Palmer went on. "Mr. Casey will perhaps complete the statement."

Casey stepped forward and looked round the court with his sternest official expression. "A false statement was made which distorted the evidence. According to the customs official, Dyson Tembe, no car had crossed the river after dark—so the obvious conclusion was that it was Mr. Wilson's car which had been seen."

A much-chastened Tembe was called. He told the court how he had gone to the wedding and had no idea what had happened on the border during those vital hours. When Mr. Casey thundered on about neglect of duty, Tembe hung his head. Then Casey went on to read the sworn statements of Seku and Charon: A car *had* come from Uganda.

Whispering rose from the crowd. The magistrate's gavel banged on the table. Mr. Casey recounted the detective work done by the police, which had led to the car firm in Kampala and from there to a film company which was on location in the bush. And who had they found with the company? A sister of Mrs. Wilson's. The actress, Miriam Adams.

The reporters fought their way out to get at that rare thing, a telephone. Mr. Casey said that the police had summoned Miss Adams to the court but she had not come.

The magistrate called Mr. Wilson to the witness rail. "Was your wife expecting a visit from her sister?"

"Not as far as I know."

Outside the courtroom a little yellow car drove up the path which cut through the smooth, emerald-green lawn. A small slim dark-haired woman jumped out. She was wearing a white shirt and black slacks which the sticky heat had plastered to her legs. At first she walked along the veranda trying to read the names on the various officials' doors. Then she turned to the guard.

"Hullo there. Where do I find the magistrate—what's his name? Palmer?"

"Right in there," said the *askari*, indicating a door.

She opened the door cautiously and started back when she saw the crowd of people and realized that she had walked straight into the courtroom. Palmer noticed the disturbance.

"Silence in court or ——"

Then he saw the woman, and her face gave him an impression of maturity which did not match her youthful body with its nervous, girlish movements. Palmer's hand went unconsciously to his tie. Casey pulled his khaki jacket down over his stomach. The woman stopped a little way from the railing and said in a musical voice, "Are you the magistrate, Palmer?"

Palmer answered calmly, "And you are Miss Miriam Adams."

She nodded in the way in which public personalities take recognition for granted, and went on, "I have an important matter to discuss."

"I don't doubt it," said Richard Palmer dryly. "The chief of police sent you a summons."

"I haven't had any summons!" said Miriam Adams indignantly. "I came on my own accord to ——"

Richard Palmer turned to the prosecutor. "Does Mr. Casey wish to question Miss Adams out of court? If so, we'll take our lunch hour now."

"I've nothing against Miss Adams being questioned here," Casey said. "But I would like to ask her why she ran away from the Uganda police yesterday, only to appear here today?"

"Ran away from the police?" repeated Miriam Adams, looking from one man to the other. "I've never seen any police."

"Where did you go yesterday?" asked Palmer.

"Several of us from the company went out to the rest house in Elizabeth Park, while the others were making the scenes which we weren't in."

"And what made you come here?"

"A man at the table next to us translated from some strange language in a newspaper that Stephen Wilson had been charged with the murder of my sister. As soon as it was light enough this morning I drove here ——" She had an attack of coughing. Palmer made a sign to an attendant, who gave her a glass of water.

"You are not bound to tell us anything," he said. "And everything you say can be taken down and used in evidence against you."

Her eyes widened—and they were really worth looking at, large, clear, dark gray-green. "You sound as if you were thinking of charging *me* . . ."

"That should be no surprise to you. Where were you on the evening of the sixteenth of October, Miss Adams?"

"At—at my sister's."

"Exactly. We have statements from the ferrymen. You must stop acting, Miss Adams, and take things seriously."

She appeared to shrink into herself and look even smaller than before. *Don't weaken*, Richard said to himself. *This stricken expression is part of an actress' trade. The weeping scene comes next.*

"Would you mind telling us what happened?" Palmer asked.

"I came to make a film. In Uganda. Then I discovered I was only a hundred miles from the Tanganyikan border, and the village where I'd been told my sister and brother-in-law were living. I decided that, despite everything, I'd go to see her."

"Despite everything?"

Miriam said cautiously, "We haven't been in touch for years."

"Had you quarreled with your sister?"

She said slowly, "Not exactly . . ."

"Whose car did you have?"

"One of the actors had hired a car to go to Elizabeth Park to look at the wild animals. Then the order of the scenes was changed round, and he had to do his bit for the cameras, and I was free; so I borrowed the car."

"And then?"

"When I got to this side of the river, I regretted coming—I was frightened. Pools of mud and twisted trees were all I could see in the headlights. Then I saw a little turning and spotted a lighted house. I stopped the car and walked down to have a look."

"And what did you see?"

"I saw a woman standing by a table. It was my sister Evie—she looked quite changed and utterly desolate."

"*But she was alive?*"

"Oh yes, she was alive all right," said Miriam, thereby clearing three people who for weeks had lived under suspicion.

"One moment," said the magistrate. "It was light, you say. But the lamp lay on the floor, broken."

"She had lit a candle."

"And what did you do?"

"I tapped on the glass and called, 'Evie, it's me—Miriam.' She snatched up a revolver and shrieked, 'If anyone comes in I'll shoot.'"

"And then?"

"She lifted up the candlestick to see who I was and then I saw the mess in there. I thought, *She's been attacked, she's suffering from shock*, so I said, 'It's all right Evie, it's me, your sister Miriam. Open the door for me.' She unlocked the door and I went in."

"In spite of the revolver?"

"She'd put that down. Don't you see? I thought it was just a question of her not recognizing me. I said, 'Evie, don't you know me, your sister?' Then I saw she was drinking."

The actress, perhaps affected by her own suggestion, took a sip of water before going on.

"Do I have to tell you everything, what she said and did?"

"Yes, everything that is relevant."

"I asked, 'Evie, have you been attacked?' She said, 'They poured in through the door there, three or four of them. It's a miracle that I'm alive.'"

A hum went through the court. Everyone turned to look at Kabono and Rosana. According to them, there had been only the two of them.

"Go on," said the magistrate with a warning look at the crowd.

"Evie said in a triumphant way, 'Mrs. Barker told me what to do. If more than one comes in, shoot, she said. So I did. First came Kabono, who steals my money, and then Rosana, who thinks she's better than Tennyson, better than me. And now you . . .'" Miriam suddenly turned pale. The heat of the courtroom, hunger and emotional strain had made her feel faint.

Richard Palmer said, not unkindly: "I really think we should adjourn for lunch now."

Kiroro had no restaurant except that in the hotel. There the magistrate, the prosecutor, witnesses and suspects all met a little later in a democracy of eating, although at strictly separate tables.

After an hour the hearing resumed. Miriam Adams once again went to the witness railing.

Palmer summed up the position. "We had reached the point when you asked Mrs. Wilson if she had been attacked and she replied yes, they had come 'pouring' in. What happened then?"

Miriam replied. "I thought we needed help, so I asked where her husband was. 'Out on his boat,' she said. 'And I have to sit here alone staring at the wall. Or I lie in bed and read about my famous sister's success.' She was drinking straight from the bottle by then. 'So you wanted to see how dear Evie is getting on. In this rathole. In this stinking, bloody swamp.'"

Mr. Wilson pulled out a large white handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"She went on and on, the words just pouring out. Rosana was mentioned several times. She kept mixing us up. Sometimes we pretended to be great actresses, sometimes great authors, she maintained. 'Anything to be able to look down on me,' she cried."

The magistrate, the police chief and the spectators were listening breathlessly. Now they were seeing the real Miriam Adams, the one who could identify herself with a character. She was *both* sisters in turn, torn between pity and fright.

"I tried to calm her down, but she wouldn't listen to me. She was working herself up into a rage. She said in a thick voice, 'It's funny that you've come here just as I had been attacked.' Thus she lost her balance, and I caught hold of her. She snatched up the revolver and shrieked, 'Don't touch me!' And pointed the revolver at me. I was terrified."

"What did you do?"

Miriam licked her lips. "I think I clasped my hands together and said, 'Evie, for heaven's sake, think of Mummy and Daddy.' Do you know what she said? 'You stole them from me. In the end they only cared about you.' As if we were two

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Somewhere, in some attic, someone is sick, sick, sick!"

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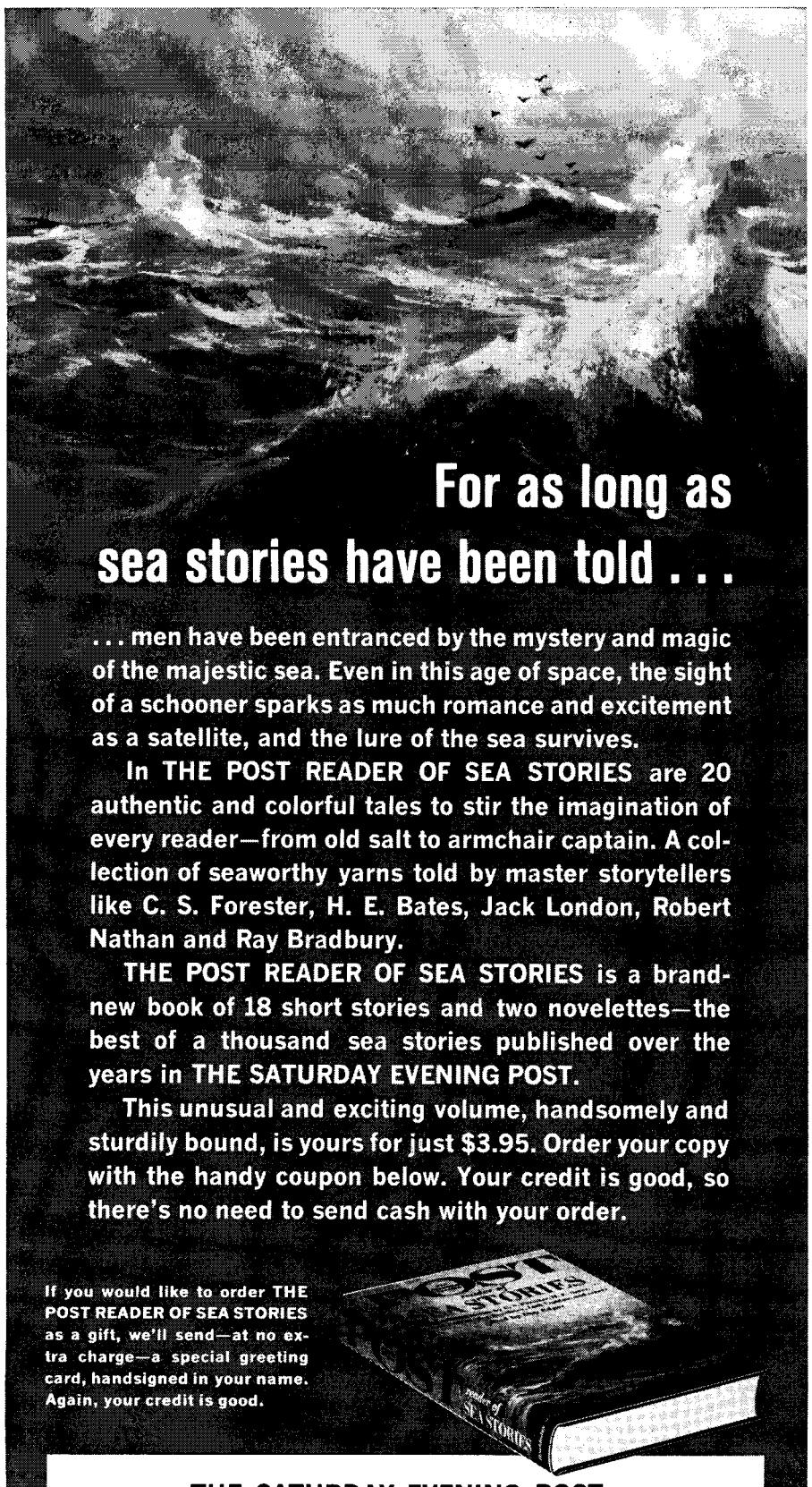

For as long as sea stories have been told . . .

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little girls squabbling. Perhaps I should skip this?"

Mr. Casey's fingers were drumming on the table in front of him and his expression said, *Yes, let us hear it all.* But Richard Palmer said, "Take your time. Tell us anything that is relevant."

"But it is both silly and macabre," said Miriam, embarrassed at having to reveal all this family talk. "I said, 'That's not true, Evie, and you know it. You were always the pretty princess for Daddy—and I was just his little black Jew baby.' And she said, 'That didn't fool me—he loved you best. And Mummy. If she'd had her own way, she'd have left me and gone off to be your maid. She would have licked your boots. She would have helped you receive your . . . your gentlemen friends.' My nerves gave way, and I grabbed her arm to take the revolver from her, but she was bigger and had longer arms, so she could hold that awful gun out of reach. And then the shot went off—and a stinging, foul smoke—and Evie was lying on the floor . . ."

Palmer was almost as shaken as the pale girl in front of him. He asked, with some effort, "Who pressed the trigger?"

"I hope it was Evie. I don't know."

"Miss Adams," said Richard Palmer, "did your sister have the revolver first?"

"Yes, of course."

He went on, deadly serious, "Can you remember whether you ever got hold of it? Did you feel it in your hand?"

Miriam closed her eyes, and searched her memory. Then she looked up, brushing her hair to one side. "No—no! I think it went off just as she was swinging it away in another direction. . . ."

Casey gave Palmer a strongly disapproving look. What a way to do things—practically putting the defense into the accused's mouth! True, she had not been accused yet, and it all sounded plausible.

Miriam Adams could find only a few dry words for the end of her story. "I knelt down to take her pulse. But she was dead. Then I became frightened in a different way. What had I let myself in for? I had come soon after an attack. . . ."

"There was no attack."

"But I thought there had been, and that perhaps she had talked to her husband about me in that awful way, so he might think I had come with evil intentions. How was I going to prove otherwise?"

"So you decided to go away and say nothing?"

She objected, "That sounds much more reasoned than it was. I was panic-stricken, and I didn't want to be found there."

Not to be found there with Evie, thought Palmer. He didn't understand her at all now. An almost cold-blooded attitude to her sister had now appeared. He asked in a neutral voice: "Wouldn't it have been more natural to call for help?"

She replied in a harder tone, "Not to me. It was a matter of my reputation, my professional name."

"How would it affect that?"

She did not answer.

"Miss Adams—if everything was as innocent as you say it was, why shouldn't people believe you?"

She replied with a curl of her lip, "Why am I not believed now?"

"You vanished in a way that was bound to arouse suspicions."

Casey scribbled something on a piece of paper and passed it over to the magistrate. Palmer glanced at the paper, then up at the clock, and adjourned the case until the following morning. The witnesses, including Miss Adams, were ordered to be there at nine o'clock.

Before Miriam Adams could leave the courthouse, a uniformed African handed her a summons to appear for interrogation at Mr. Casey's office at five o'clock. It was then a few minutes to four.

I can't. I'm too tired, thought Miriam. *I'd rather lie down and die than answer any more questions today.* Her day had started at half past five that morning with her long drive. The African was a kindly man. He pointed toward the hotel.

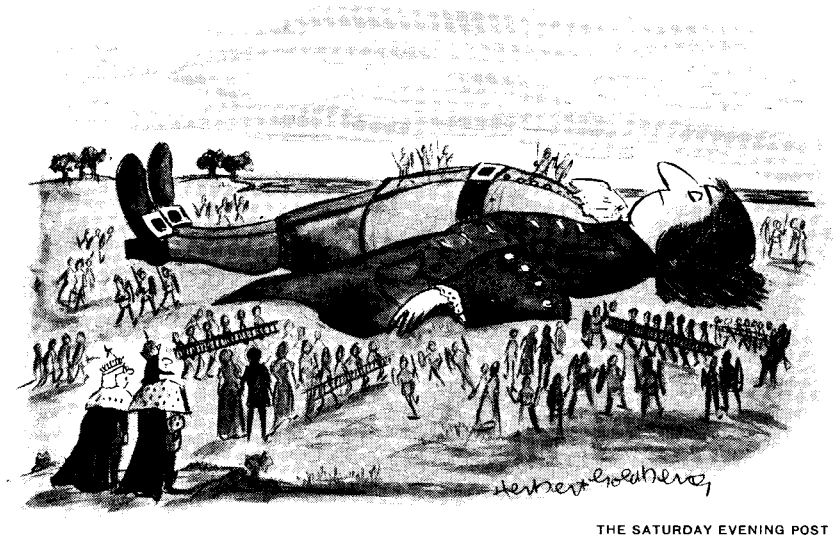
"Hotel, tea—yes, sir," the African said, which meant that she had time for a strengthening cup.

Miriam drove through the burning streets to the hotel and found it deep in slumber. A lonely bartender produced a cup of hot water, a tin of powdered coffee and a packet of biscuits. The coffee cleared her mind. Now she could see with shattering clarity that the next morning would find her in an African prison, charged with the murder of Evie.

At exactly five o'clock she was shown into Mr. Casey's room at the police station. He pointed at a tape recorder, gave her the usual warning, and asked whether she wanted a lawyer.

Miriam answered wearily, "I've nothing to hide from the police, but I can't afford sensational headlines again."

Mr. Casey did not let on that a telegram from the police in London lay under the papers on his desk, but asked slyly, "Have you been involved in a murder case before?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Probably an overactive pituitary gland."

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"No, but I was in a car which knocked down an old woman who died. About five years ago. We were held up as an example of the wild, loose life led by film people. The newspapers said that we were drunk, and tried to get away."

"What was his name, your . . . ?"

"Fellow criminal?" said Miriam helpfully. "James Cyril. You probably remember. Our names gave people a nasty taste in the mouth."

"What was the truth in all that?"

Miriam replied, "That we were in the car. That the woman died. We were half dead with fatigue, not from drink. I was sitting in the passenger seat, asleep. Suddenly there were photographers all over the place and an angry crowd. The gossip columnists added fuel to the fire the next day by revealing that we were living together but weren't married."

Casey was looking uncomfortable. "Was that why your sister ——"

"Yes. Jim and I had been together for several years, but he couldn't get a divorce. Evie was furious that I had brought shame onto the family, as she put it."

"Wasn't he sentenced for reckless driving?"

"Yes. He was sent to prison and fined."

She's telling the truth then, thought the police chief. The London police had found out who had been driving.

"You came out of it fairly well then, after all," said Mr. Casey, trying to cheer her up a bit.

Miriam Adams swayed as if her backbone had lost its ability to support her. "Do you think so? My life was completely shattered. Jim in prison. I didn't get any parts . . . If my name gets into the papers again like that, I'm finished as a film actress."

The *askari* standing outside opened the door. "Mr. Palmer, sir."

Richard came in. Blinded still by the bright sunset, he did not see Miriam at first. Then, "Sorry—didn't notice you were busy. Good evening, Miss Adams." He turned to go, but Casey stopped him.

"Miss Adams has just posed a question which you ought to answer."

Richard stood poised for flight. It was his perpetual dilemma that people wanted to talk about things which should be discussed only in court.

"Yes?"

Casey said, "What has arisen today gives me good grounds for not making a case against Miss Adams. She has already received very unpleasant publicity in connection with a motoring offense in London, and this was why she was frightened of being mixed up in a murder case. Now she wonders whether all this old stuff has to be raked up again in court tomorrow."

Richard said, "Several people have been accused, and race hatred has reared its ugly head. It's not enough to say that we have an explanation; we must clear the innocent suspects."

"That's why I came. I have already given evidence that should clear my brother-in-law."

"Perhaps that isn't enough to calm the fanatics. Someone might say,' He's cooked all that up with his sister-in-law.' It's impossible at this stage to hush it all up."

"I see," said Miriam quietly. "I'll be there in the morning."

Two *askaris* were necessary to control the public the next morning. Miriam Adams was the first to be heard. The magistrate summed up.

"Yesterday we got to where your sister, Mrs. Stephen Wilson, accidentally shot herself while you were struggling over the revolver. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"And then you became panic-stricken and fled?"

"Yes."

"Many of us might think that it would have been more natural if you had fetched someone and gone back to your dead sister. During interrogation by Mr. Casey last night, you explained that you ran away because you were afraid of being mixed up in the investigations into a mysterious death, which would damage your reputation as an actress. Is that right?"

"Yes. I didn't realize that I was throwing suspicion onto other people."

"And when you realized this?"

"I came straight here to tell you everything that I knew."

"Willingly?"

"Yes. I've since heard that the police had summoned me to court, but I never received that summons."

"The Uganda police have verified that you did not receive it," said Mr. Palmer. "That will do, Miss Adams."

She suddenly realized how unscathed she had come through the interrogation. Palmer had not mentioned her one fear, the motoring offense, and had simply piloted her past it. At last Richard Palmer poured a glass of water from the carafe and cleared his throat.

"Miriam Adams's testimony has cleared all those concerned from suspicion. Rosana Lutshaka's and Kabono's evidence indirectly substantiates Miriam Adams's statement. The court therefore finds that Mrs. Wilson, née Evie Adams, died accidentally on Friday, the sixteenth of October, 1959, from a self-inflicted shot. There remains therefore no case against Miriam Adams, and the cases against Rosana Lutshaka and Kabono are dismissed."

The court officials were discreetly ushering the crowd out of the courtroom, but people hung about on the steps. Steve Wilson remembered that he ought to be polite to his sister-in-law. As they left the courtroom together, he asked Miriam if she would like to stay at his house. Miriam declined with a shudder, which she could scarcely hide. With mutual relief, they shook hands and separated.

Richard Palmer was receiving a farewell visit from Martin Lokele.

"You did well in your first African case," said Richard. "What are you going to do now?"

"First I'll go look up Chief Chirishungu and hear what he has to say."

"About the old laws?"

"Not only about the old laws. The old African philosophy. And religion—superstition, if you like. If one is to get it in uncorrupted form, I'll get it from a man like him."

After a while Martin Lokele left, and Richard walked out with him to admire his new bicycle. Before he went back in, he glanced over toward the lake. Two women were walking on the shore, one black, the other white: Rosana and Miriam. How had they found each other?

Joshua came in and said, "Do you want tea now, sir?"

Richard said, "We'll have, I hope, two ladies to tea."

"Yes, sir."

Richard looked at his factotum critically. "You might improve the hour by putting on a clean shirt." Then he went to follow his own advice. THE END

People We Salute

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley J. Mackney

They helped each other stop smoking

Is it easy to cut down smoking? Is it harder to quit entirely? Is the effort to stop smoking really worth while?

These are some of the questions to which Mr. and Mrs. Stanley J. Mackney have found the answers.

The Mackneys live in Westbury, Long Island. They have three children —Richard, age 9, Robert, 7, and Liz, 4. Mr. Mackney is a textile executive.

About 3 years ago the Mackneys decided that they smoked too much. "I was smoking over a pack a day," says Mrs. Mackney, "and Stan was smoking at least 2 to 2½ packs a day." A friend had told them about Bantron, a little pill recently discovered which was helping men and women everywhere to stop or cut down smoking.

They decided to try out these little pills together to see if Bantron would help them cut down. At first, mind you, they just wanted to cut down. But here's what happened.

"Cutting down was so easy with Bantron," says Mr. Mackney, "that after a few weeks we decided to stop smoking entirely. The help Bantron gave us was just wonderful. Since we decided to stop, neither of us has had any real desire to smoke."

Mr. and Mrs. Mackney are only two of the many people who have recently experienced the amazing help that Bantron can give to anyone who wants to quit smoking. These include many doctors who recommend Bantron to their patients as well as some who take it themselves when they have a smoking problem.

The formula for Bantron was discovered by a group of scientists at Chicago's Loyola University. These scientists were looking for something to help patients who imperatively needed to stop smoking for reasons of health. They were aware that a derivative of the lobelia plant called lobeline sulphate had long been known as a smoking deterrent. However, lobeline sulphate, taken by itself in doses large enough to be effective, produced various unpleasant side effects. After years of intensive and arduous research, the scientists discovered a way of eliminating these side effects. Bantron was the result.

Bantron works simply by acting as a harmless substitute for nicotine. Lobeline, its principal active ingredient, is a first cousin to nicotine, mimicking its action without its harmful effects or being habit-forming. The lobeline acts by displacing the nicotine in the system and helping curb the desire for tobacco. The wonderful thing is that Bantron is as easy and pleasant to take as aspirin. It works without making smoking in any way unpleasant and it does not affect your taste for anything you eat or drink.

For months the research team who had discovered this little pill carefully tested it on hundreds of people. The results showed that 83% — more than 4 out of 5—of all people who wanted to stop smoking, did so easily and pleasantly in 5 to 7 days with its help.

The discovery of the Bantron formula was reported in medical journals and newspapers all over the world. It was even granted a patent by the United States Government. People everywhere who desired to stop smoking wanted to know how they could get this new pill. The Campana Corporation of Batavia, Illinois, was chosen to market Bantron and it is now being sold in this and many other countries.

And how do Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Mackney feel about Bantron?

"We are sincerely grateful to Bantron," says Mrs. Mackney, "for the wonderful help it gave us. We've told all our friends about it and at least ten of them have tried it with good results."

Is stopping smoking worth while?

"We estimate we have saved about $750 in the last three years by not smoking," says Mrs. Mackney. "I feel better. I know Stan feels a lot better, too. He even says his golf game has improved —and he has a roomful of trophies to prove it."

Anyone who needs to cut down or stop smoking will find food for thought in the Mackney's experience with Bantron. Bantron is so safe when taken as directed, that you can get it in the United States at all drug stores without a prescription. Also available in Canada.

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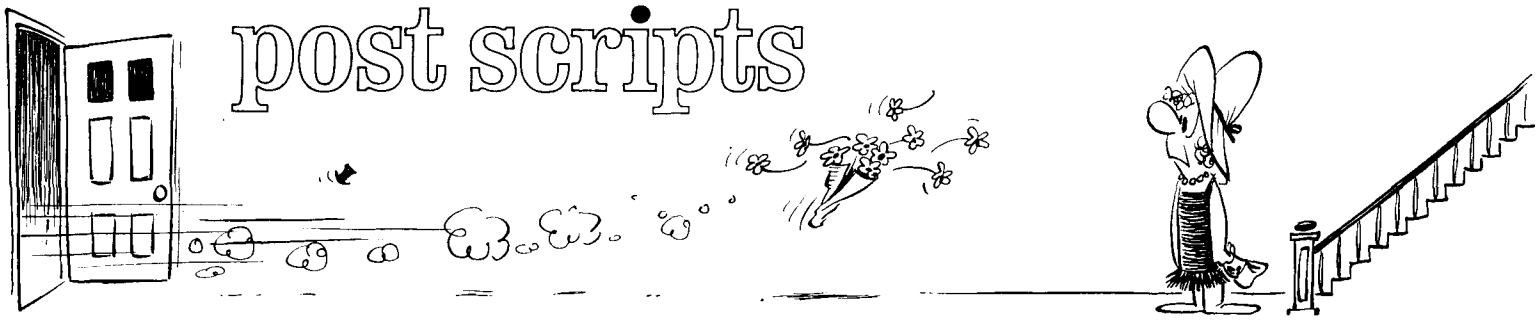
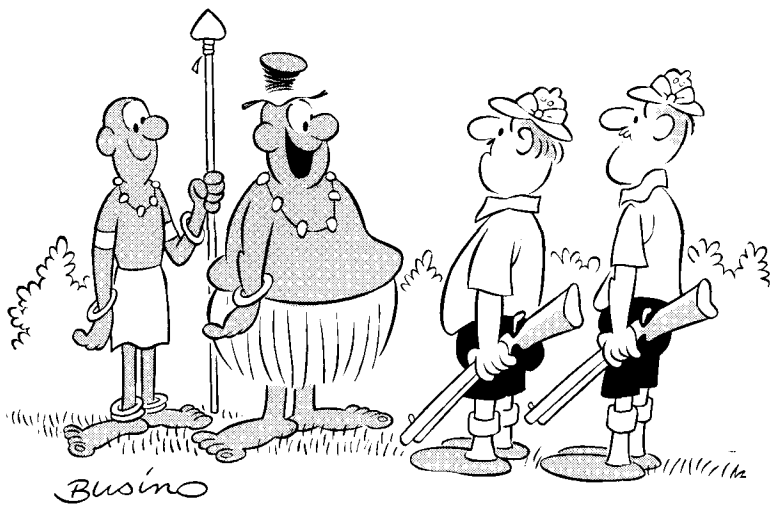
post scripts



"Now that's what I call a nice hat!"

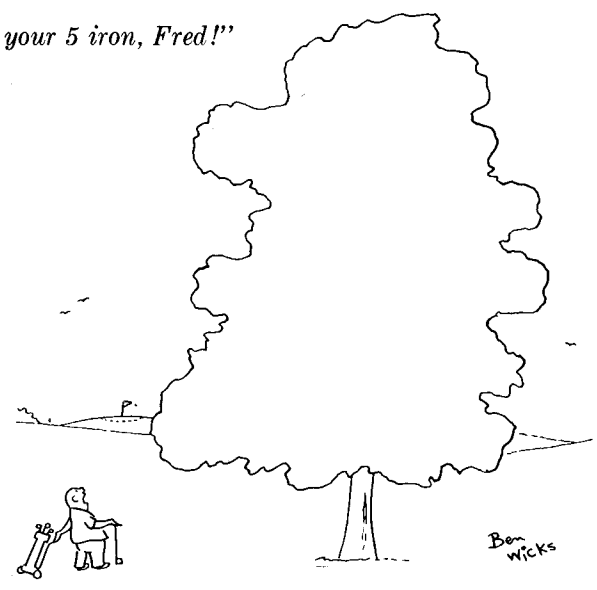
"Ever have one of those days when you rub everybody the wrong way?"



"Yes, Doctor Glugstone visited our village . . . we found him kind, sincere, dedicated and delicious."

"So that's why I drink. I always thought I had a good reason."

"Try your 5 iron, Fred!"



LONG ON LEFTOVERS

I can put my size-10 foot
  In a size-9 overshoe;
I can force a second horse
  Into stalls not built for two.

But I fight each Tuesday night
  Like a half-demented man,
With that one last bag of garbage
  That just won't go in the can!

JAMES T. MOORE

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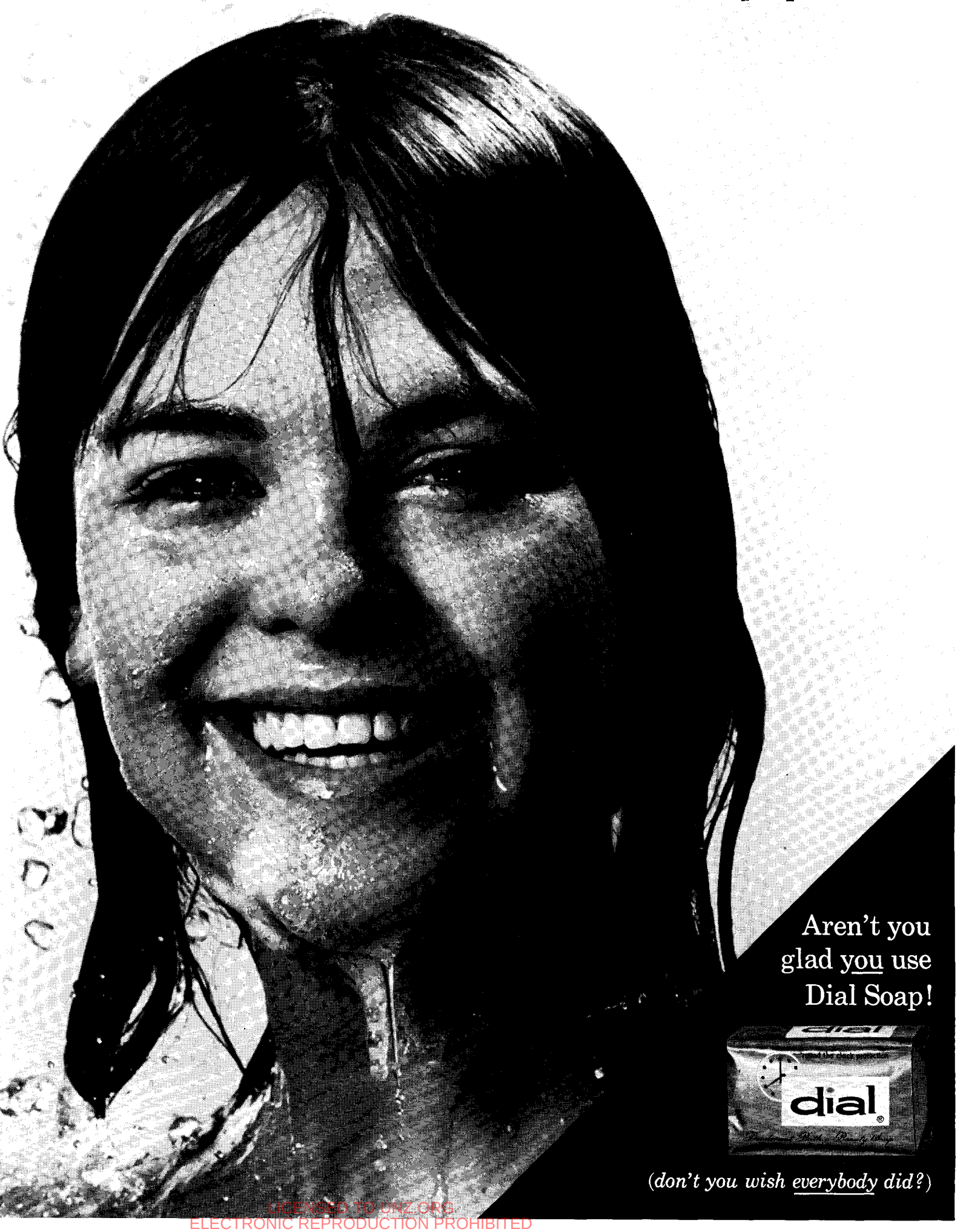
Sure she's sure

All day. Because Dial with AT-7 cleans up on skin bacteria that cause perspiration odor. In a nice lady-like way. Keeps you fresh and sure. That's what Dial does—for people who like people.



DIAL IS AVAILABLE IN CANADA

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This photo, which Helen Klaben asked rescuer to take on campsite at the end of her 49-day Canadian-wilderness ordeal, shows her still game and pretty.

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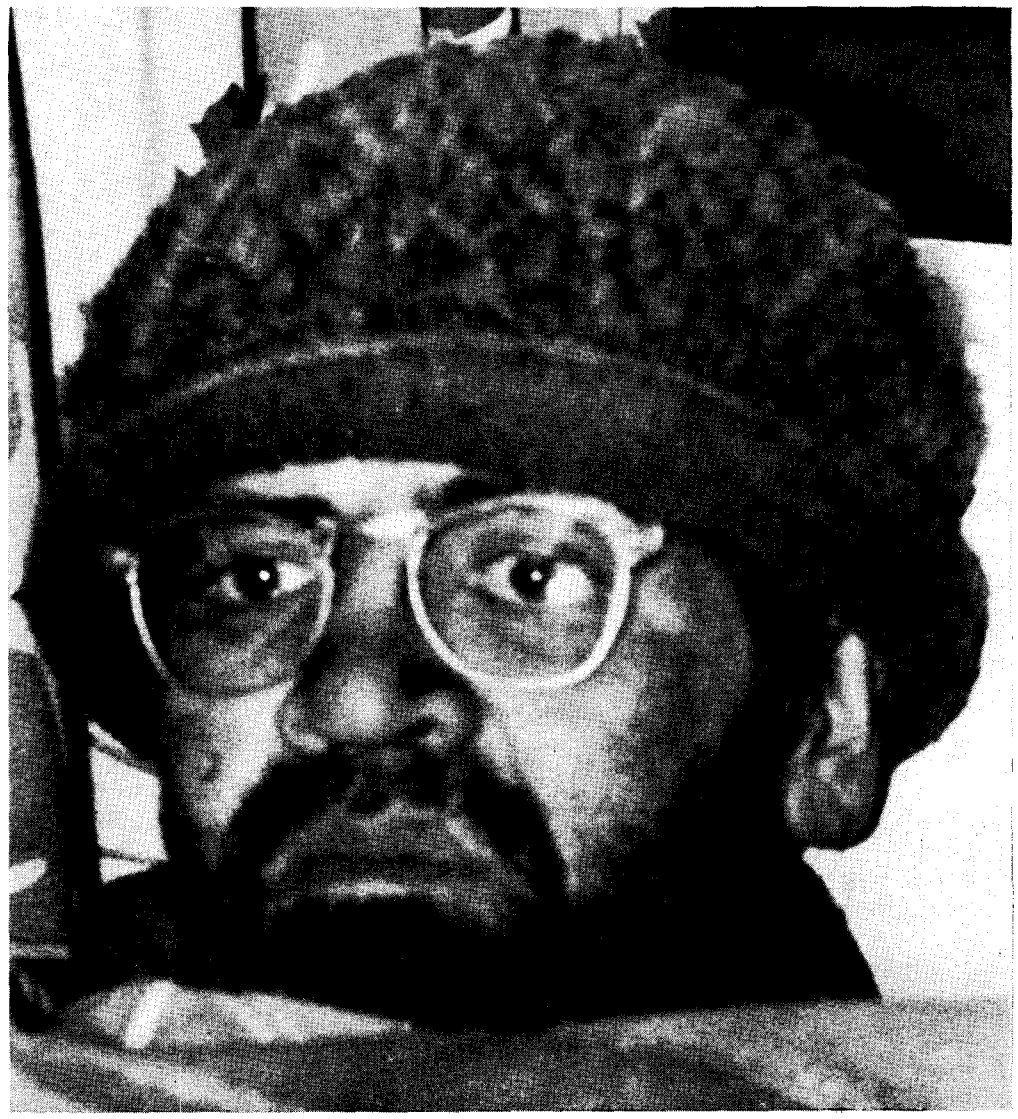
THE COUPLE WHO WOULDN'T DIE

By THOMAS WHITESIDE



EXHAUSTED BUT UNFLINCHING, PILOT FLORES IS FLOWN TO THE HOSPITAL.

Last March 24 Chuck Hamilton, a Canadian bush pilot, was flying supplies over desolate, snowbound and mountainous country from Watson Lake in the Yukon Territory to a ranch at Terminus Mountain when he decided to fly low over a place called Aeroplane Lake. Several months before, at Aeroplane, 75 miles southeast of Watson, and just across the border in British Columbia, Hamilton had had occasion to get help to an Indian family's sick baby. Hamilton thought he would look things over.

Nobody appeared to be at the cabin where the Indians had lived, and Hamilton continued toward Terminus Mountain. Seven miles southeast of Aeroplane Lake he turned to say something to his companion in the plane, an Indian named Jack George, when something on the ground caught his eye. In a small clearing at the foot of a heavily wooded mountain, an SOS had been stamped out in the snow. Attached to the SOS was an arrow sign pointing uphill.

Hamilton flew low over the sign several times and then headed in the direction of the arrow. He returned to the SOS, circled it, followed a snowshoe trail leading northeast, and circled five or six times more. Then he caught the flash of a mirror or, as he thought, a piece of tin, below. The signal came from a man on a frozen creek. The man had a pole with him, and Hamilton and George concluded that it was an Indian on a fishing trip. He seemed to be asking for help.

Hamilton thought the man probably had a companion in the area. Circling, he spotted smoke from a fire, a little tent and, by it, another figure, this one waving and flashing reflections. Pilot and passenger guessed that it might be a squaw. Hamilton found the SOS clearing too small to land his loaded plane, so he decided to fly Jack George on to Terminus Mountain and then return.

Later that afternoon, back at the SOS, he saw the same figures, and this time he spotted near the tent a strip of fabric bearing the identification numbers of a plane, obviously taken from a wing. Hamilton landed at Aeroplane Lake. There he located a pair of Indian trappers who were using the cabin and asked them to try to reach the two people. The Indians set off for the creek by dog team.

Hamilton returned to Watson Lake and notified the Royal Canadian Mounted Police of his discovery. The Mounties could hardly believe their ears. The identification numbers Hamilton had spotted matched that of a small civilian plane which had been reported missing in the Canadian wilds seven weeks previously. The plane was known to carry no proper equipment or food for survival; the pilot, Ralph Flores, 42, and his passenger, Helen Klaben, 21, a pretty Brooklyn-born girl, had no knowledge of living in the woods; six to eight inches of snow had fallen since the plane had vanished. The temperatures had been as low as 48 degrees below zero. The Royal Canadian Air Force had given up the pair for dead three weeks earlier.

The following morning Flores and Helen Klaben were flown to hospital at Whitehorse. What they told their rescuers about their experience made one of the most extraordinary stories of survival ever known in the Canadian North. Their plane had crashed on a mountainside. Both had been injured. Their food had lasted only a few days. After that they had existed on melted snow for some 40 days. Flores had lost 51 pounds, Helen 45, but both were in good spirits and, apart from frostbite, remarkably well. Their stories have been checked and rechecked, and the crash site has been examined with great care by both Canadian Department of Transport officials and by Alex Van Bibber, probably the most experienced and respected bush expert in the Yukon. Otherwise their accounts would have been incredible.

The Post here publishes the first complete, detailed account of the seven-week ordeal and "miraculous" survival against incredible odds of Helen Klaben and Ralph Flores after their light plane crashed in the frozen Canadian wilderness last winter. To prepare this exclusive article, author Thomas Whiteside spent many long hours interviewing both Miss Klaben and Flores.

Their survival has been commonly referred to in the Canadian North as "a miracle." Its quality is attested to by Maurice Grant, 34, one of the many bush pilots who volunteered to help in the search, and who visited Flores to congratulate him personally on his survival. Grant, who has been flying in the Yukon since 1946, once was forced down in 10-below-zero weather and broke a foot in the crash. He was rescued in only five days, and because of the frostbite he suffered he now gets around on artificial feet. One of the officials who directed the search says flatly that on the basis of his experience, "I didn't give these people more than two weeks to live, even if they walked away from the plane uninjured." And another northern man who knows the bush and who has questioned Ralph and Helen closely says, "It was just a tremendous will to live that pulled them through. How else could you explain it?"

How Helen Klaben and Ralph Flores survived can only be explored properly by considering their backgrounds and their extraordinary relationship during their

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"IT WAS JUST A TREMENDOUS WILL TO LIVE THAT SAVED THEM."

Flores felled trees with this hammer, chisel; plane carried no special survival equipment.

He fashioned slingshot in vain attempt to kill rabbits for food.

stay in the frozen wilds. Helen Klaben, the second youngest of a family of seven children, left high school in Brooklyn in 1959. Her family's straitened finances wouldn't permit her to attend college full-time and she had to settle for night courses while working during the day as an assistant bookkeeper—"Just a goopy old job," she says.

When the goopiness of it all got her down, she quit and began attending art classes mornings, working afternoons as a receptionist. For a while she went days to City College. Then she took a job with an advertising agency. Her title was grand-sounding: "assistant traffic and production manager." What was that? "Well I helped the flow of traffic, a million and one things which was a tremendous experience in advertising agencies careerwise." However, she wanted to get into the art department. It was no go careerwise. She quit and got another job, with a publishing company, and then another job, until "the same old office routine was getting me down."

Helen had an appetite for adventure, and a lot of her friends were always talking about travel. One day last August she came across a *New York Times* want ad seeking a "female or couple" willing to share expenses on a drive to Alaska. In her usual headlong way Helen dashed off a reply. She had saved $700 and was ready for anything. The advertiser turned out to be a girl with a Volkswagen, and 17 days later the two of them wound up in Fairbanks. Helen got an apartment, and then a job—for the Federal Bureau of Land Management, as a draftsman, working on maps. "Not the most interesting job, but I was in Fairbanks, which was fun."

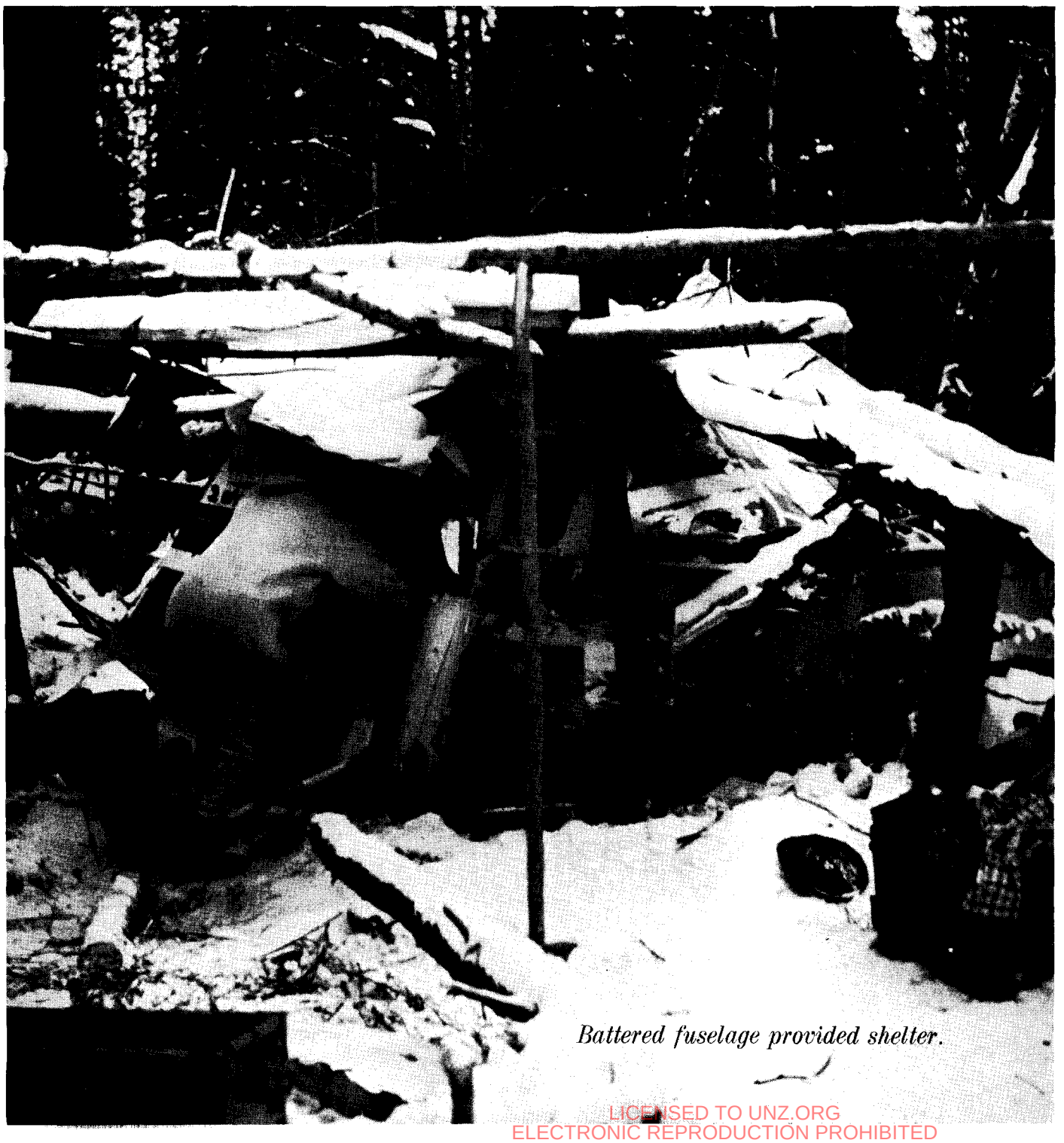
Her pace seems to have been a hectic one. She plunged into all sorts of activities ranging from bowling to panning for a few grains of gold. She took a short mining course at the University of Alaska. She took up painting, did some writing, became a member of a Great Books discussion group. And she had a great many dates. There weren't too many girls in Fairbanks, and there was an Air Force base there. She says thoughtfully, in a way quite typical of her: "To tell the truth, if you don't want to get married right off, Fairbanks isn't such a healthy place for a young girl to stay in for any length of time."

By the middle of winter Helen's wanderlust began stirring again. She says in her breathless Brooklyn way, "You see, a platonic boyfriend of mine in Fairbanks was corresponding with this girl in San Francisco, and they knew some girls who were planning to go to Mexico, and that sounded, you know, very nice, and so I thought I'd like to go to San Francisco." She planned to take a commercial airliner out of Fairbanks on February 1. A few days before departure date, she happened to hear a commercial announcement over a Fairbanks radio station which said that a pilot going to San Francisco was looking for a passenger to share expenses. She had flown just once—a short trip in a small plane around Fairbanks with a boyfriend, a bush pilot—and had been thrilled by the experience.

She called the number given in the radio announcement. The pilot had a five-seater private plane; he intended to leave as soon as possible; he would proceed from Fairbanks to San Carlos airport, near his home at San Bruno, outside San Francisco. For the passenger's share of expenses he wanted $70. To Helen this sounded dandy—she had figured $144 as the commercial fare to San Francisco.

On January 30 Helen met the pilot—Ralph Flores—a short, wiry, mild-mannered man with glasses, a moustache and a fairly heavy Spanish accent. She had told friends about the proposed trip, and while some thought it sounded like fun, others advised her against flying over such desolate terrain in the middle of winter with a pilot she didn't know anything about. But she felt he was a decent and very kind-looking fellow and that was decisive. "He said to me, 'If you don't trust me, don't go with me,'" Helen recalls. "I said to him, 'I trust you.' It came to me that I did. Just like that. There's no halfway business with me. I put my complete trust in him then and there."

The man in whom Helen put this confidence was a Mexican-born U.S. citizen who had just completed an 18-month contract on the DEW Line in Alaska as a $1,100-a-month mechanic for the Federal Electric Corporation. Now he was in a hurry to join his wife and six children at their home in San Bruno before making another tour of duty in the North. Among his fellow workers in Alaska, Flores appears to have been regarded as a nice fellow, though something of an odd duck. He was a former Catholic turned Mormon; he did not smoke or swear; his non-drinking rules extended even to coffee and tea. In Fairbanks he had



Battered fuselage provided shelter.

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Despite his injuries, Flores used homemade snowshoes to tramp out 75-foot-wide "SOS," with arrow pointing toward the campsite where Helen waited.

become a lay preacher, and his religiosity was intense enough to be regarded, among the more down-to-earth, as almost obsessive. His salvation-mindedness, which was undoubtedly sincere, was certainly stronger, as it turned out, than his regard for even the most common-sense air-safety precautions.

Flores' aircraft, which was built in 1942, and which he bought 15 years later for $4,500, was a Howard single-engine monoplane. Just before he first met Helen Klaben, he had obtained a Certificate of Air Worthiness for the plane, but he hadn't flown in it for a year—it had been sitting in a field most of that time. Flores had no rating to fly by instruments. His motor was not winterized. He carried no proper survival gear—ax, rifle, sleeping bags, waterproofed matches, two weeks' food—for flying over the Canadian North, as Canada's Department of Transport requires in case of forced landings in winter. Helen did not realize any of this. It never even occurred to her to ask Flores whether his plane was insured. It wasn't.

But she had put her trust in him, and shortly before noon on February 1, with Helen's baggage stowed aboard—four suitcases, a couple of big handbags and a few packages—they took off. Pilot and passenger landed at Whitehorse late that afternoon. An hour later the weather worsened, and the Whitehorse airport was closed to traffic.

The forecast was for continued bad weather between Whitehorse and Fort St. John, their next stop, and the pair stayed over three days in Whitehorse's Taku Hotel. They passed the time by walking around town in temperatures that ranged from zero to 40 below, and by going to the movies. (A couple of times, just for the exercise, for each of them was interested in losing a little weight, they walked the five miles from hotel to airport and checked on the forecast that way.)

To relieve the tedium, they talked amiably about this and that, and one of these casual conversations took a curious turn, in light of what was to happen. On the night of February 3 Flores told Helen that he thought they might be able to take off next morning. Later, as Helen was writing a letter in the hotel, Flores, passing by, remarked, "You still trust me?" "I said, kiddingly, 'No. I don't.' I went on writing. Then I said, 'We'll probably die tomorrow,'" Helen recalls. Flores told her that he was a Mormon priest. He said that perhaps it was his mission to see that she did not die on the trip. He spoke of his religion. She told him that she believed in God but that, being Jewish, she had not been brought up to recognize Christ as divine. Flores said nothing to this, but he said later, "When I hear this, I feel a chill going through my body."

Storms barred the way

About seven A.M. the following day, February 4, Flores called the forecaster at the airport and was told that his destination, Fort St. John, would definitely not be within permissible limits for visual flight by the time of his arrival. In midmorning Flores and Helen went out to the airport. The temperature was 31 degrees below zero. Shortly before 11 A.M. Flores checked with the weather forecaster. He was told emphatically that a flight to Fort St. John under visual flight rules would be impossible. Flores discussed conditions en route to Fort Nelson, British Columbia, approximately 200 miles to the north of Fort St. John. He was cautioned that a trip to Fort Nelson might not be possible either, but that if he wanted to get away he should listen for weather conditions en route and turn back if worsening weather were forecast. Then Flores filed a flight plan giving his destination as Fort St. John, and told Helen that they were taking off.

They got into the plane and taxied out to the runway. Helen felt that conditions weren't right—indeed, at the airport there was only fair visibility in light snow, and the weather was just barely within permissible limits for visual flight—but she said nothing. She chewed gum and stared out of the window. Flores asked for permission to take off. He believed that he received clearance but there appears to be some doubt that he understood the control tower. The takeoff is described tersely in an official Royal Canadian Air Force report, issued on March 1:

> Ground visibility appeared to be deteriorating at the time the control tower noticed the plane taxiing for departure. While the traffic control was checking with the meteorologist, who confirmed that visibility conditions were still with in Visual Flight Rules limits, the aircraft took off from Whitehorse without clearance from the control tower . . . after which the plane disappeared from view in light snow.

The airplane was described as white and yellow and as having the identification numbers N58856 painted on the wings.

According to Helen, "We went around and around, trying to get above the clouds. I kept chewing gum and thinking, he's the pilot, he's the pilot, I trust him. But I could feel the tension getting greater." Helen helped the pilot as he had instructed her to do, by pulling maps out of his briefcase, and she also held in her lap a piece of paper on which Flores had written the frequencies of radio stations and control towers along his flight route. After three hours the air became increasingly turbulent, and the clouds were heavy. Flores climbed to 11,500 feet, and it became apparent to Helen that he was unable to locate his position visually. He tried to get his position by radio, but he was unable to make contact on the frequency he was using.

Flores turned to Helen to take from her the paper on which were written the other radio frequencies. But suddenly, somehow, in the bouncing plane, the paper disappeared from Helen's lap. They spent about fifteen minutes searching for it and never did find it. During that quarter hour the plane bumped around in clouds that had become impenetrable. At one point Flores was able to get a signal of an airport radio beacon but quickly lost it. They were now hopelessly bewildered over terrain as forbidding as exists anywhere in the Canadian North.

Flores became confused and exhausted. He now tried to get under the weather. "I knew he didn't know where he was," Helen recalls, "and he wouldn't say we were lost, but I knew we were, and I felt so bad about that piece of paper. I didn't say anything; I stared out the window and kept chewing that gum. We were coming down, and the fuel gauge of one of the gas tanks was close to zero. We were flying by a mountain and I saw trees right below us. I knew we were going to crash."

Flores recalls that he put his hand down to change tanks, but the plane was on top of the trees. Helen recalls: "Finally I said out loud, 'OK, Helen, here it comes.' I was somehow out of myself, feeling myself have this experience of going down in a plane. I saw the right wing tip hit the trees and I just closed my eyes."

The manner in which the airplane crashed is truly remarkable. It came down in trees, mostly spruces 45 to 65 feet high, which stood together in such density that from the air the ground could not even be glimpsed among them. Both wing tips must have hit trees at exactly the same time, for otherwise the plane would have tumbled over, killing the occupants instantly. Instead, it appears, the wings sheared off tree branches, themselves disintegrating as they did so. Then the fuselage hurtled on like a shell, with the engine breaking trail. It struck the snow and came to rest against a tree, and the engine doubled up under the fuselage and penetrated the firewall. All this must have happened in two or three seconds.

Helen had closed her eyes just after the plane hit the trees. She recalls her feelings when she opened them again. "Here I was sitting in this crashed plane. I didn't realize that I must have blacked out for some time. I just looked outside and thought, well, what do you know! We *did* crash. I was right," she says. "I was bleeding on the chin and I could see that my left arm was broken, and that surprised me—I thought to myself that I had never broken a bone before in my life."

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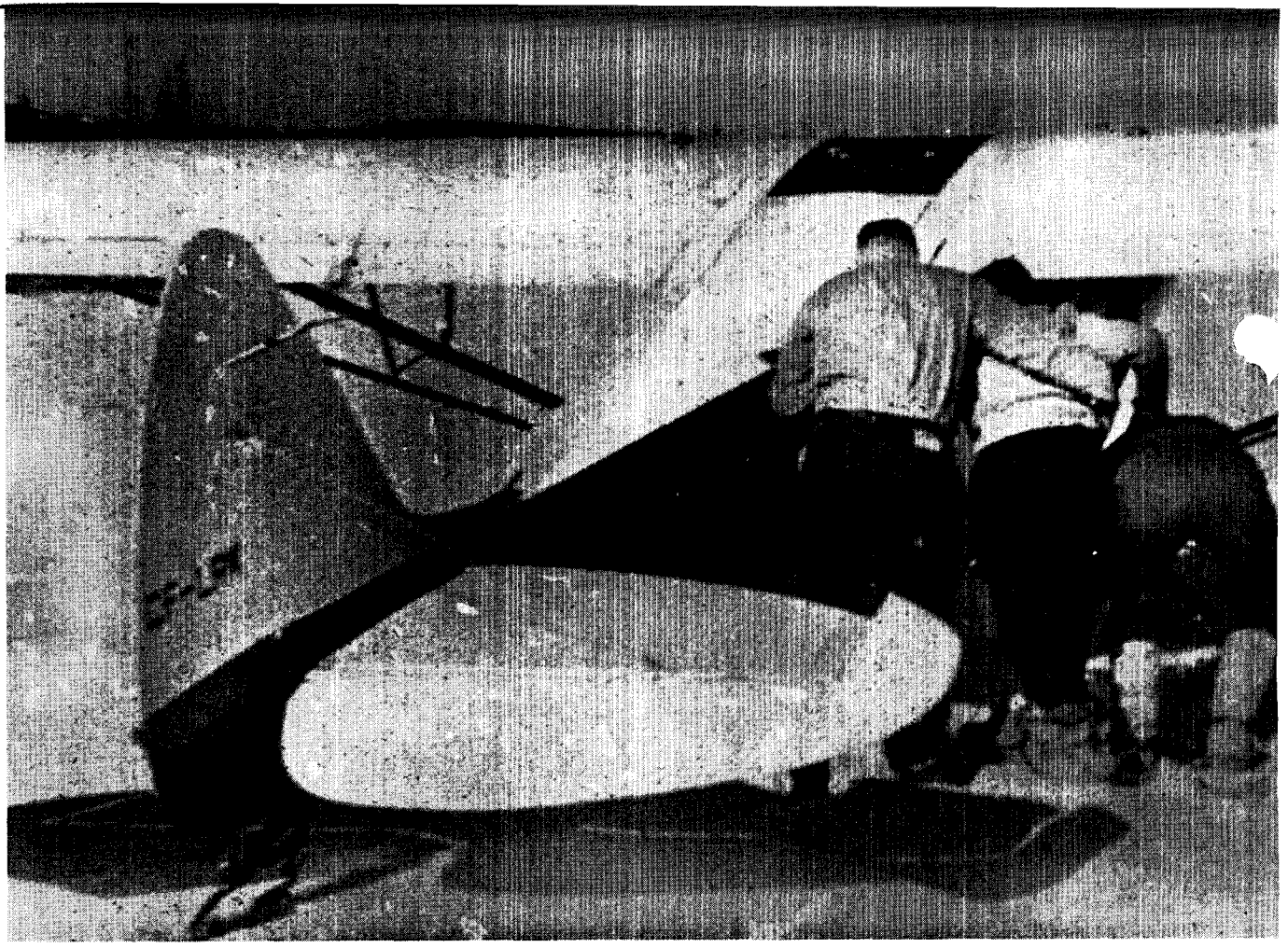
HELEN REWARDED HER RESCUER WITH A KISS.



She looked to her left for Flores. His seat had been torn loose and knocked forward. He was slumped, unconscious, to one side. The instrument board in front of him was completely smashed. Her first thought was to get him to put on his parka—he was wearing a leather-and-poplin jacket—because of the extreme cold. She said, very quietly, "Ralph."

In about five minutes he groggily began to move a little. Flores recalls Helen asking: "Are you all right, Ralph?"

"I'm all right," he replied.

Helen says, "I told him to put his parka on. I was calm. It's amazing how outside myself I was, and aware of what was going on. It must have been about three-thirty. It wasn't quite twilight yet. I figured we would have to get out in the snow and make a fire first thing. I tried to get out, but my right foot was stuck. I couldn't feel it. Ralph began to get out through the broken windshield in front of us, and I helped him. He went around the plane to my side to get me out."

Flores had lost his boots in the crash. He could not feel his feet or his fingertips—frostbite had already set in. He felt that his ribs were broken. He was horribly cut about the face, and blood was pouring from his mouth. Helen noticed that the instrument panel was covered with blood. She was surprised to see how unlike her notion of blood it was. It seemed pale and waxy; it was already frozen.

Flores was unable to move his jaws. He could talk only with the greatest difficulty. By the time he got around to Helen she had pulled her foot free. Some feeling began to return to it. It felt to her as though it had been crushed. The only door of the plane was smashed; Flores helped her out of the fuselage through a broken window immediately to her right.

As he did so, Flores has recalled, he said to her through his teeth, as blood continued to pour out of his mouth, "Do you know why we're here?"

"Why?" Helen said.

"Because you reject Jesus Christ," Flores said. By the time he had climbed out of the plane and come around to Helen he had been struck by a sudden conviction that the whole business must have been preordained and that he somehow was fated to be the instrument of her religious salvation.

"I was annoyed," Helen says. "I was thinking, what was he trying to do, saying that I rejected Christ—trying to start an argument or something? I just took the attitude of 'I can't argue now.'"

Twilight was now approaching. The airplane's thermometer gave a reading of 48 below zero. Helen had lost her boots in the crash. Before Flores got Helen out of the plane, he wrapped a sweater around each foot. Outside, pieces of wreckage were strewn all around. The snow was deep—at least knee-high, and in many spots waist-high. He dug around in the snow, gathered together some brushwood that had been knocked down by the crash and made a small fire, which was lighted with one of Helen's matches—a smoker, she had a few boxes and several books of matches; Flores had a small box which had been lying around in the plane for six months or so. To kindle the fire, Flores says, he took papers from the plane. Like most of Helen's suitcases they had been scattered all over the snow. With only one good arm, Helen couldn't do too much. The papers put in the fire included a bloodstained map, the one map sufficiently detailed to have let them know where they were. Flores put one of Helen's suitcases on the fire to produce a smoke signal. It did not make much smoke.

Ralph's upper jaw was split in two, and part of it was hanging loose, held by his skin. Blood continued to pour out of his mouth. His jacket was so full of blood that as the liquid quickly froze, he was unable to close the Zipper. Helen suggested that to absorb some of the blood he put on one of a number of sweaters that she had in her suitcases, and he put a green sweater over his jacket. Then he got his parka on.

As dusk fell they got back into the plane and sat in the broken back seat. Helen was shivering and very cold, and every time she moved she could feel the break in her left arm. Flores told her that it might be several days before they were found. He reminded her of her feeling in Whitehorse that she was going to die and told her that she wouldn't die if she studied the Bible. He added that she would have plenty of time for study where they were. "She got kind of upset," Flores says. However, he asked for blessings for her and for forgiveness for her failure to recognize the divinity of Christ.

Neither slept that night, except in the most fitful and uneasy way. In the morning the temperature was still 48 below. Flores got out early and with great effort removed the twisted door of the fuselage. He covered the opening with one of several tarpaulins that he carried in the plane. Then he started the job of clearing out the rear seat from the plane to make room for a proper shelter. He had no hat, and Helen gave him one of hers—a woolen affair that he wore like a helmet. Ralph was in great pain. His face was almost entirely covered with blood. Helen offered to clean some of it off, but he refused. He said that he preferred to let it cake on and hold the cuts together. (Later on, in Whitehorse, a medical examiner for the Royal Canadian Air Force Survival Training School was to assure him that his facial cuts had healed more neatly than if he had been given surgical stitches on the spot.) Ralph propped his lower jaw against his upper with another rolled sweater. As the blood dripping onto the sweater froze, it acted as a kind of cast.

Using Helen's matches, Flores made a fire with brushwood he collected. Helen came out, and they took stock of their position. The forest was so dense that they could see only a little sky. They were obviously on a mountainside. They found that for food supplies they had four thin cans of sardines, two small cans of tuna fish, two cans of fruit cocktail, a box of crackers and a partially filled bottle of protein pills, which Flores had been taking in his efforts to lose weight. Their other supplies for survival consisted of a box of Band-Aids, the few matches, a pocketknife, a small hunting knife, a putty knife, a pair of binoculars, a few full and a few empty oil cans, a couple of mirrors and the clothes in Helen's suitcases.

Clearing the airplane out to make sleeping quarters occupied most of the first day following the crash. The couple had to work very hard to do it, since Helen had to keep her broken left arm in her parka pocket, and since Flores was still bleeding from the mouth and was still in terrible pain. At the fire Ralph melted some snow in an empty quart oil can and gave the warm water to Helen to drink. She also ate, she thinks, a few crackers. Ralph himself was unable to open his mouth to eat. He poured a little of the melted water through his teeth.

That night, in the plane, they put two long cushions from the back seats on the floor and arranged them as mattresses. The cold was intense. They tried to keep warm by sleeping in opposite directions to each other—Helen with her feet under his parka, and Ralph with his feet under hers. That didn't work. They tried different positions, and finally settled down side by side, with a tarpaulin under them and over their feet, and with an assortment of Helen's sweaters and coats covering them. They were able to doze only occasionally.

Both Ralph and Helen were utterly ignorant of ways of living in the bush. But each seemed to possess what a manual of the R.C.A.F. Survival Training School calls "one of the most important psychological requirements for survival"—the ability to adjust to the realities of an emergency situation. And they both showed a very powerful will to live.

Early on the second morning after the crash, Flores dragged himself out of the fuselage and, with the incredible industry that characterized his sojourn in the wilderness, made a fire. Using a gallon can from the airplane, he melted snow and made hot water for breakfast. They ate nothing, and Ralph's mouth was in such dreadful condition that he was unable to swallow even water. The toes on Helen's right foot had already turned black from frostbite, although she did not realize that this was what she was suffering from. To protect her feet Ralph made coverings out of canvas he ripped from the rear seats, having first dressed her injured foot with strips from one of Helen's dresses, and helped her cover these with sweaters.

He brought pieces of the wing, cut cross members from them, and with these made splints for Helen's broken arm and bound them with more strips torn from a dress. Helen sat on the doorstep of the plane while this was done. Then she got back inside, where she stayed most of the time during their life at the crash site.

For lunch that day Flores opened one of the fruit-cocktail cans and heated it. "It was delicious," Helen says. But Ralph, still unable to open his mouth, could take nothing except a little juice. For dinner

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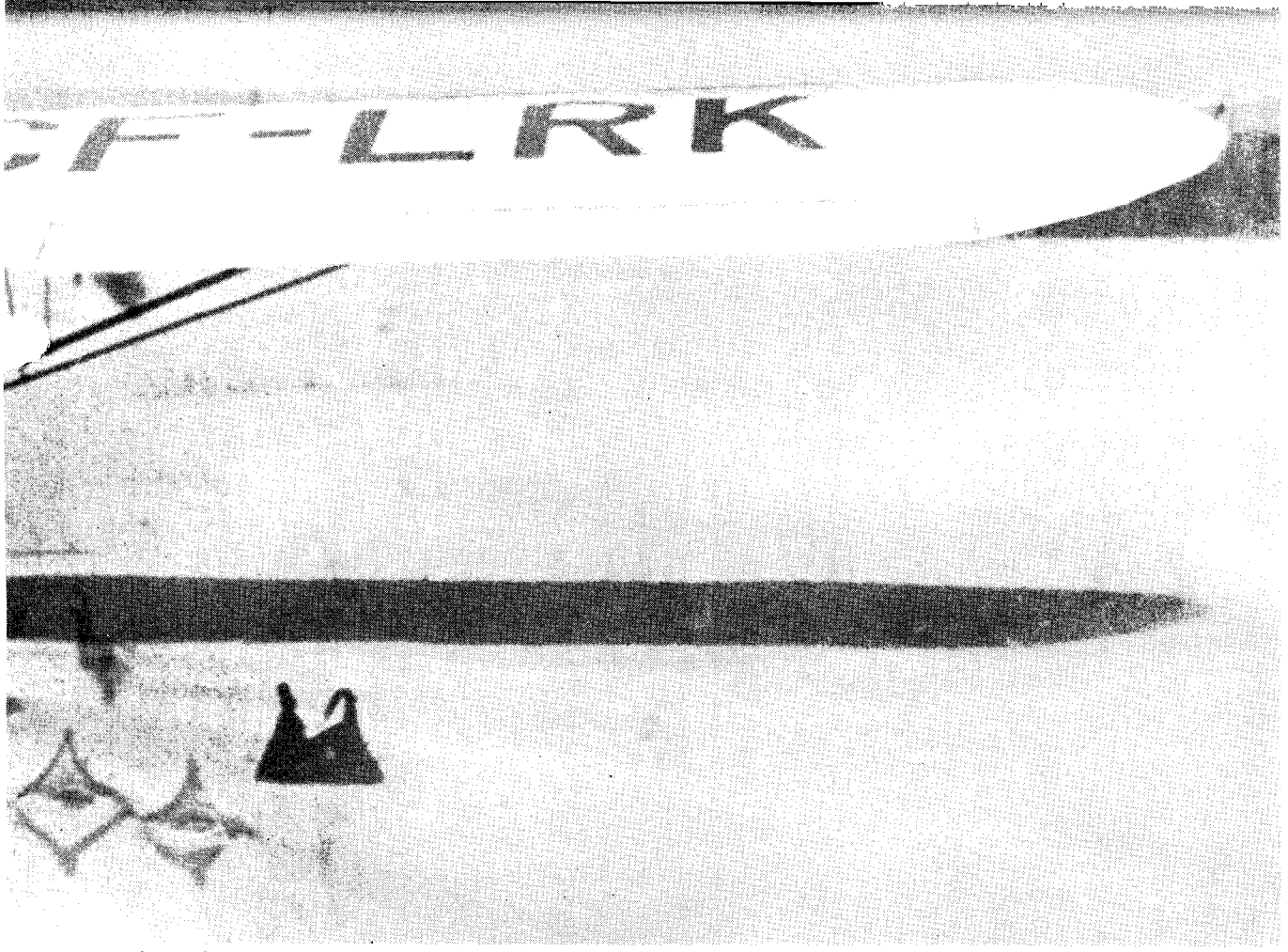

Helen is helped into rescue plane by pilot Chuck Hamilton (left). She wore many layers of clothes but still shivered.

he opened one of the cans of sardines. Helen didn't like sardines, so Ralph opened a can of tuna fish for her. Ralph mashed the sardines and mixed them with water. Using a twig, he poked the food into his mouth drib after drab. He also made a soup in the paint-thinner can from a few crackers and water.

In pretty much this manner, day after day, they spun out their rations. For breakfast they had melted snow and crackers, or sometimes a soup made of melted snow, crackers and oil from a sardine can. Then they would have a second course—Helen a little tuna, and Ralph some mashed sardines. For dinner they had melted snow and a cracker or perhaps two. Toward the end of the first week Helen finally overcame her dislike of sardines and shared the last can or two with Ralph.

Searchers are sighted

By the end of the sixth day after the crash, Helen and Ralph found that they had only one can of fruit cocktail, some crackers and the protein pills. The weather remained very cold. Nearly every clear day they heard an airplane, and once they even glimpsed one. But the planes were all far away, most of them on the other side of the mountain from the wreck.

Flores, the fingers on both hands and the toes of his right foot badly swollen from frostbite, could move in an area of only a few feet from the plane, and then only very painfully. He couldn't get a boot on his left foot and kept it wrapped in a sweater. Whatever he lacked in knowledge of survival in the wilderness, he made up for in perseverance. He did all the cooking. With Helen's help, he kept trying to improve conditions in the cabin. He chiseled off a foot bar that had restricted the position in which they could lie down at night. When Helen found that the snow water didn't taste too good because of twigs and little bits of forest matter in it, he started boiling the water, filtering it through a piece of one of her torn-up dresses, and then reboiling it before they would drink it.

Things looked up temporarily on the seventh day after the crash, when Helen, rummaging around in the plane, made a discovery: two small chicken legs, the forgotten remains of some fried chicken that she and Flores had bought to eat on their journey from Fairbanks to Whitehorse. Each leg was good for a day's food for both of them—cut into bits and made into a half gallon of soup, with melted snow, in the paint-thinner can. On the ninth day they debated whether they should open the last can of fruit cocktail. Helen had been waiting for that moment. She was hoping, in spite of herself, that Flores would only drink the juice and that she would get the fruit. But Flores was able to force some of the fruit into his mouth with a twig, and they shared the can equally.

They were now left in the frozen wilderness with a few crackers and protein pills. Helen took one of the pills, and later that same day it seemed to her that her frostbitten foot was more painful than it had been. Flores, seeing cause and effect, advised her not to take any more pills. Thereafter, the survivors did not touch the protein pills—which, of course, would have given them needed strength. From then on, apart from the few crackers which they used up in a few days, they existed on melted snow for five weeks.

Helen was very weak and kept in the shelter of the airplane cabin most of the time. She did a considerable amount of reading. With her she had a number of slim volumes from her Great Books course—excerpts of works by Thoreau, Tolstoi, Adam Smith, Shakespeare, Milton and so on, and one of the volumes contained the Gospel according to St. Matthew. She also had a book of prose and poems by Robert Service. From the time of the crash, Flores had been talking to her of religious matters and had been urging her to read the Bible—his copy had not been damaged—and she read to him aloud from her volume of St. Matthew, which she had previously read in Fairbanks. ("It was a pretty good book and I wish I could discuss it, philosophywise," Helen says.) Then she started reading aloud from the Old Testament.

After covering most of Genesis, she began on some of Service's poems. But Ralph became quite annoyed that she wasn't concentrating on the Bible. She went back to reading the Old Testament. Then she took up a short story by Tolstoi, THE DEATH OF IVAN ILYICH. She thought it the best story she had ever read. She tried reading it to Ralph, but he just wasn't interested.

She moved on to Thoreau's *Walden*. She was pretty interested in "the parts when he philosophized on life, but when he was describing his pond and trees I didn't enjoy it too much. I thought about Thoreau's self-exile and compared it to what we had. He had summer and he had an ax. We had no beautiful pond to look at and not much sky. He was communing with nature and we were stuck in it—just snow and trees, and after a while all you do is look at those beautiful big snowflakes, which can be pretty depressing." She tried reading a few excerpts from *Walden* to Ralph, but he felt she was getting off the track.

She returned to the Bible and gradually became very absorbed in it. "It was very interesting—a good book," she says. Helen would read the Bible aloud to Ralph as he worked—he hardly ever stopped working during the day—while she sat on a tree broken by the crash. She would also read aloud to him from an outdoor seat while he worked inside the plane on his standby radio. By the 11th day he had repaired the radio. Rigging an antenna to a tree, he turned on the radio and tried to make contact with an airplane they heard. But he overloaded the circuit, and a tube blew. He had no replacement for it.

Flores does not seem to have been too discouraged by this setback. His next project was to make an SOS sign. He removed part of a white aileron from the tail section and, using a can of yellow paint he found in the plane, tried to spray "SOS" on it. But the can was frozen. He put it by the fire to thaw, and it promptly exploded. Then Helen thought of the oil painting set she had with her. They took some red paint, mixed it with linseed oil and painted the SOS on the white aileron. Then, using his cold chisel and hammer, Flores cut down three young spruce trees, which he spliced together with wire, fixed the sign on top, rigged up a pulley system to a nearby tree and tried to raise the sign. Even with Helen's help, he didn't have the strength. Finally he abandoned it in favor of a smaller metal spar from the plane, on which he painted another SOS, and together they managed to raise that.

On the 14th day Ralph got his mouth open for the first time since the crash. He did this by prying his jaws apart, on the unbroken side, with a strong stick. Helen asked him to honor the occasion with a little song. Earlier that day, February 18, she had remarked that her birthday was December 18. Ralph, sitting on a log in the snow, sang *Happy Birthday* to her, in English, and *Las Mañanitas*, the Spanish version. Helen said she wasn't a good singer, but she hummed along with him.

About the same time, Ralph started repair work on the plane's smashed regular very-high-frequency radio. After a week of labor, he finally got it working again, except for one frequency, the crystal for which had been broken in the crash. The frequency that wouldn't work was the distress frequency. Ralph taught Helen how to use the radio and how to go about contacting planes on other frequencies. When planes flew nearby, he himself would be busy at the fire trying to send up a column of smoke.

But Helen never succeeded in contacting any planes by radio, and as for the signal fires Ralph made, he found that the smoke didn't rise above the trees, but instead, frustratingly, spread among them.

By the 18th day after the crash Ralph decided that he needed a more efficient distress signal. So, having breakfasted as usual on hot water, he cut down and trimmed a slim, 25-foot spruce, tied to it a strip of fabric with a few numbers from the fuselage, and, with his upper jaw still broken, his fingertips and toes still frostbitten, his ribs and chest still terribly bruised, he climbed a 60-foot spruce tree with the 25-foot pole. He says it was the first tree he had climbed in his life. Ralph fastened the pole with the distress flag above the level of the tree and secured it with pieces of wire and string. But the tree he climbed wasn't any higher than the surrounding trees, and he realized that the sign had little chance of being seen from the air.

On the following day he decided that he needed some sort of big latticework shoes to enable him to travel and find a clearing in which he might be able to attract the attention of passing planes. He says, strangely for a man who had been stationed in Alaska, that he had never seen snowshoes before, but he set about inventing them. For that purpose he constructed a pair in three or four days, out of spruce boughs placed parallel and bound together by wire and string, with ribs from the plane on top. But they looked more like miniature sections of railroad track than snowshoes, and he couldn't walk with them. (Helen, who *had* seen snowshoes, told him they wouldn't work, but he paid little attention.)

He started all over again. This time he designed snowshoes with a peak in front

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AT TIMES WEEPING, THEN LAUGHING, HELEN CRIED OUT, "MA—I'M ALIVE!"

to take his weight as he moved forward. He cut and bent willow boughs, but the wood straightened. He rebent the willows and tied the peak to the center of the snowshoes, then kept the willow devices by the fire for five days while the wood had a chance to cure.

Helen and Ralph saw rabbits, and Ralph attempted to catch them. First he made a spear by tying his hunting knife to a length of spruce. The closest he came to success was when he struck one rabbit on the spine with the spear, but the knife didn't penetrate. Then he tried making rabbit traps. Helen says he tried to make one out of an old suitcase. That was a flop. He fashioned a slingshot out of a strip of rubber tube cut from an airplane wheel. He had no stones for ammunition, but near the fire where the snow had been melted down to the ground, he found a rock which he broke up with the hammer. But the pieces were so irregularly shaped that they would always fly off to one side of his target.

He returned to the idea of a trap, and began constructing one—a kind of tunnel made out of spruce branches. According to Helen, he intended it to be quite an elaborate affair "with sliding doors and everything." But, she adds, skeptically, "it was so complicated that I'm sure a rabbit wouldn't have gone in anything as strange as that." In any event, he didn't place the traps in rabbit runs, where all the traffic was, but randomly. "We looked at the rabbits, and the rabbits just looked back at us—heh heh!" Helen says with the sudden, dry, Brooklyn-girl laugh she uses.

The tree fell wrong

Ralph's Rube Goldberg rabbit trap came to a pathetic end before he had finished constructing it. Because of the snow and his frostbitten toes, he was unable to go beyond a limited distance from the airplane for firewood. So he took his cold chisel and hammer and, with his astounding persistence, chopped down trees, some of them a foot or more in diameter, and cut and trimmed them. One of the biggest of the trees came down on top of the trap into which he had put such effort. Yet he gamely kept watch on the rabbits. Toward evening he would often sit for an hour at a time in the intense cold, motionless on a log, homemade spear in his hand, waiting for a victim to come within reach.

Thus, while Ralph and Helen waited and drank snow water, weeks went by. "We were hungry, but not terribly hungry. Mostly weak," Helen says. But they thought about food constantly. "What did you dream last night, Ralph?" Helen would ask in the morning. And Ralph would tell her he had dreamed of great platters of roast chicken, of tamales—a whole tableful of food, and the person who was offering it to him was his mother. During the first week, Helen had a tremendous desire for orange juice, and then she began to think about "all kinds of foreign food," especially Chinese. Some mornings, while making the fire, Ralph would call out and ask her what she wanted for breakfast. "Bacon and eggs," she would sing out. He would ask her how she liked her eggs—over or sunny-side up. "Coming right up!" he would say, and then she would get her water.

About a couple of weeks after the crash Ralph, rummaging among his effects, came across a half-empty tube of toothpaste. He squeezed out a little, tasted it and found that it lubricated his mouth and gave some flavor. Helen found her own toothpaste and had a taste. For the next couple of weeks, while the toothpaste lasted, they had a dab each day. Too much gave them stomach cramps.

On the whole, their spirits were very good. "It depended on the day," Helen says. "If it was a nice, sunny day, I knew the chances were good that we'd hear a plane. If it was snowy or even cloudy, I knew the chances were less for planes to be flying. When it was sunny, I was real cheery, but if it was a very gray day, I'd be real depressed."

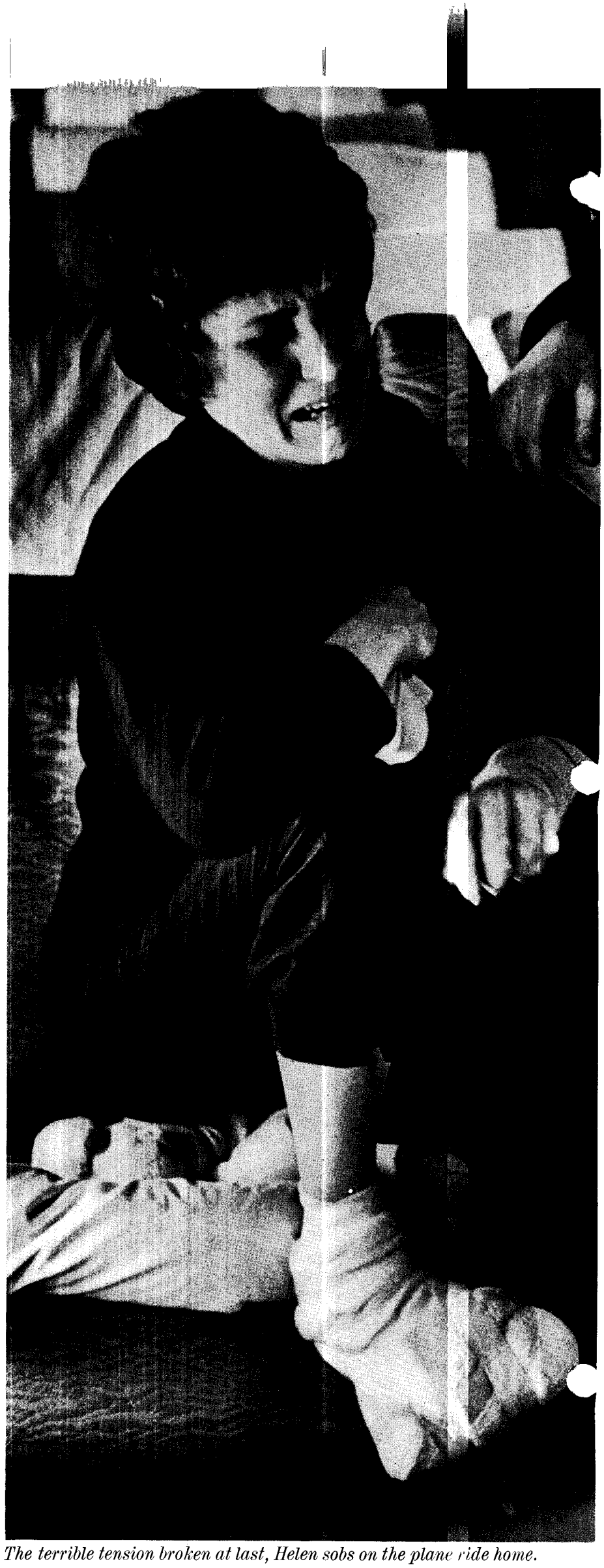
An intense aerial search for the missing couple had begun as soon as their plane had been reported overdue at Fort St. John. The search area encompassed a 60-mile radius of Whitehorse and extended 60 to 70 miles on either side of Flores's proposed route from Whitehorse to Fort St. John. In addition, selected roads, rivers and lakes extending far beyond the search area were gone over carefully, and repeated search efforts were conducted especially along areas bordering the Alaska Highway. A careful investigation enabled authorities to establish how much supplies the couple had. On the basis of this information and of all past experience, the most favorable estimate of the length of time the couple could have lasted was two weeks. Yet the search went on for 10 days after that. Finally, on March 1, after 150,000 square miles had been searched, the R.C.A.F. announced "with sincere regret" that the search was being discontinued.

On March 1 Flores, fortified with snow water, was busy felling timber with his hammer and cold chisel. He had just completed work on one snowshoe of the second pair he had designed. That day he also cut out of an airplane tire a rubber sandal for his right foot, so that he could expose his frostbitten toes to the fire, for he knew that he had to improve his foot before he could find a clearing from which to signal passing planes.

In Flores's mind the conviction had grown that their ordeal was for him a mission of salvation that would end only when Helen finished the Bible and accepted Christ "or did something."

He constantly urged her to read the Bible aloud, but she read it silently in her own way. "He would try to convert me [from my faith] and I'd drop the subject when he raised it. I'd get angry even though I didn't let it out, because I had such respect for Ralph, and he was very good to me," Helen says. "You know, I didn't say prayers. I *talked* to God. He was my friend, and I would talk to Him quietly. Ralph did it differently. He would pray out loud. And he would *ask* for things. I never asked for anything from my friend God, because He knows me.

"Well, around that time I did pray aloud, once. I didn't end the prayer the



The terrible tension broken at last, Helen sobs on the plane ride home.

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Back in Brooklyn, minus five toes but a heroine, the girl who craved adventure greets friends, well-wishers, press.

way Ralph always did, invoking the name of Christ, and Ralph told me the prayer wouldn't be heard because of that. I just burst out crying. I wouldn't yell at him; it would be disrespectful. I just cried and cried, and told him, 'God has been with me twenty-one years, and He is my friend.' And here it was a miserable morning, cloudy and gray, and I was just depressed. I realized in reading the Bible that I wasn't going to change my faith. I couldn't take the attitude that, well, I may as well take a gamble and maybe Christ will save me. Toward the end of our life together I would appease Ralph more and more, and we would both say prayers, and I got so involved that if he forgot to pray I would say, 'Pray, Ralph.'"

Between the 25th and the 32nd day after the crash, Flores completed work on the second snowshoe, and then he told Helen he was ready to try to find a clearing in the forest. He said that if he didn't get help he would probably return in three days. He had accumulated a supply of firewood that he estimated would last her for more than a week. In preparation for this trip Helen had made a sleeping bag for him out of the plane's red carpet, canvas, and insulation taken from the ceiling, but this proved too heavy for him to carry in his weakened condition. Instead, she gave him one of her spare coats, a honey-colored Dynel one with a fake leopard-skin collar.

He set off about noon, padding off downhill on his homemade snowshoes. In his left hand he carried the airplane's six-pound compass; in his right he carried his homemade spear. On his back he carried a pack made of Helen's Dynel coat and containing his chisel and hammer, an empty quart oil can, in which to boil snow water, and some matches. The whole pack was tied with wire and attached to his shoulders by cross straps made from the plane's seat belts. A pair of binoculars hung from his neck. He also carried a small mirror in a pocket. Helen was reluctant to see him go. He didn't know enough about traveling in the woods to blaze his trail; instead, each time he took a turn he consulted his compass and ied to memorize the bearing.

The day after Ralph left, the wind blew bitterly and it began to snow. Helen stayed inside the fuselage except for occasional forays outside to tend the fire. Before Ralph left, she had laid aside the Bible and had started to read, from one of her Great Books, the *Communist Manifesto*. She read three chapters but found it heavy going. At last—"It was a gray day, and I couldn't concentrate properly"—she put it down and once more took up the Bible.

"For the first time in my life I found myself *really alone*," Helen says. "And you know"—she wrinkles her brow with a rather surprised look—"it wasn't too bad. I never got bored. I thought of that Tolstoi story, THE DEATH OF IVAN ILYICH. In the story Ivan Ilyich, when he is dying, looks back on his life. I did on mine. I reflected on what I had done. I couldn't think of anything desperately bad I had done except that I felt guilty I hadn't gone straight back to New York from Fairbanks as I had promised my mother I would, instead of San Francisco. I reflected that I had disobeyed my mother, and sometimes I was mean to my younger sister Linda. And sometimes I was lazy, and sometimes I would curse. In Fairbanks I wrote to my mother that I might stay in a cabin and read and paint and things, but she wrote that she wanted me to be a teacher and get married and have children and a home. And she had told me that I shouldn't travel in below-zero weather—heh heh! I thought that was *very* funny.

"I thought about my mother all the time. I talked to her. 'Ma! Listen to me, Ma! Ma, I'm alive! I'm alive, Ma!' And I would talk to my younger sister, who I was sometimes mean to. 'Linda! I love you! I'm alive, Linda!' And you know what, when it was all over and I was in New York Linda told me she was talking to *me* too, saying, 'I don't hate you, Helen! I love you, Helen.'

"I dreamed about what would be the first thing I'd eat when I got out, and I concluded it would be oatmeal with honey and hot fruit salad. I thought it would be a helicopter rescue. I thought of coming to New York, and I would go to different restaurants. I thought of what my mother said about getting married. I wanted to bake and be domestic. I wonder who I'll marry! I wondered how I should go about trapping a husband. I thought it might happen this way: I would come to New York and I would look at a help-wanted ad in *The New York Times* and I would see that it asked for a person to fill a diversified job—no skills required. I would be one out of a million applicants. And that was how I met this fellow. I guess he was sharp and rugged too. The men in the Northwest are more rugged, and the New York men are more effeminate types, although maybe sharper, but he was sharp *and* rugged. And I was going to have a baby—heh heh!"

After three days when Ralph didn't reappear, Helen began to worry about him. Icy March winds were blowing, and the skies continued to be leaden. Helen fed on hot snow water and continued reading the Bible, deriving comfort from it. After eight days of waiting—it was late in the afternoon, and she was reading the Book of Psalms—she heard Ralph's voice calling her from the woods, and she burst into tears. She was overjoyed to see him, and probably a little hysterical. He recalls her saying, "I was praying for you to come, and then I heard your voice. Thank God! Thank God."

After Helen's tears had dried Ralph made a fire—hers had gone out—and he sang her a few songs in Spanish. He told her that he had found a clearing about two miles downhill [actually it was only three quarters of a mile] and that he had made a shelter there and had waited for airplanes. He had waited in vain. At last he had returned because he was worried about her and in particular about her wood supply—Helen, with her badly frostbitten toes, which had turned gangrenous some time previously, was in no condition to go hunting for wood. He had returned to the crash site, he says, by using his compass and by following his own snowshoe tracks. How he was able to find the tracks, considering that it had snowed, is a mystery to Canadian bushmen. The best explanation is that his snowshoes were so heavy, and he carried such a load, that his tracks had been unusually deep.

Ralph and Helen now made themselves more comfortable in the cabin by lining the floor and sides with green spruce, which gave considerable insulation. On Monday, March 18, the 42nd day after the crash, having drunk their usual boiled snow water, they set off for the clearing, with Helen sitting on a toboggan Ralph had made from a metal section taken from one side of the airplane. Just before leaving, Helen took out her painting set, mixed some red paint and lettered a sign on the fuselage:

WENT
→
2 MI.
DOWN HILL
3/16/63

(A reconstruction of the couple's vigil indicates that Helen probably slipped up for a couple of days in marking the calendar she kept in the airplane.)

The toboggan was loaded with four seat cushions from the plane; all the clothing and tarpaulins the couple had been using for sleeping; the sleeping bag that Helen had made from the red carpet and insulating material; several empty and two full oil cans, the latter for helping light fires; a gallon can; a strip of fabric bearing the plane's identification number, taken from the fuselage; the plane's clock, which was still ticking away; lengths of wire and all the equipment that Ralph had taken with him on his previous trip. They were still confident that they would be rescued. Helen took along a suitcase full of clothing and other belongings, including her comb and makeup kit—she was terribly dirty, and wanted to look presentable to her rescuers—and Ralph took his shaving things including, incongruously, some after-shave lotion.

As they set off, Helen sat on the rear of the toboggan, but it was so heavy with all the load that after a short distance Ralph couldn't pull it while wearing his snowshoes. He took his snowshoes off, put them on the sled and tried to follow in his previous snowshoe tracks, but he kept falling.

At last Helen had to get off the toboggan and walk. She pulled and he pushed. The terrain was extremely rough and filled with steep gullies and strewn with thick brush and fallen trees. It was a dreadful journey for both of them. Sometimes Helen was able to sit on the front of the toboggan and guide it with her one good arm—she still had to keep the hand of the broken one in her parka pocket—while Ralph pushed from behind. But, more often, she had to trudge forward. Sometimes the toboggan would capsize, and they would have to load it up again. Sometimes they had to maneuver down hills so steep that, Helen says, "I would have been afraid to go down them on skis." Both of them were constantly falling in the snow which sometimes came up to their waists. Altogether they descended about 1,000 feet on the mountain.

The trip took them five hours, and darkness was coming on just as they got within sight of the clearing, which stood on a knoll. By this time the canvas foot coverings that Ralph had made for Helen became loose, and in the deep snow she finally lost them. Ralph retrieved them and put them on the toboggan. What energy they possessed was almost entirely spent. They abandoned the toboggan for the night and carried a few things, including cushions, a blanket and an empty can, the rest of the way.

By the time they reached the clearing, Helen was throwing up stomach acid. Ralph was in agonizing pain from abdominal cramps. "Poor Ralph," Helen says, "I just don't know where he got the strength. He was in such terrible pain, but he made a fire and hot water for me. I just sat on the cushions in the snow, unable to move. That trip knocked the hell out of both of us. My feet were wet and bad. He took the sweaters off and dried them at the fire, then bound rags around my feet from a cotton nightgown he got from the toboggan and ripped up."

During his previous stay at the clearing, Ralph had made a lean-to of spruce boughs. The shelter was now covered with snow inside and out. He removed the snow, shook out and replaced the boughs, and put some canvas down and covered it with cushions. They settled into this abode about 11:30 P.M.

On the following morning Helen got her first real look around the knoll. "It really was a very eerie place. There obviously had been a forest fire there once. All around were these dead trees standing

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Helen goes shopping with mother: "I'll even be able to go dancing."

"I KNOW GOD PUT ME IN THAT CRASH FOR A PURPOSE."

out of the snow against this gray sky."

That morning Ralph dragged himself out and with all his usual persistence brought the toboggan to the new site and began chiseling away at dead limbs, fitting them together until he made a tent with a crossbar on top, which he then covered with tarpaulins. At one end of the tent he placed the toboggan upright as a wall; the other end he left open and built a fire before it. He made a rough floor of pieces of timber and then covered that with green branches. Not far from the fire they laid out, as a distress signal, the strip of canvas bearing the plane's identification number. They had a good breakfast of hot snow water that morning. "As time went on, I found the water so delicious, and I couldn't wait for Ralph to get that fire going so that I could have some. You just have no idea how wonderful it tasted," Helen says.

Ralph says on that day he found Helen very depressed and weak. He told her that while scouting around on his previous stay at the clearing he had found another area with even fewer trees, a kind of meadow. And he told her he would try to go there and stamp out a distress signal. He told her that they would be rescued as soon as she accepted the divinity of Christ.

"I knew I was interfering with her religion," Flores says. "But I knew that this was my mission. To many other people it may sound silly or even crazy, but she was my instrument to be an example to the Jewish people, so that they might accept Christ."

"Poor Ralph," Helen says, "I felt so sorry for him, he had worked so hard. I read the Bible aloud to him."

On March 21, forty-five days after the crash, Ralph set out on his homemade snowshoes, carrying his pack, his compass, his binoculars and his knife-tipped spear. The snow-covered meadow lay some four miles away. He got there about 5:30 P.M. It was about half a mile long by 100 yards wide, and actually was a frozen swamp. He stamped out the SOS with his snowshoes, each letter about 75 feet long, and he appended an arrow pointing in the direction of the camp where Helen was. As he stamped out the SOS, he sang a couple of Spanish songs, *Granada* and *Me Piden Que Me Aparte de Tu Lado* (They Ask Me to Leave You). He melted some snow water for himself. Then he went to sleep on a bed of green branches he had made on the snow.

The next day he set off to skirt the mountain range to the east of him, moving in the direction he guessed, correctly, the Alaska Highway lay. That night he slept in the hollow of a large tree, and the day after that he climbed a 70-foot tree near his sleeping place to try to get his bearings. By the time he had climbed down he was exhausted and again spent the night in the tree hollow. The next day he sighted a stream and followed it, and in the afternoon was just crossing the frozen creek, his homemade spear in hand, when Chuck Hamilton's airplane came in sight. Ralph took out his mirror and began to flash signals. He felt he had been spotted.

After Hamilton had satisfied himself that the figure he sighted was in need of help, he flew around the area and spotted Helen. She held a mirror in one hand and waved with the other. "I sensed that the pilot had seen me, but I had to struggle with myself not to get my hopes up too high," she says. "I had been disappointed before. I decided to keep quiet and as patient as possible. I went back to reading the Bible. I was reading Isaiah. I told myself, 'Got to finish that chapter—got to.' Later in the afternoon the plane came back. It circled around again. I was so excited! I was standing there and waving, and my feet were hurting so much from standing; and when the plane waggled its wings to show that I had been spotted, I just fell down and cried, and it was so wonderful! Just cried and cried, and was so thankful!"

Later on she hesitantly prepared for sleep. She felt she ought to rest to preserve her strength for the time of rescue. "That night I saw the stars," she says. "Usually at night I covered my face completely with the hood of my sweatshirt, because it would be so cold. But in the middle of this night the sweatshirt hood slipped off my face, and I saw the stars for the first time in the seven weeks since the crash. Those stars were *so* beautiful!"

About 6:30 the next morning, on the 49th day after the crash, she was awakened by the noise of another small plane. This one was piloted by Jack McCallum, a mechanic at Watson Lake airport who had his private plane, and who had taken along Al McNeill, who worked at the airport weather station. (McCallum, having heard of the rescue expedition's plans for flying into the area shortly after daybreak, had decided to jump the gun on the official rescue operations.) A red balloon floated down from the plane and landed some distance from Helen, who struggled over fallen trees to retrieve it. Attached to it was a candy bar and a note telling her that two other planes were on the way to rescue her.

Helen had often thought about what food she wanted to eat when she was rescued, and had settled in her mind on oatmeal and honey. She wondered whether candy was the best thing to start on. But after some hesitation she ate the bar. "It had chocolate, marshmallows, peanuts, all sorts of junk," she says.

She saw the plane coming down to land some distance off—it settled in the SOS meadow. Then, after a while, "this man came out of the woods toward me on snowshoes. I lay down and again I just cried and cried and cried, saying over and over, 'Thank God, thank God, thank God.'" She asked McCallum to heat some snow water for her. He did so. Then McNeill came up. He produced a camera and started taking pictures of her. Helen suddenly recalled that her mother had asked her for a picture of her in the parka which Helen had had made up in Fairbanks from an old fur coat of her mother's. Helen had never sent the picture. And so she rummaged around in her suitcase, got out her own camera, and asked McCallum to photograph her.

After some time Chuck Hamilton arrived. Helen said to him, "You must be the pilot who spotted me yesterday. I'd like to come over and kiss you, but I can't walk." Hamilton, a big brawny man, came and sat beside her on a log and gently put his arms around her for a moment. He noticed her face was very thin and dreadfully dirty. She was wearing a plaid wool shirt of Ralph's over layer upon layer of sweaters and her hooded sweatshirt; over her legs she had long underwear, tights, a pair of black corduroy pants, a pair of magenta woolen slacks, a pair of brown woolen pants belonging to Ralph, another pair of blue service pants, also Ralph's. On top of all the sweaters she wore her parka—"*and* with all that I was still cold," Helen says. "There was nothing much over my bones any more—nothing to fill out the parka." The rags and sweaters around her feet were reeking. Yet, with all the dirt, Hamilton says, "she was very pretty."

After a few minutes of talk she said to Hamilton, "Well, I didn't get my kiss, did I?" He kissed her. Then he carried her piggyback through the snow and the forest to his waiting plane, which like McCallum's had landed on the SOS meadow. The journey was a tough one even for a man as strong as Hamilton, and it took him three hours. On the way Helen cried from time to time. "She talked to me about her mother," Hamilton says.

Hamilton flew her to Aeroplane Lake, landing by the home of the two Indian trappers who, he explained to Helen, had undoubtedly rescued Ralph by then. At Aeroplane Lake, Helen was carried into the Indian trappers' log cabin. Helen thought it was one of the most beautiful places she had ever seen. Logs were fitted together in beautiful fashion. The earth floor was covered with green boughs, and the place was heated by a stove made from an old oil drum.

Inside the cabin quite a little group was assembled—the two Indians, Charlie Porter and Louis Boya; Hamilton; his partner in B.C.-Yukon Air Services, Hal Komish, who had flown from Watson Lake that morning; and a Royal Canadian Mounted Police constable. And there, on the side of a rough wooden bed, sat Ralph. He and Helen were quietly delighted to see each other. Helen hobbled over and kissed him. He told her how he had been found the previous evening by the two Indians; how he had asked the Indians for food, and how they had told him that they had some flour at their dog sled, a considerable distance off; how the Indians had set off toward their dog sled but had missed their way in the darkness; and how, after reappearing in the morning with a loaf of sourdough bread, they had driven to the cabin by dog team.

The two Indian trappers offered Helen and Ralph food. They ate a little moose meat sandwiched between a couple of crackers, but only a little—the Mountie wouldn't allow them to eat more before getting medical attention. Then they were flown separately—Helen sometimes laughing, sometimes crying, sometimes calling, "Ma, I'm alive!"—to Watson Lake and then to a hospital at Whitehorse.

Helen and Ralph assumed that they would be held overnight for observation and then allowed to go home without any further fuss. In fact, the doctors found their condition quite normal apart from malnutrition and the condition of their frostbitten toes. Ralph's toes were healing well, but the gangrenous toes of Helen's right foot were beyond help, and she was told that she would have to have them amputated. However, her broken arm which Ralph had set had healed nicely in its splints of wing spars and did not require resetting. Ralph's broken jaw had set itself solidly. It was only slightly out of position and after a couple of back teeth had been filed down a little to adjust to this, his jaws worked normally.

Both were completely unprepared for the swarms of reporters and photographers who descended on Whitehorse from all parts of the world to get the stories of their ordeal and survival, and they were taken aback by the sudden flare of worldwide publicity. "When I was in the hospital, they asked me if I wanted to see reporters," Helen says. "I thought there would be just one or two local reporters. There were millions! Everybody wanted exclusives! Everybody was offering *money!* Well, I thought about it and with all the big offers I had them come in one by one and listened to their propositions."

Flores's wife, Teresa, flew up from California to visit him. Every day in the hospital Helen phoned her mother in New York. "Ma, I'm a celebrity!" she cried. Her brother Arthur, an engineer who lives in Connecticut, flew to Whitehorse and brought her to the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York where, after a few days, the toes of her right foot were amputated. Helen is very

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matter-of-fact about that. "It won't interfere with my walking, they tell me I'll even be able to dance," she said when she was interviewed in her private room at the Harkness Pavilion. Nearby was a tape-recorder into which her agent had urged her to put her reminiscences in preparation for a book. Nearby, too, were stacks of fan mail she had been getting.

Also close to her in the hospital room was the Bible that Ralph had given her in the crashed plane. She considers that far from being converted to Christianity, she feels stronger in her own faith than ever before. "I know that my God put me in that crash for a purpose, but I don't know that it was a religious purpose," she says. "Who knows? Maybe to be a celebrity! To be an exposition!"

With her tape recorder, her fan mail, her agent—Ralph, who has been promised his old job back on the DEW Line, has an agent, too—Helen seemed to be running her hospital room like an office. But her demeanor could be very easily misconstrued. It seems to be the product less of calculating ambition than of that essential quality that she displayed in surviving hardships that would have long before crushed and defeated even experienced North Woods men—the ability to adapt herself, instantly, without great surprise, to the realities of a drastically new situation imposed upon her.

"Look," she said, propping herself up on one arm in bed, "out of nowhere I have all this fuss over me, and all these offers—magazine offers, movie offers, even an offer of a play, and somebody has to *do* something about these things. The costs of this hospital and the operation are *fantastic*. I can't become a financial strain on my family, and so I have to be a businesswoman, and see people, and listen to their propositions, and maybe I won't always do the right things, but I have to try.

"I don't know that I am a better person for all this, really. I don't know that it's so good for me. You know, when we were lost, Ralph made me—or maybe I should say I made myself—into a kind of saint. When I got out, that made me feel guilty, kind of. I'm not a saint. You see, we both had to be *very* good to each other in order to survive. But when I got back I had reporters around me, playing all kinds of dirty tricks to get a story, and all that. I had to snap out of my saintliness.

"I don't know how to put it. The words are so hard to find. People sort of expect me to tell them something about what I learned when we were alone. They expect me to give them some sort of message. But I can't really. I'm the same person that I was before it all happened, although I've learned so much. I still have my faith in my friend God, which is stronger than ever. People of all sorts are always giving me literature. Everybody seems to want to convert me to something! You know what? I don't like religion! I mean, all these sects. It's all propaganda! Gee! I'm going to stick to my own guns! I have my own faith in my God.

"I don't know what's next in my life, but I have the feeling that what happened to me in the wilds has been just one experience, that other experiences are ahead of me. People are always talking to me about what a terrible time I must have been through out there in the wilderness. But I don't think of what happened to Ralph and me in just that way. It was tough, it's true, but what the two of us went through in those forty-nine days was a really amazing, a *wonderful* experience together." THE END

Broken jaw mended, frostbite healing, Flores gets new shoes and prepares to resume job on Alaska DEW Line.

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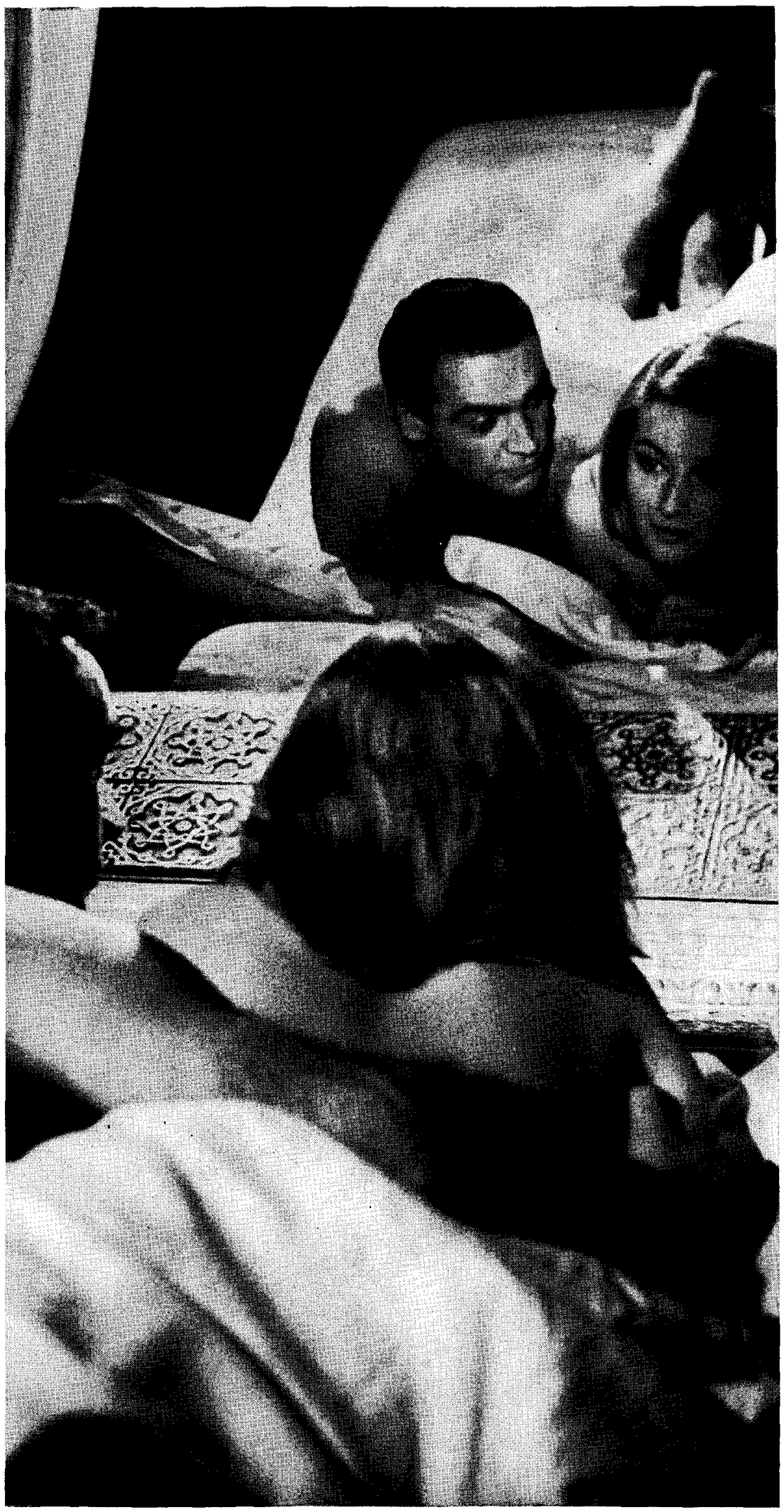
THE SPECTACULAR CULT OF IAN FLEMING

Exotic scenes of torture and sex have brought fame to a quiet

By GEOFFREY BOCCA



In film "From Russia, With Love," Sean Connery shows Bond spy method.

In *Doctor No*, James Bond finally disposes of the wicked Communist doctor by smothering him in bird droppings. In *Moonraker*, the villainous Sir Hugo Drax is blown up by his own atom bomb. Oddjob, the torturer in *Goldfinger*, is last seen oozing out the window of a plane: "As if the Korean's body was toothpaste, it was slowly sucked with a terrible whistling noise through the aperture."

These and similar scenes of violence have been responsible for the sale of more than seven million copies of the James Bond stories—11 books in 11 years. Bond is almost essential reading in smart society and on college campuses. President Kennedy, Prince Philip and former CIA chief Allen Dulles are among his fans. Literary magazines acknowledge him as "every intellectual's favorite Fascist," and his creator as "the thinking man's Mickey Spillane." Parodies abound, and one 70-page paperback called *Alligator*, published by the Harvard *Lampoon*, has sold no less than 50,000 copies.

All this uproar naturally delights the tall, handsome, sardonic man who created James Bond. At 55, slowed in his movements by a heart attack two years ago, Ian Fleming has high cheekbones, close-set eyes, a bashed-in nose, and a rich taste for the luxuries of life. Each winter, he retreats from the London whirl and writes a new Bond novel at his beach house in Jamaica. Every afternoon he lies face down in the water, looking at the fish through his faceplate. In this manner he thinks out the plot, and contemplates the trick he has been playing ever since Bond was born.

The trick consists of having led his readers to believe that Fleming has modeled Bond on himself. Like Bond, Fleming is a former naval commander. The creator and his creation share a taste for vodka martinis, custom-made cigarettes, and, until Fleming's marriage, unattached women. Dust-cover photographs of Fleming with a gun help the illusion. In fact, Fleming has created a character who is the opposite of himself. Bond, Fleming writes in every book, is "cruel." The essence of Fleming's personality is his gentleness. He abhors violence.

"I believe one has the right to kill only what one eats and nothing more," Fleming says. This is scarcely an exaggeration. When Sir Anthony Eden's health broke down after Suez, he and Lady Eden rented Fleming's house, "Goldeneye," at Oracabessa, Jamaica. On their first night there they were horrified to find giant bush rats scuttling around the house. "Commander Fleming does not like them to be killed," one of the servants explained. "After all, they cannot help being bush rats," Fleming reflects moodily. As the rats proliferated, however, Fleming was obliged to send local boys after them for a price of sixpence a tail, an execution order that sent him into a deep depression.

Fleming is so softhearted, in fact, that he finds it hard to reject a stranger's request for money. And when a friend is ill he feels compelled to fill the hospital room with flowers. Fleming also has interests that Bond would scorn. Bond has never read a book, but Fleming is one of England's principal authorities on rare books. He is publisher of the London *Book Collector*, perhaps the leading magazine in the world on the subject.

Fleming has an almost infinite number of quirks, prejudices and dislikes. Some are apparent in his form of dress, which he has not changed since he was demobilized from the Royal Navy in 1945. In London he invariably wears a dark-blue suit with cuffs on the sleeves, a spotted bow tie loosely tied, a blue shirt with short sleeves, and loafers. "Wearing the same clothes saves me from having to wonder what I shall wear today," he says rather defensively. "I hate buttons, studs and laces. I wear short-sleeved shirts because I cannot stand dirty cuffs."

Fleming dislikes the theater because he feels he is held captive in the audience. He prefers movies because he is free to come and go as he pleases—"and they are cheaper." He never watches television, and he detests flowers in his room. He hates cocktail parties. His wife, Ann, is a celebrated hostess and gives some of the best parties in London, but Fleming often succeeds in avoiding them.

Fleming protests constantly that he is not a gourmet like Bond, and that his favorite meal is scrambled eggs, but he cannot resist an adventure in exotic eating. The food does not have to be good, so long as it carries the spice of danger. Sometime ago, Fleming met an old friend from the Royal Navy, a polar explorer who had written a manual of survival for escaped prisoners of war.

"Can a man desperate from hunger live on grass?" Fleming asked him.

"Nobody can live on grass," the explorer said.

"Suppose a Russian stood between you and starvation, and you killed him. Which is the best part of him to eat?"

"How should I know?" the explorer asked uneasily.

"I have been told that the palm of the hand is the tastiest," Fleming persisted.

"No, no."

"What then?"

The explorer looked about, then turned to Fleming, his eyes gleaming. "A cut off the ribs," he said. "That's the best part."

This delights Fleming, for adventure is his passion. "Ian," said one of his close friends, "is fundamentally a hero-worshiper. He loves physical achievement in the face of adversity. It began in his awe of his elder brother, Peter, who had explored the Brazilian jungles, crossed the

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man who hates all violence.

roof of China, and written fine books about his experiences. He worships Sugar Ray Robinson and Jacques Cousteau, the skin diver."

These are the characteristics of Ian Fleming that are distilled into James Bond. This is the fundamental secret of Fleming's success. No matter how fantastic his plots, he gives the impression that he knows what he is talking about. When he writes about SMERSH, the Russian spy apparatus, he writes from a background of several years in the Soviet Union. Two of his novels, *Casino Royale* and *Moonraker*, turn on desperate card games for huge stakes. Fleming can make the scenes authoritative because he is himself a fanatical gambler. He is also a six-handicap golfer. In *Goldfinger* Bond plays a game of golf with the diabolical Auric Goldfinger for $10,000—and, of course, wins.

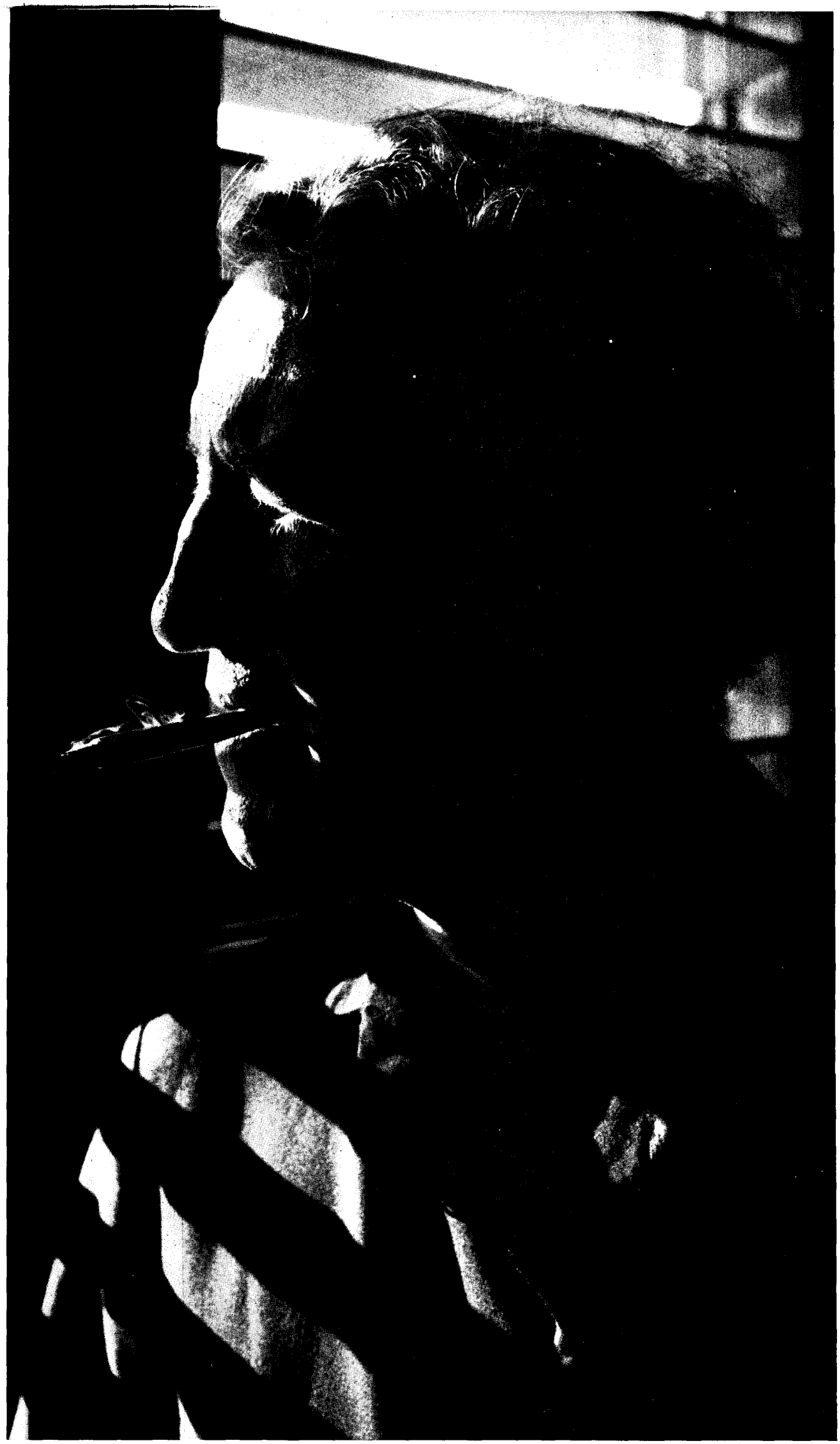
Many readers complain of the torture scenes which keep bloodying his books. Fleming replies that these are exactly what happened to Allied agents during the war. He should know. He worked with Allied agents during the war.

Fleming was born on May 28, 1908, the second of the four sons of Maj. Valentine Fleming, M.P., D.S.O. His grandfather, Robert Fleming, was a private banker and a sometime associate of J. P. Morgan. His mother, Evelyn Fleming, was one of the most beautiful women in England. Like so many privileged children of the era, young Ian had a thoroughly unhappy childhood.

When he was eight, his father was killed on the Somme (Winston Churchill wrote his obituary for the *Times*). Fractious and needing affection, Ian was sent instead to an especially tough school which specialized in beating conformity into unhappy and rebellious children. He emerged reserved and arrogant, and went to Eton where he was confronted with a headmaster who, he said later, "had it in for the Flemings." Eton didn't work, and Fleming moved briefly to the military academy at Sandhurst, but he had no military inclinations. Another brief period at Munich, where he added fluent German to his fluent French, marked the end of Fleming's formal education, and the beginning of the adventures which led to the creation of Bond.

Fleming became a journalist and went to Moscow as head of the Reuters bureau. Already, within the young, green Fleming, one could see the older, ever-curious Fleming peeping out. Many correspondents hated Moscow. Fleming loved it. He learned to speak good Russian, and he was endlessly fascinated by the presence of the secret police.

In those days almost the only possible "scoop" was an exclusive interview with Stalin, which every now and then he was prepared to grant. One day Fleming and



In a reflective moment at his home in Jamaica, Fleming ponders the next threat to his ever-threatened hero.

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"WHICH IS THE BEST PART TO EAT?"

Stanley Richardson of the Associated Press sent Stalin a joint letter, and to their astonishment received a personal reply. It was badly typed on a faulty typewriter and it said simply, "I am sorry I cannot see you," signed "J. Stalin." Though they had no story, Fleming and Richardson realized that the document did have a certain financial and historic value, and they agreed to play poker for it. Fleming won and still has it.

In 1939 the Admiralty—at that time perhaps the most alert of Britain's fighting services—decided that it needed men like Fleming, multilingual, imaginative, fit. Called home and commissioned as a lieutenant, he worked as personal assistant to Admiral John Godfrey, Director of Naval Intelligence. Much of his wartime work is still secret today, and most of the stories Fleming tells are farcical rather than daredevil.

On one memorable occasion when he and an assistant were required to question a captured U-boat commander to find out which routes the U-boats were taking through the British minefields in the Kattegat, Fleming had a flamboyant idea. Instead of grilling the commander in a grim prison office, why not soften him up by bringing him to London and questioning him over good food and fine wine?

The German and his first lieutenant, of unmistakably Teutonic bearing, were escorted to Scott's Restaurant in Piccadilly in civilian clothes. Fleming and his aide were in uniform. Everyone spoke German throughout. Fleming ordered a bottle of Rhine wine and another and another. While the Englishmen were getting progressively drunker, the Germans stayed rigidly sober, revealing nothing. In the end Fleming gave it up and blearily took a taxi back to the Admiralty.

"Dammit, Fleming, what the devil have you been up to?" demanded the director of Naval Intelligence. "I have only just saved you from being arrested. You have tied up half of M.I. Five and the C.I.D.—listening to you all afternoon."

"Baker, the maître d'hôtel, had reported that we had been behaving suspiciously," Fleming recalls. "It showed an alert and proper attitude on his part, and I have patronized Scott's ever since."

On another occasion, when Fleming was on his way to secret talks in Washington in 1941, he stopped off with Admiral Godfrey at Estoril in Portugal. Fleming recognized German Intelligence agents in Estoril Casino playing *chemin de fer*. He decided to play them and take them for all of their secret funds. Instead of taking the Nazis, however, the Nazis took him, and Fleming sheepishly had to ask his chief for more travel money. This was to lead to the dramatic *chemin de fer* game which James Bond plays with the scoundrel Le Chiffre in *Casino Royale*. In the book Bond wins.

After D day Fleming took control, from London, of No. 30 Assault Unit, which was to become more celebrated among its members as F.P.N., or Fleming's Private Navy. This was a group of some 300 Royal Marines who advanced with front troops to try to seize secret enemy equipment, codes, and so on. Despite the importance of Fleming's secret war, he received no decoration at the end of it.

"He deserved a big one," said one of the senior officers of the unit. "He would have got one if he had merely lifted a finger for it. But that is Ian for you. He will push with all his weight for one of his subordinates. He is always too indolent to push for himself."

In 1945 Fleming was appointed foreign manager of the Kemsley Newspapers of London, then a rather somnolent Fleet Street newspaper group. It did not tax his intellect much, and left him plenty of time for golf. At the same time his private income was just enough to induce languor in someone not compulsively energetic. He was quite happy.

This enjoyable loafing ended in 1952, when, at the age of 44, he gave up bachelorhood and married Ann Rothermere, divorced wife of Lord Rothermere, proprietor of the London *Daily Mail*. The new Ann Fleming had enough dynamism for both. "Horrified by the prospect of marriage, and to anesthetize my nerves," Fleming later recalled, "I sat down, rolled a piece of paper into my battered portable and began."

What's in a dull name?

He began with the words, "The scent and smoke and sweat of a casino are nauseating at three in the morning. James Bond suddenly knew that he was tired. . . ." He called it *Casino Royale*. He deliberately gave his hero the least adventurous name he could think of. There is a real James Bond, author of a definitive work on birds of the West Indies.

It is now easy to see why the Bond stories have caught the popular imagination. Not only does Fleming write with great skill and verve, but there is a startling topicality about his work. Bond's world of spy fantasia has proved to be no fantasia at all but a mirror of what is going on in the world. We know now that the Russians *do* build missile bases in nearby Caribbean islands (*Doctor No*). They *do* plot carefully to get beautiful girls into the beds of Allied agents (*From Russia, With Love*). Fleming said it first.

Fleming's current novel, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, is set in Switzerland and gets Bond married. Now that another winter is over, Fleming is polishing up Bond No. 12, in which, he confided recently, "Bond becomes Bondo-San."

In London, New York and Jamaica, Fleming moves in a small society of talented friends who think he can and should do better than write spy novels. Fleming listens to the criticisms with a sardonic grin, fits another cigarette into his holder, and goes his own way.

What he thinks of his own work, he does not say, but he shows no sign of changing. He much prefers lying face down in the Caribbean, with a hot sun beating on his back, his mind far away. Will James Bond outwit the evil crypto-Communist tycoon, Sir Basil Quicksnade? Will he escape the dastardly plot to turn the Washington Monument into cheese? Will he save the dazzling Avis Rearguard from the back seat of the flaming Alfa Romeo? Will he sell yet another million copies to the wishful thinkers of this world? THE END

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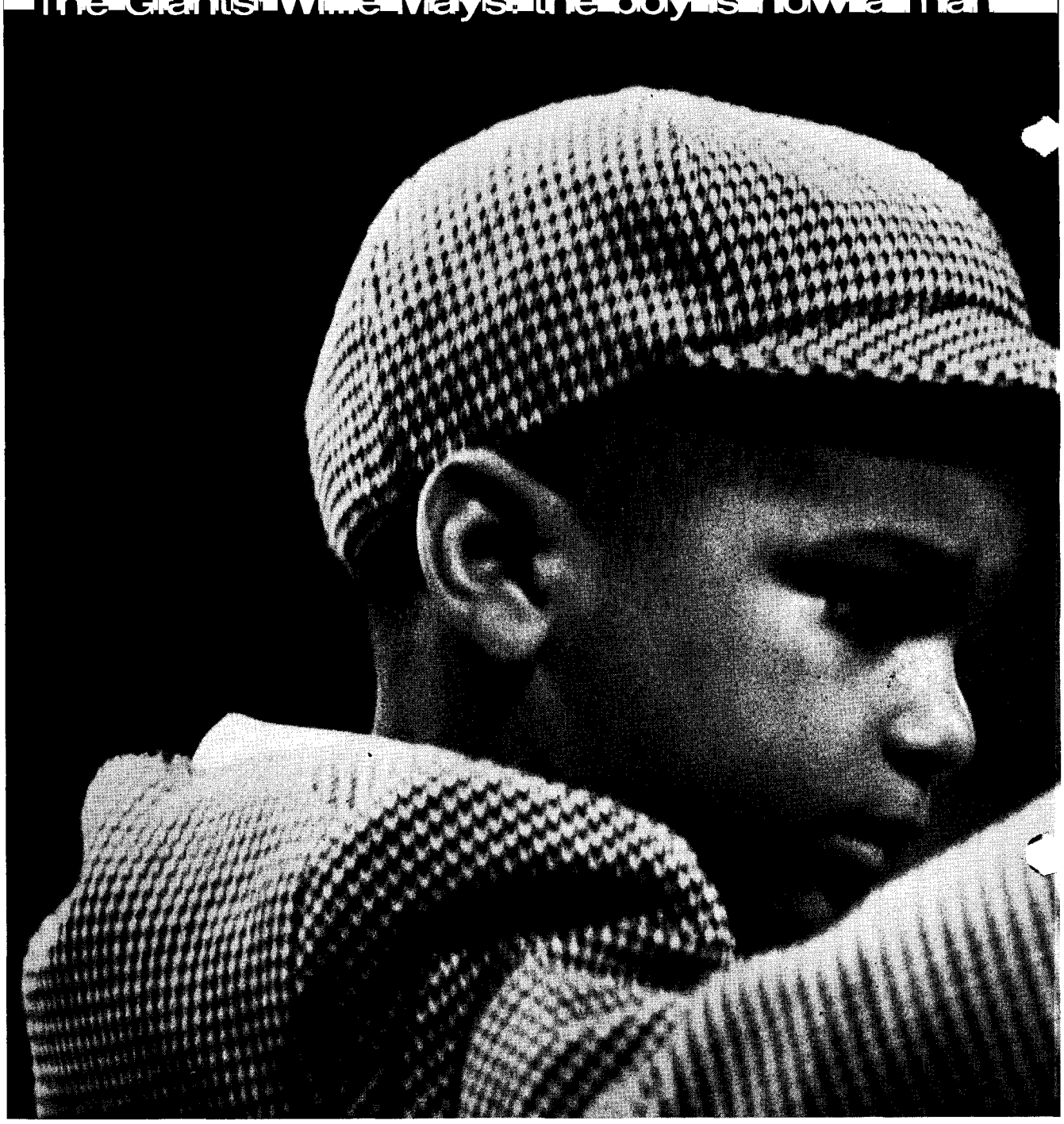
TRIALS OF A NEGRO IDOL

By Edward Linn



Holding son Michael, Willie fights emotion at his "night" in New York.

A couple of years ago Willie Mays turned 30, a landmark in the life of any man. In celebration, National League pitchers have been knocking him down—just to test his aging reflexes—as they had not knocked him down since he was a bubbling boy undergoing the customary ordeal by beanball.

In those days, of course, Willie was thrown at more than the average rookie because of the old coaches' tale that Negroes are more easily frightened than us indomitable white folk. Willie was so paralyzed with fear that he led the league in hitting in his second full season, and in home runs his third. Once, against Frank Smith, a big sidearming right-hander from Cincinnati, Willie stepped into the box, laughing, and yelled, "Come on, Smitty, knock me down and get it over with." Smitty knocked him down and Willie hit the next pitch over the lights and into a neighborhood gang's turf.

When it finally occurred to the managers of opposing teams, after no more than four or five seasons, that they were hurting their own pitchers more than they were hurting poor Willie, brotherhood came into baseball, breathing heavily.

Characteristically, Willie complains no more today than he did at the beginning. "Man," he says, in that squeaky tenor, "they're always gonna throw at you. And the more you talk about it, the more they're gonna do it. So why make yourself out a bad fellow?"

Willie is a firm believer in the philosophy that if one can't say something good about somebody, say nothing. He has never, for instance, been known to argue with an umpire. "You got to come out second best," he says. "So why make a bad fellow of myself? If I get thrown out of the game, I'll only hurt the club. I may say, 'Gee, I think you missed it.' But I won't argue."

Here, too, Willie Howard Mays Jr. of the San Francisco Giants, at 32 the best player in baseball, is not noticeably different from the Mays, aged 20, who came to the Giants in 1951 to become both the star and the pet of the team. "Why make a bad fellow of myself?" is the recurring theme of Willie's song.

First and foremost, Willie wants to be liked. His strained relations with Bill Rigney, who succeeded Leo Durocher—the big man in Willie's life—as Giants manager came about because Rigney decided he had to show the other players on the team that Willie was no longer above criticism. "Rigney wanted to make an impression his first year, and it wasn't the right way," Willie says. "But Rig and I are good friends. I've read that 'high-priced Giant players' didn't like him and I know they mean me. It isn't true."

Of course it isn't true. The difficulty was never that Willie didn't like Rigney. It was that Willie was never quite sure that Rigney liked him.

Willie's nature is not unconnected with the fact that he was born and raised just outside Birmingham, Alabama, a harsh and stifling atmosphere for a colored boy. He devoutly believes that he can help the racial situation by being Willie Mays whom everybody likes. "Sports," he says, "has helped tremendous in race relations, and I mean with both the southern and northern white man. Prejudice can work both ways, you know. You can prejudge a white man just the same as he can prejudge you. There's no better relations I can have than with Lockman, O'Dell and Dark, and they're all from the South. Northern guys can be a whole lot worse."

In the north, Willie says, a Negro is supposed to be able to go anywhere, but when he gets there he may find the air turned cold. "I've never felt it, because I decided I just wouldn't worry about it. I think I can make one contribution. I think I can make it easier for the next guy. In San Francisco I go anywhere I want to go. My face is so well known that people recognize me. If I carry myself in a way, the next guy is accepted easily. I mean the next Negro guy, just walking in off the street. If I'm a rowdy, it will be bad. So I just go in and have fun."

Willie concedes that it may be a delusion that he helps other Negroes by being liked and that it may even be his rationalization for not being more militant. He is certainly not in tune with the rising current of the times. But Willie is, by nature, a moderate.

When he first moved to San Francisco, a builder refused, initially, to sell him a home, even though Willie was willing to meet the full asking price. Mrs. Mays was furious, but Willie did not seem particularly offended. Even today he can say, "I feel if you build a house you're entitled to sell it to who you want. New York is

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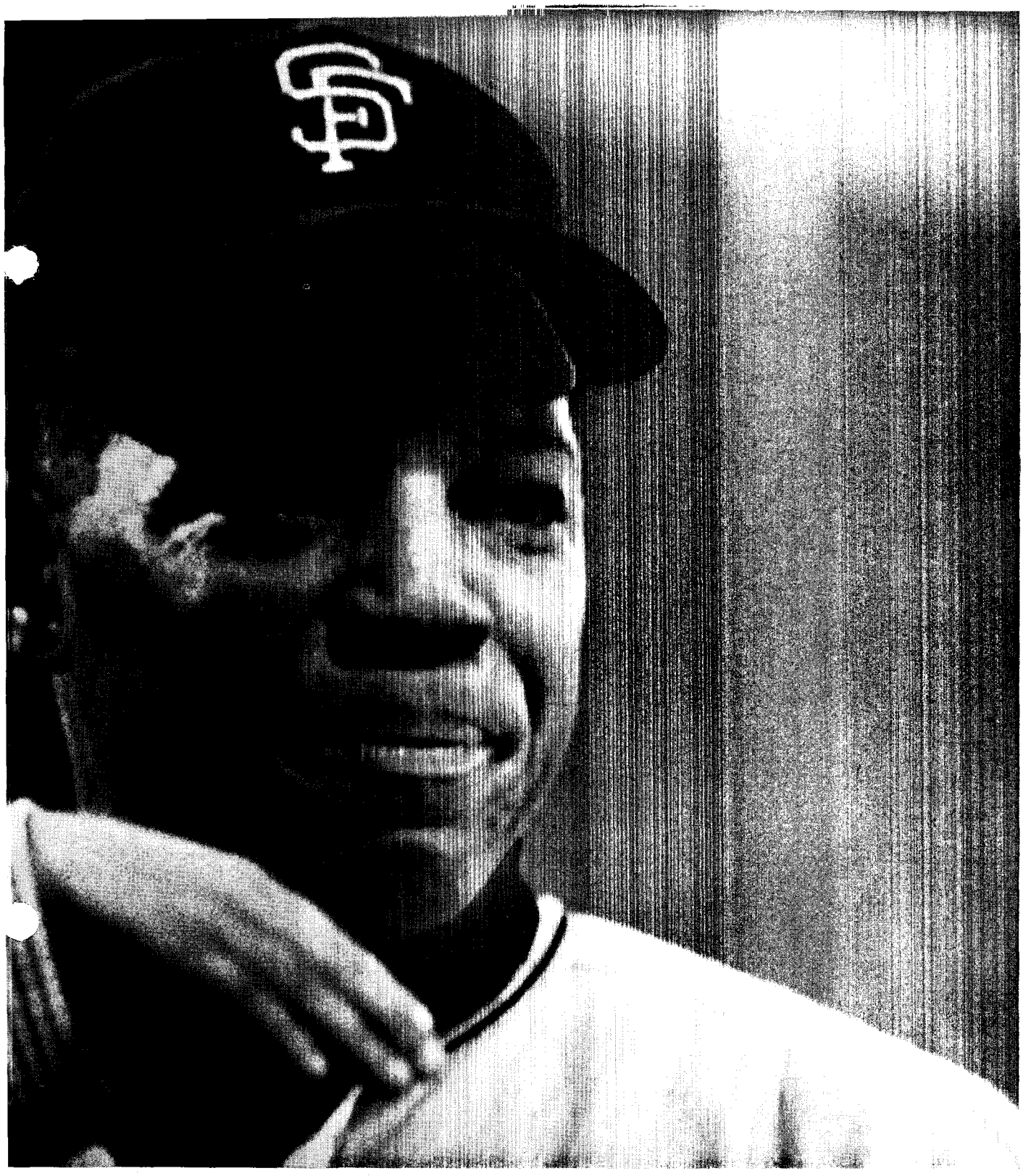

supposed to be liberal but you can't buy a home in most places. So I wasn't bitter. I just sat, and the pressure was so great that the guy had to sell to me. The real story was that a big contractor had bought all the land in that area, and he was afraid it was going down in value. Instead, they ran sight-seeing buses to point out where I lived, and the value went up. Today there's no place in San Francisco I couldn't live if I had the money."

Willie has, in fact, recently bought an $83,000 home in Forest Hill, one of the more exclusive suburbs. One of his neighbors is Gov. Pat Brown. When he was invited to join the association of Forest Hill homeowners, he was thrilled, since he looked upon it not only as acceptance for himself but also as a breakthrough in what may be the most basic area of integration: housing.

Willie Mays, it should be apparent by now, is no longer quite the smiling, mindless boy of popular legend. It would be a miracle if he were. He was divorced a year ago and is just emerging from deep financial difficulties. Marghuerite Mays's separate-maintenance suit, in 1961, showed that Willie had borrowed $62,500 from the Giants against his $82,000 salary and was $8,641 in arrears on his taxes.

Shortly thereafter Jake Shemano, president of the newly formed Golden Gate National Bank, took over Willie's financial affairs and found he and Mrs. Mays were so badly in debt that interest alone was going to come to $4,000 for the next year. Shemano put Willie on a budget and, at the beginning of this season, not only had him even with the world but had bought him a couple of rising stocks.

Sports and business

With most successful sports figures there is a bewilderment, sometimes taking the form of defiance, that what started out to be fun has ended up, by the sheer amount of their salary, as a business. Floyd Patterson, who has probably made more money than any other athlete over the past five years, once said, "You see all the money, and you begin to think that's the reason you're in it. You forget why you got into it in the first place." (Floyd was then 25.)

Willie makes a more subtle distinction. "I think I'm still as eager as ever. I know baseball and I love it. But it's a sport and a business both; there's no way to say it's one or the other. If you know your body isn't responding as well, you got to look at yourself like a businessman."

Willie has very mobile and expressive features. When he comes to have fun, every feature seems poised to laugh. When he becomes serious, they shift into a brooding, tight-lipped, almost pained expression, and he looks not unlike a high-school student worrying over an examination. "No, it's not making a lot of money that does it. Even if you're a hanger-on with some team, you're thinking the same way. It hasn't anything to do with being successful; it has to do with growing older and having responsibilities. It's the same with everybody, no matter how much they love what they're doing. But baseball can get to be a business without being a job, that's the difference. The day it gets to be a job to me, I'll know I should quit.

"You know," he said, "there's something I've been thinking about more and more lately. I've played baseball since I was fourteen years old. Professionally. I've read stories that I worked in a steel mill in Birmingham. I never did. I played for a steel-mill team with my father, but I never worked there. When you're thirty-two years old, you got to ask yourself, 'What else can I do?' Right now, there's nothing else I can do."

At the moment, his plans are to play seven or eight more years and then, Giants president Horace Stoneham being willing—and able to meet his price—to stay with the Giants and work with young players while he moves into some other field. In a broad sort of way Willie does have a couple of other fields he's interested in. This may come as a shock, but Willie Mays, that well-known devotee of comic books, is secretly reading books on banking and finance. He also has long-range, if undefined, plans to "sneak" into the construction of interracial housing.

This is one of the reasons he decided to sell his home in New York and settle permanently in San Francisco. "San Francisco is a growing city," he says. "In the next five or ten years it's going to be a booming city."

Willie also shows a subtlety of mind when he talks about the rewards and disillusions of success: "Money changes your life. Whatever they say, the big leagues have got to change your life. I was raised in a shack, and now," he said, indicating his handsomely decorated home, "I live here." (There are only two colors in the entire house, gold and white, and—surprise—Willie did all the interior decorating himself.)

"But," he said, "as a person I haven't changed. If you change, you look over people, and I don't want to do that. I don't have to do that. From everything I've seen, the higher you go, the easier it is to get along with people. It's when you're low that you're hard to get along with, because you always have the feeling that somebody owes you something. I haven't been disillusioned by anything that's happened, because I never expected that being successful would mean I wasn't going to have any problems."

And suddenly Willie was talking about what it meant to be called the best baseball player in the world. "I think it's a tribute but, you know, I don't feel I have to be best all the time. In baseball you got to fail more than you succeed. I go to bat 600 times, and I'm not going to get 300 hits. If I can get 180 or 190 hits, I feel I've had a good year. If I'm in the first ten in everything at the end of the year, I'm doing well.

"You know," he said, "it's hard for me to feel I'm the best, because I'm such a streak hitter. When I'm in a slump, I sometimes wish I was somebody else, because they think, 'This guy is getting $100,000; he should get a hit every time.' But, boy, when I'm going good, then I'm glad I'm who I am, all right."

Sports images are carved in enduring marble, and the image of Willie Mays remains that of "the natural man," the unconscious genius who sprang upon the earth fully equipped to hit home runs, chase down fly balls and run from out of his hat and maybe from out of his shoes. Even the name "Willie"—a boy's name to be spoken with an affectionate but indulgent smile—has lent itself to the overall picture. Actually, he was always called "Buck" as a boy in Alabama. He is still "Buck" to his close friends, and "Buckdust" to the old crowd in Harlem, in memory of the young Willie sliding into second base in a cloud of dust.

"Buck Mays," of course, sounds far too much like a cowboy hero to fit the

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prepackaged sports-page figure, and so it has been resolutely ignored.

And yet, that isn't really being fair to the writers. Willie tends to be whatever you want him to be. Once he puts on the uniform, he does revert to the laughing, guileless boy they expect to see. And with old friends, like Leo Durocher and Monte Irvin and even Alvin Dark, who was captain of the Giants when Willie first came up, he slips naturally and comfortably into the old relationship, which most closely resembles that of a seventh-grader to a headmaster.

Bill White, who came to the Giants early in the 1956 season and lived at the Mays home, sees him quite differently. Having been a premed student, with almost no interest in baseball, White, now first baseman for the St. Louis Cardinals, had read almost nothing about Willie Mays. "I never saw the stickball-in-the-street phase," Bill says. "I never heard him say, 'Say-Hey'—except in television commercials. All I saw was a man with a good baseball mind. It used to take us about forty-five minutes to drive to the park, and every day Willie would talk to me about the pitchers we were going to face: what they threw, what their ball did, what to expect in the clutch. He would tell me who you could steal on and who you couldn't, pitchers and catchers both. He would even tell me how to play the different batters at first base. And this was when he was in his 'larky' stage as far as the press was concerned."

One of the continuing paradoxes about Mays is that while he is immensely popular with everybody, in and out of baseball, and is sought after for appearances and interviews to the point of exhaustion, he admits to a lingering fear of people, especially people in crowds. Willie is essentially shy and withdrawn and, with strangers, suspicious. He has a curious ability to separate Willie Mays the ballplayer—and celebrity—from Willie Mays the person, and he always seems to feel that while they might honor the celebrity they might not like the person.

He still ducks parties during the season, because "when I'm tired, I have a moody expression, and people get the wrong idea." He will attend a banquet where he is being honored only because he feels he owes it to the sponsors. Otherwise he begs off appearances, because "there's always a wise guy out there trying to get you to say something you don't want to say."

Even with friends he will hang back waiting for them to make the first move toward him. "I don't believe in bothering people," he says. "I don't know if I might get on their nerves. If they come to me, I'll do whatever they want, but I don't seek people out."

At the end of last season the Giants had him enter the hospital for a complete physical checkup, and bulletins were issued almost on the hour. When he was ready to be discharged, a press conference was called, complete with TV camera, to let a waiting world know that Mays was in "prime physical condition."

As Willie was about to leave his room, however, the auxiliary workers on the floor, having formed a Willie Mays fan club, presented him with a huge strawberry cake. The children's ward happened to be on the same floor and, needless to say, neither Willie nor the cake showed up at his press conference. Given the choice between officiating in the high Roman feast of the TV cameras or cutting a strawberry cake for kids, Willie will be found cutting cake every time.

The affection for children, which is obligatory for any baseball star with even a primitive sense of public relations, is real with Willie, who is probably Ted Williams's closest rival in unannounced and unpublicized visits to sickbeds. "Kids, if they like you, they're with you whether you went 0 for four or not. All they want to do is shake your hand and say hello. Grown-ups hop on your bandwagon when you're going good, but they don't want anything to do with you when you're going bad."

Now, obviously, any fan would be overjoyed to shake Willie Mays's hand and exchange 30 seconds' worth of small talk with him, no matter how he was hitting. Willie, with that supersensitive hide of his, confuses the conventional noises of the fan, which are really a tribute in disguise, with real criticism. In one way, Willie Mays will always be the frightened little Negro boy from Alabama walking across the darkling path and hearing, in the marvelous phrase of James Meredith, Ole Miss's most famous student, "the bird fluttering in the bush."

Sensitive as he is to criticism, the move to San Francisco turned out to be an ordeal. The San Francisco fans, despite their daily endorsement of their own sophistication, expected Willie to pass a minor miracle daily. When he turned out to be only a human being, they did not hide their displeasure. After one game in which he had been held to four singles and two stolen bases, a writer came back to ask him how come he hadn't hit any home runs. "All I could do," says Willie, "was look at him."

"I don't mind being booed on the road," he says. "I welcome it, because it always seems to lift me up. But in your own park they should know that if they encouraged you, you might do better."

To make him feel even more welcome, the newspapers followed his private life so carefully that every Mays sigh became another San Francisco hurricane. It was big news when Willie's car, driven by his brother-in-law, went through a red light and hit another car. When his wife fell down the stairs, it was implied that Willie had beaten her up. (Which led to one of the great press-box quips of all time: "Willie hits her like he owns her.")

Last year, though, the city and Willie came to some accord. The fans accepted him for what he is, a player who shines brightly but does not stand forth in an unearthly light. The newspapers began to give him a little breathing room. "They started writing about baseball," is the way Willie puts it, "instead of me."

Feeling the way he does, the pressures on him are enormous. Beneath that happy exterior, tension builds. Willie is the most conscientious of athletes. He does not smoke or drink—"I have all my life to take a drink"—and he tries to get eight to ten hours of sleep. Still, the time seems to come almost every year when such a terrible weariness comes over him that he finds it necessary to retreat into a hospital for a rest. Willie likes to think it happens because he plays so hard, day in and day out. "Even as a kid I never liked to play doubleheaders. Now it sometimes takes two or three days before I get back the freshness you need."

But the same kind of physical weariness—or mental depression—used to come over him back in the New York days when Willie was much younger. It usually hit him, oddly enough, in the early weeks of the season, almost as if the anticipation of another season had drained him dry.

Last year he collapsed on the bench in the middle of a night game in Cincinnati and spent two welcome nights in the hospital. Reports had him unconscious for 20 minutes, and when Alvin Dark came out of the hospital talking of "nervous exhaustion," it was assumed that Willie's troubles were more mental than physical.

How much of it is mental, Willie doesn't know. "It kills me when I'm going bad and the team is losing," he says. "When I'm going good we seem to win easy, and when I go into a slump it just seems as though it's a strain to win. My trouble is that I hold a lot of things in me a lot of times. I know I shouldn't, but rather than show my feelings, I hold it in."

The swoon in Cincinnati was, he feels, somewhat exaggerated. "I remember I felt dizzy all through the game, but with an important game coming up I hated to go to the man and tell him that I want to come out. I wasn't really out, though. I was in a kind of semi-haze. I can remember a little something of what was going on from the time I fell off the bench. I had the same thing happen to me once before, when I was a kid, in a high-school basketball game."

His personal diagnosis is that, in this instance at least, the collapse was brought on by a combination of the mental and the physical factors, with the emotional fallout from his divorce playing as important a part as his physical weariness. Willie, who has his own fond image of himself, insists that it is the off-the-field demands that wear him down, not just the pressure of the game itself. "I like pressure," he states emphatically. "I'm always more aggressive when the chips are down. Even through high school I always played my best basketball in the pressure games." And then in one of those beautifully apt phrases he comes up with every now and then, he said, "I *like* that kind of weather."

As the Giants drive for the pennant which would make them the first National League club to repeat in seven years, Willie Mays spends most of his time alone in his big house. As stormy as the marriage may have been, the divorce shook him badly, because Willie and his ex-wife Marghuerite still have a strong feeling for each other and are still good friends. And Willie adores his son Michael, whom they adopted at the age of six months.

"When I was first divorced it was very lonely," Willie says. "The first two months, it was bad. The worst time of all, I know, would have been if I'd had to come home to any empty house after we won the play-off, but by then I'd moved into an apartment building, and a bunch of friends were waiting there to throw a party for me."

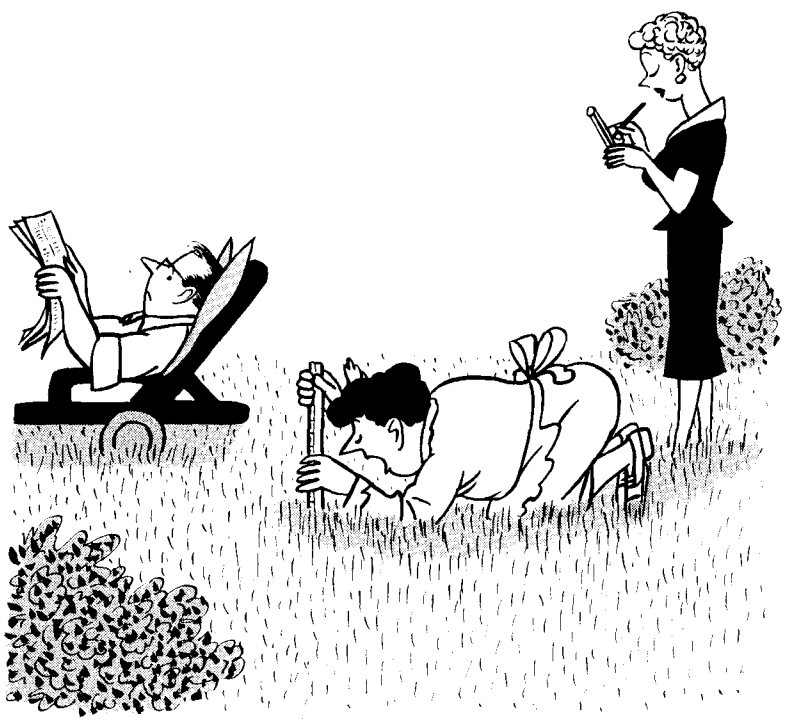
Worst of all is the separation from Michael, now four years old. "Michael is a very sweet little boy," a New York friend says. "He used to follow Willie all over the house. Every track Willie made that little boy made too."

It was no accident that when Willie was honored in New York early this season, he had Michael with him to listen to his father receive the cheers of 50,000 people. "I wanted him to see that," Willie says. "The ovation was just tremendous. It's something I could give him to remember all his life." And it is hard to escape the feeling that Willie was saying that, with such memories, no bird would ever flutter for Michael Mays.

"I'll probably get married again," Willie says, "because I like that kind of life. I've always had a big family around me. I love kids around."

And then, once again, Willie Mays was very carefully disassociating himself from his fame. "Once I find the right kind of girl," he said in his brooding way, "a girl who wants to be with me because I'm *me*, not because I play ball, I feel I'll get married in a hurry." THE END

HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday evenings.



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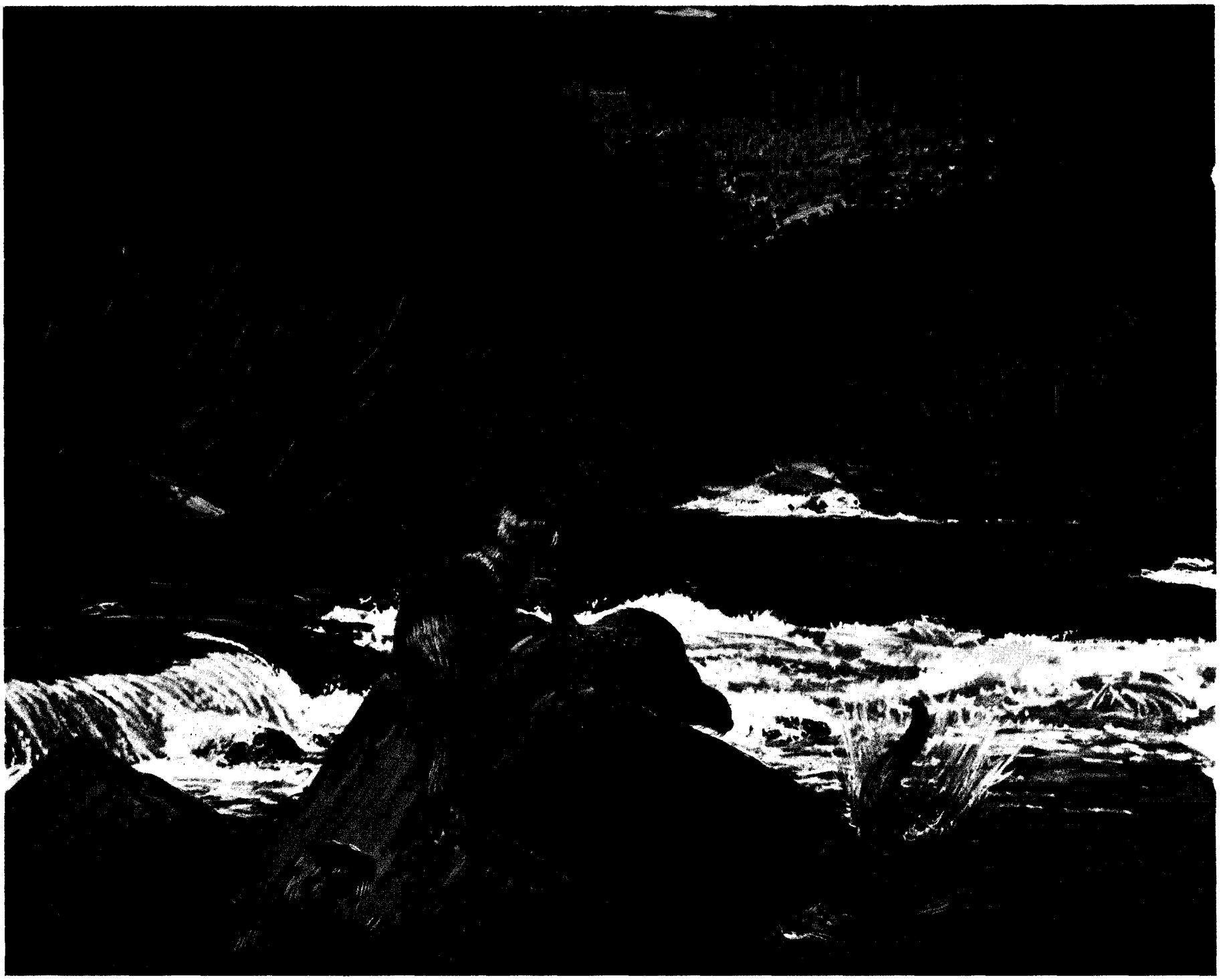

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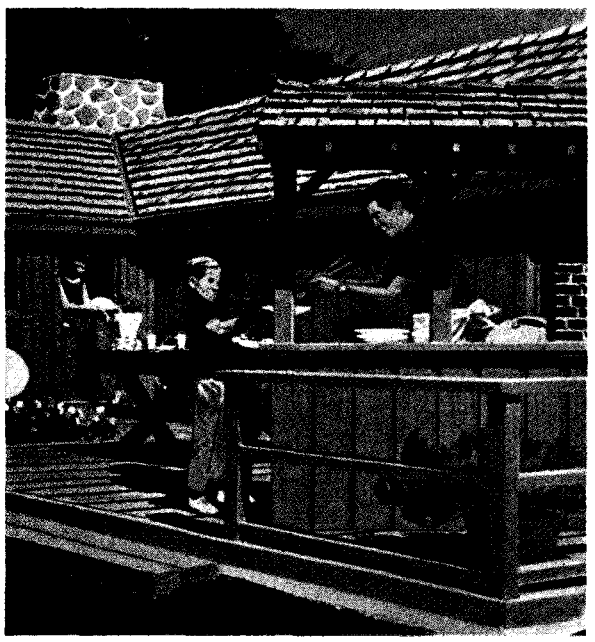

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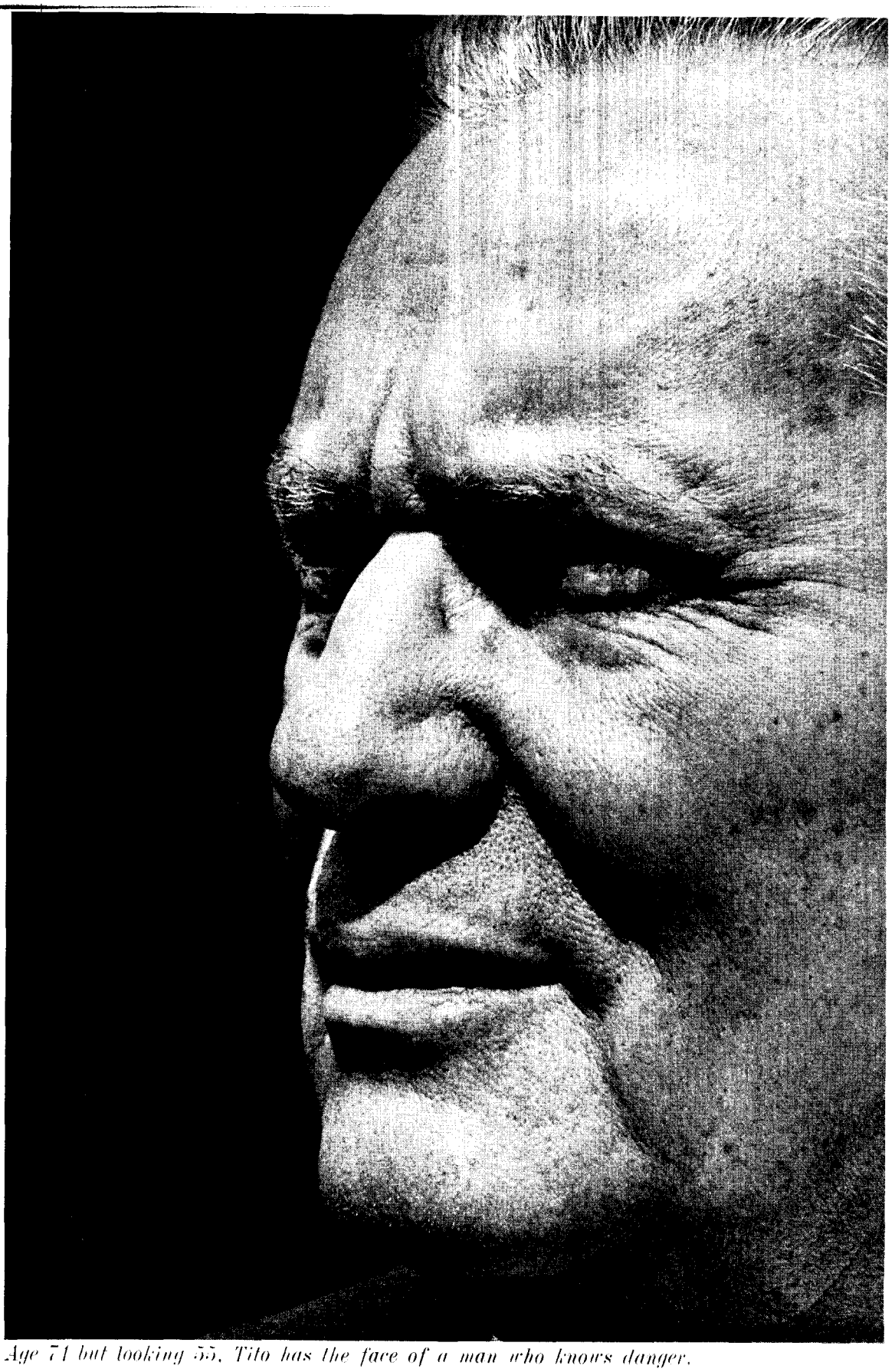
A POST INTERVIEW

Yugoslavia's independent-minded Communist chief has a rare talk with the Post Editor-at-Large to explain his country's unique role.

HOW WELL CAN WE TRUST MARSHAL TITO?

By Robert Sherrod



Age 71 but looking 55, Tito has the face of a man who knows danger.

Over a glass of slivovitsa, *Tito and Sherrod chat.*

Irritation flashed across the rugged face of President Tito. I had just suggested that he might simplify some of his problems with the United States if he changed the name of his party to something besides "Communist." For a moment I think he regretted ever agreeing to this interview—only the second by an American journalist in five years—but he replied calmly, "I do not see why it should be necessary to change the name which does not please the West. No question of form is here, but a question of substance."

Just what is the substance of Tito's Communism? To the "Young Americans for Freedom" in Fort Wayne, Indiana, who recently built a bonfire of 200 Yugoslav-made wicker baskets, the answer appears simple: Tito is a dedicated Communist and he ought to be forbidden contact with the free world. Among others who have arrived at a similar conclusion are the local officials of Mobile, Alabama; Greenville, South Carolina, and Columbus, Georgia, who have slapped $1,000 license fees on any merchant who sells goods made in Yugoslavia or any other Communist country. The United States Congress, led by the potent Rep. Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, joined the To-Hell-With-Tito movement last year when it voted to withdraw equal-treatment trade benefits from any country "dominated or controlled by Communism."

President Kennedy has not yet applied the economic sanctions to Yugoslavia (which would also affect Poland to a lesser extent), and he has asked Congress

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Khrushchev, who made peace after Stalin's attempt to overthrow Tito, gives a boisterous Moscow welcome to the heretic and his third wife.

to reverse itself. Congress will take a lot of persuading, since any member who complies with the President's request may very well get himself accused of being "pro-Communist" in the next campaign.

As Tito indicated to me, Yugoslavia is certainly Communist-controlled, and he intends to keep it that way for the foreseeable future. But in this Wyoming-sized Balkan country I found the winds of freedom blowing stronger than anywhere else in the Communist world—no gale, certainly, but a gentle breeze that proved refreshing in several unexpected ways.

Upon arriving at Belgrade's new Metropol Hotel, for example, I found that I could buy the New York and London newspapers, whereas in other Communist countries (Poland excepted) the products of the free world's presses are as welcome as a water moccasin in the bathtub. (Moscow's only imported English-language newspaper is the London *Daily Worker*.) Yugoslavs may listen to the Voice of America, unjammed, and a million of them avail themselves of the opportunity. Tito's government permits the United States Information Service to have libraries in Belgrade, Zagreb and Sarajevo, and they are thronged with Yugoslavs eagerly immersed in uncensored books and magazines from the outside. I have visited many Yugoslavs in their homes and heard some of them speak vehemently against Communism, apparently without fear of a three A.M. visit from the secret police.

Wherever I went I found other indications that Yugoslavia is a Communist country with a difference. Last month Pan American began stopping at Belgrade's flashy airport twice a week, the first time an American airline had penetrated what used to be called the Iron Curtain. A British-American movie named *The Long Ships* is being filmed on the Dalmatian Coast, Yugoslavia's Riviera, which drew most of the 45,000 American tourists who visited this country last year.

During my month in Yugoslavia I saw Tito three times, once at a joint session of parliament, where he showed up for 10 minutes to give the new Constitution his blessing; again at the May Day parade, where he viewed 40,000 marchers chanting "Hero Tito! Hero Tito!" and "We Are Tito's; Tito Is Ours," a sort of *e pluribus unum* in this country. The third time was during my interview.

An interview with Tito is as formal as a performance of a Japanese *no* play. Mine took place at nine o'clock on a recent morning at his two-story brown stucco villa in the Belgrade suburb of Dedinje, one of the most modest of the 17 houses and castles at the president's disposal in Yugoslavia. Outside, in the flower-laden garden, one could hear the cooing of doves and the occasional screech of a peacock.

After I had waited a few minutes in the heavily carpeted reception room President Tito entered, a short, stocky man with intense blue-gray eyes and light-brown hair which showed a touch of gray at the forelock. It was the imperturbable face of a man who has seen much and lived with danger as few other mortals have. He might have been 55 instead of 71. He wore a slate-gray suit and a figured green tie clasped to his white shirt by a pin containing two diamonds. On the small finger of his left hand I noted his famous diamond ring, which he bought in 1937 with rubles the Russians paid him for translating *The History of the Communist Party* into Serbo-Croat.

Tito shook hands firmly and motioned me to the large conference room next door, which had twin chandeliers and a long, oaken conference table. At one end of the room Tito had his desk, at the other a glass-topped table surrounded by overstuffed furniture covered in brown velvet. It was here that we settled by a microphone which led to a tape recorder.

Professor Petlishka, the white-haired interpreter from the Foreign Office, stationed himself across the table from the president. "He speaks English English, not American English," Tito said with a chuckle, taking a pony of *slivovitsa* from a tray passed by a servant. The professor didn't translate my questions because Tito understands English, but Tito preferred to answer in Serbo-Croat, which the professor rendered into English. By prior agreement Tito would have a chance to edit the transcript before I received it three days later. (He had second thoughts about some of the questions and answers, and cut them out; others he reshaped.) I agreed to publish the complete answer to any question without trimming it.

The question of particular interest to Americans was this: What had happened to Tito's relations with the United States? Congress's withdrawing most-favored-nation treatment meant that duty would be quadrupled on Yugoslav furniture exported to the United States; the duty on lead would be doubled and on tobacco tripled. How did Tito account for these worsening relations?

"When speaking about relations between Yugoslavia and the United States, I believe that, as far as we are concerned, good mutual relations and our cooperation with the United States have never been questioned," he replied. "What is involved here, in my opinion, is a good deal of distrust on the part of some circles in the United States as regards every action of the Yugoslav Government and every activity undertaken by Yugoslavia. We regret this. I think, however, that time will show that such views were incorrect. The Yugoslav Government wishes to maintain good relations with the United States. This has been repeatedly emphasized by us and directly communicated to the representatives of the United States. For instance, when the decision to abolish the most-favored-nation clause in trade in regard to Yugoslavia was taken, we did not dramatize the matter, as we considered that—in view of the situation prevailing there and the constellation of the American State—even the United States Government could not be held responsible for everything. After that, things have quieted down and we are gratified that the President of the United States of America, Mr. John F. Kennedy, expressed his personal opinion on this matter, requesting that the decision on the abolition of the above-mentioned clause be altered. In my view such an attitude of the United States Government contributes to the creation of mutual confidence and further promotion of good relations."

More important were his attitudes toward the Soviet Union, attitudes which had been half a century in the making. The better to understand these, I had already tried to learn what I could about Tito's origins.

I flew from Belgrade to Zagreb, the second-largest city in the country and the capital of Croatia. There I hired a Yugoslav-made Fiat and drove northeast along the new highway, past neat farms that climbed the hillsides on the left and on the right. After an hour we reached Kumrovec, with a population of 400. Here Josip, seventh of Franjo Broz's fifteen children, was born in that dim past when Croatia was part of the Hapsburgs' Austro-Hungarian Empire. (Josip Broz was over 40 before he adopted "Tito" as the last of his many names in the Communist underground.)

The Broz home remains unchanged since Josip's peasant birth in 1892, a small, whitewashed, tile-roofed cottage with a loft where the excess children could sleep. In front of the house stands a chestnut tree, flanked by forsythia bushes and pansy beds. On one side the famous Yugoslav sculptor, Antun Augustincic, who did the "Peace" statue outside the UN Building in New York, has created a heroic bronze of Tito as leader of the World War II Partisans.

The cottage has two front rooms. The one on the right contains a spinning wheel, a bed, a table and little Josip's hand-hewn cradle. The visitor is surprised to note in the museum of an atheist th glass case on one wall. It contains a wax model of the Holy Family, labeled JESUS, MARIA, JOSEF. Mrs. Broz was a strict Catholic, our guard says, and her son Josip served as an acolyte until one day in his twelfth year, when the priest slapped him and cursed him.

A return to the church?

Josip Broz never went to Mass again unless his mother made him go (some predict Tito will return to the church before he dies). Another crisis occurred when Papa Broz, a farmer and horse trader, failed to turn up the money to send Josip to America, as he had always said he would.

The other front room of the Broz cottage contains souvenirs of Yugoslavia's hero: photographs of him as a boy, as a Communist who was jailed by King Alexander's police (1928–34), as the commander of the indomitable Partisans (1941–45). Mounted on a wall is part of a cast-iron gate made by Broz when he was a young metalworker. A glass case displays Tito's binoculars and his wartime khakis. Another holds his homemade field marshal's baton, and a poster offering a Nazi reward of 100,000 Reichsmarks for his person, dead or alive.

During World War II Tito and his guerrilla bands fought not only Germans and Italians, but also Mihajlović's Chetniks and various Axis-supported Yugoslav groups. A German of evil memory, Heinrich Himmler, commander of Hitler's SS forces, delivered the ultimate tribute in 1944. "I wish we had a dozen Titos in Germany. The man had nothing, nothing at all. He was always encircled, and he always found a way out. He has never capitulated. Divisions and corps are knocked to pieces by us, and the man

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"I wish," said Himmler, "we had a dozen Titos in Germany."

forms them up again every time. Be sure he only succeeded in doing that because he is an uncompromising and steadfast commander."

Altogether 1.6 million Yugoslavs were killed in World War II, half of them by other Yugoslavs. Thus perished 10 percent of the population. Imagine, if you can, 15 million Americans losing their lives instead of 300,000. The number of wounded was smaller because both sides slaughtered them. The Germans perpetrated such deeds as rounding up 7,000 school children in the town of Kragujevac and machine-gunning them.

Repeatedly Tito appealed to Mother Russia for aid. During his 20's, after serving as a sergeant major in the Austro-Hungarian army, wounded and captured by the Czar's soldiers, he had spent five years in Russia. There he found his first wife, and became converted to Communism. Between the two World Wars he served Moscow's cause throughout Europe, using a score of names on forged passports, speaking half a dozen languages, while he posed as an impeccably dressed businessman or engineer. Moscow all but ignored his pleas during World War II. Tito had to fight mostly with captured weapons, then toward the end with a trickle of British and American supplies. When the Russians did arrive, in time to help take Belgrade from the Germans, they committed, by Yugoslav count, 1,219 rapes, 329 attempted rapes, 111 rapes with murder, 248 attempted rapes with murder and 1,204 robberies with violence. In a Belgrade nightclub a drunken Russian officer shot and wounded Tito's son, Zarko, who had lost an arm fighting for his native Russia.

In spite of Stalin's wartime snubs and his soldiers' atrocious behavior, Tito got on well with the Russians for a while. Tito did everything to irritate the West: He threatened to shoot his way into Trieste if the British and Americans didn't give it to him instead of Italy; he sent Archbishop Stepinac to the same prison in which he himself had served his sentence; his air force shot down two American planes which carelessly flew over Yugoslav territory; he supplied the Greek Communists who were battling the British forces supporting King Paul. When Stalin established the satellites' association called the Cominform, he picked Belgrade as its headquarters. In his excellent biography of Tito, *The Heretic*, Sir Fitzroy Maclean says that in

Tito proudly watches parliament adopt new constitution. With him are deputies Ranković (left) and Kardelj.

Western papers are sold in Belgrade, a sharp contrast to other Communist capitals. U.S. radio also is unjammed.

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ORTHODOX PRIEST MARKS EASTER.

Tito sees closer ties with the Vatican.

Despite the jailing of Archbishop Stepinac, Tito maintained diplomatic relations with the Vatican until 1952. Yugoslavia's Catholic population is 36 percent of its total, as against 48 percent Orthodox and 14 percent Moslem. What are the prospects of Yugoslavia's improving its relations with the Vatican?

Tito: We wish to have good relations with the Vatican. I believe that we are now on the way to improve our relations with the Vatican, since the relations between the Catholic Church and our state have also improved. All the more so, as our church dignitaries who went to the Vatican gave positive statements there. We have nothing against such statements and attitudes and, for our part also, we wish to have these relations improved.

I had heard that Yugoslavia allows complete freedom of religion and the state helps educate priests (in fact, one American is attending the state-supported Serbian Orthodox Seminary). I asked whether government support applied to all religions.

Tito: We have good relations with all churches, with all religions. True, with some of them these relations are better and with others less good. For example, with the Orthodox Church we have good relations. With the Moslems also. Relations with the Catholic Church have also greatly improved, especially with the majority of priests. On the whole, I can say that we no longer have any difficulties with these relations. The state helps the priests and gives them pensions, so that this measure of the state has also greatly influenced the church to improve its attitude toward the state.

"Tito can be one of the most irritating men in the world. But he has been a

the fall of 1947 "Jugoslavia's position as the leading Soviet satellite seemed to the world at large to be more firmly established than ever. In reality, however, things were not quite as they seemed."

It is beyond the power of the West to understand the jungle of the Communist mind. No other thunderclap in Communism's history so far has equaled Tito's break with Stalin in 1948. The inconceivable had happened. Tito and his lieutenants, accustomed to thinking independently in their craggy bivouac during World War II, wanted to industrialize Yugoslavia in their own way, not according to Russia's scheme. "I will shake my little finger and there will be no more Tito," Stalin declared. But Stalin dawdled while he threatened.

Tito turned to the West, which was delighted to embarrass Stalin. The Americans sent Tito military equipment until it reached a total of $700 million worth by the time the program ended in 1958 (even today, most of Tito's tanks are American M-47's and his Air Force consists of 400 F-84's and F-86's). Economic aid flowed in as well, about $1.5 billion worth from America alone.

After such generosity from the West Tito loosened his people's shackles in a way that no other Communist leader dared. Nearly 90 percent of the Yugoslav land is owned by the peasants who till it. Tailors, watch repairmen and other "artisans" can run their own small businesses, provided they have no more than five employees. Under a new law even a foreigner can buy a house in Yugoslavia, and the Dalmatian Coast is alive with prospects. In his independence Tito has consistently refused to join the satellites' military alliance called the Warsaw Pact or their economic group, COMECON.

Ideologically, however, Tito has felt himself isolated, and he leans toward Russia from time to time. He gave the new Soviet leader, Nikita Khrushchev, a chilly reception when he first arrived in Belgrade in 1955 to atone for Stalin's sins. Tito made it clear that Yugoslavia, though Communist, intended to pursue "its own road to socialism." The next year, upon returning Khrushchev's call, Tito thawed enough to observe that the Soviets and Yugoslavs could "march shoulder to shoulder" even though each pursued "freedom of action." But later in 1956, following the Hungarian rebellion, Tito turned ferociously against the Russians because they coaxed Hungarian Premier Imre Nagy from his asylum in Budapest's Yugoslav embassy and executed him. The Russians and, especially, the Chinese retorted—with considerable justification—that there wouldn't have been any Hungarian uprising if Tito hadn't planted the seeds of rebellion throughout the satellite countries.

On balance, Tito has come out loser in his dealings with the Russians. Stalin once promised him $135 million in heavy industrial equipment, but never delivered more than 1 percent of the total before the 1948 break. Khrushchev offered to lend him $130 million in 1957 if Tito would recognize East Germany, but he reneged at the request of the Chinese, who were already mumbling about Russia's "deviation" from true Communism. Recognizing East Germany cost Tito much needed trade with prosperous West Germany. "Politically, it seemed the thing to do," a high-ranking Yugoslav told me and, considering that Tito follows Khrushchev's line on German policy, perhaps he was right. But the right political thing was expensive.

Tito's on-again, off-again romance with Russia adds up to one of the most tempestuous affairs of the 20th century. For two years now, ever since he approved Khrushchev's resumption of nuclear testing at the Belgrade conference of the world's neutrals, Tito has appeared to become more friendly with Khrushchev.

When I asked him about reports that he was drawing away from the West in favor of the U.S.S.R., Tito replied: "There was much speculation about this in the Western press. However, nothing has happened that would mean a change in the Yugoslav policy of co-operation with all countries regardless of internal social systems. What has happened is that in personal contacts, in the course of talks, we realized that there is no sense in having tense relations when there exists nothing that justified this. It is true that we have often underlined, even before my visit to the Soviet Union, the fact that we have similar or identical views on the most important international issues, such as disarmament, war and peace, and others. We had the opportunity of convincing ourselves of this during my stay in the Soviet Union also. The Western press sensationalized even the very fact of my departure for the Soviet Union and, on this basis, made different calculations. And, as you see, nothing of the kind has occurred."

Tito paused a moment, laughed and continued, "For instance, President Kennedy has a direct telephone line with Premier Khrushchev, while I don't have it." This struck him as exceedingly funny.

When I asked Tito what he thought of reports that Khrushchev's power is declining, he said: "I do not think that one should indulge in such speculations, because all the heads of state and responsible statesmen encounter certain difficulties. President Kennedy has his difficulties, I have mine, and Premier Khrushchev probably has his." When I pursued the subject a little further, he added: "I feel that there are no great difficulties at present and that Premier Khrushchev holds strong positions."

One evening I dined with a couple of well-placed Communists, one of whom said, "Khrushchev is the hope of Yugoslavia—and the world. I shudder to think what may happen when he is gone." Yet even these leaders weren't sure that Khrushchev might not sacrifice Yugoslavia in the name of Russian-Chinese ties.

Like so many other Yugoslav leaders, these party officials look to Paris or London or New York rather than Moscow. The top commanders of Yugoslavia's excellent 300,000-man army and its American-equipped air force, many of them trained in the United States, harbor a deep mistrust of the Russians. Yugoslavia's top politicians, such as Tito's twin vice presidents, Aleksandar Ranković and Edvard Kardelj, are all dedicated Communists and Partisan veterans, but Tito worries about the younger generation. "Devote yourselves a little more to Marxist education," he pleaded before a youth congress last January. "Ideological armament is very useful."

Tito has never wavered in his own devotion to Leninist principles; he claims that it is the other Communists, the Stalinists and now the Chinese, who make the state omnipotent while Yugoslavia progresses toward pure socialism. I asked him whether his new constitution, which allots more power to parliament and less to the executive council, might be described as a step toward the "withering away" of the state. "Of course it can," he replied, "particularly if we bear in mind the fact that even broader competences, rights and obligations are being transferred to an ever-wider circle of people and organizations."

In that case, did Tito envision the eventual withering away of the Communist Party itself?

"It depends on the whole process," he said. "It is obvious that we are not, and have never been, in favor of an eternalization of the Communist Party. Society is evolving in a direction which will make the Communist Party, too, superfluous one day. This, of course, depends on the world situation and not only on internal development. In the light of the present international situation, it would be absurd even to imagine that the State could wither away in any single country."

Down with abstract art

As the head of a totalitarian nation, Tito keeps a big-brotherly eye open for the fall of every sparrow. To a Yugoslav press-association meeting he said, "I am not only responsible for the industrialization and the agriculture but I am also responsible for culture itself because I am not only the president of the republic but I am also secretary general of the League of Communists." Then he proceeded to attack abstract art, but somewhat less viciously than Khrushchev. Most of the prizes, Tito noted, had been awarded to abstract artists lately, and he didn't like it. "Let those individuals make what they like, but we are not going to spend any more public funds for such pictures. I am going to struggle against this with all my energy."

When I asked Tito for a further explanation, he replied: "In Yugoslavia the situation is different from the Soviet Union. In our country we had to warn certain artists that there cannot be only one trend in art and that one trend should not be favored at the expense of another one. The same goes for writers," he continued. "However, I have not raised my voice against the modern trend in general, but only against those modern trends which are harmful to our correct social development and to our literature in general." Obviously Yugoslavia isn't about to have a free press as we understand the term. His brightest lieutenant of a decade ago, Milovan Djilas, who suddenly turned democratic and wrote anti-Communist books, still languishes in a jail outside Belgrade.

Tito's Yugoslavia presents an odd picture of black and white, stops and starts: freedom and restriction. Economists calculate the per-capita income at $360 (the U.S. figure: $2,500), but in terms of purchasing power the figure seems optimistic. A pound of bread costs only four cents, thanks in large part to huge shipments of surplus American wheat, but a small portable typewriter costs the average Yugoslav three months' pay.

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reat force for stability."

Under Yugoslavia's decentralization system, each factory is "owned" by its workers, who elect a council that is a sort of board of directors charged with run- ing the factory and making a profit. But Tito has been forced to clamp down because the workers, who average a dollar a day, tend to vote themselves pay raises that price Yugoslavia's primitive industrial products out of the market. Between 1959 and 1961, for example, coal miners raised their wages one third, although productivity increased only one seventh.

Under the "private enterprise" system hairdressers, carpenters and tailors have become the richest people in the country, owners of houses and cars. This aroused jealousy, so local authorities began taxing the artisans out of existence. Tito stepped in. He noted that 13,671 of these artisans had gone out of business in 1962, and asked: "Why should not an artisan have a car? It might be a good thing in our country if more people could have a car. The artisans all need a car to do their work more easily and quickly."

Tito is a proud man, trying to get his country off the dole. With increased agricultural efficiency he believes that Yugoslavia will soon be able to feed itself and get along without any foreign aid. His prime need is foreign trade (he owes nearly a billion dollars abroad already), and the European Common Market threatens to choke off much of what he has. More than two thirds of his trade is with the West, only about one fifth with the Soviet bloc. The $50 million worth of Yugoslav goods that the United States buys each year is less than one half of 1 percent of our total imports, but it is 7 percent of Yugoslavia's total exports. If Congress insists on canceling Tito's most-favored-nation treatment (thus abrogating a treaty signed in 1881 with the old Kingdom of Serbia), he can kiss the United States market good-bye.

At times Tito can be one of the most irritating men in a world of obstreperous politicians. Some of his acts, such as his siding with the Russians on nuclear testing at the Belgrade conference in 1961, make him appear to be a sort of Balkan de Gaulle.

But on balance he has been a great force for European stability. As U.S. Ambassador George Kennan says, this incredibly brave man who showed that the Communist monolith could be cracked "has created a unique situation in this part of the world." The winds of freedom that Tito first allowed to blow show signs of spreading beyond Yugoslavia. Last spring Romania—a twin neighbor of Yugoslavia, also 19 million population, also slightly under 100,000 square miles—refused to knuckle under to Russia on COMECON matters. Hungary is beginning to emerge from her long night following the 1956 blood bath. A United States denial of Yugoslavia now would confirm what anti-Western politicians throughout the Balkans have been saying—"See, you can't trust anybody but Communists."

I like the Yugoslavs. Very few of them are profound, but in the aggregate they are good, earthy peasants with a strong yearning for independence. They already have far more of it than their neighbors. And if Congress allows them an equal opportunity to trade with our side, their chances of acquiring still more independence appear good. THE END

In a surprisingly domestic mood, the old warrior dons apron to prepare coffee at his home in Belgrade.

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EDITORIALS

AFTER ROCKY'S REMARRIAGE

The Republican Party had enough trouble on its hands before Rocky and Happy took the plunge [see p. 15]. Defeating such a popular incumbent President as John F. Kennedy would be a tall order even with an ideal candidate.

Nelson Rockefeller, before he remarried, appeared to be the one man who came closest to filling the needs of the G.O.P. He was popular, he was the governor of a key state, and he was making a serious effort to heal the conservative-progressive breach in his party. Rockefeller's remarriage, however, has thrown his party's plans for 1964 into a turmoil. Joe David Brown's article to the contrary, we suspect that it has finished Mr. Rockefeller as a serious presidential possibility. A Gallup Poll shows that since his marriage the New York governor's popularity with women has dropped 10 percentage points. Sam Lubell, one of the nation's most reliable political reporters, trudging through the precincts of New Hampshire, has concluded that one out of 10 Republicans is disenchanted with the New York governor because of his marriage, a percentage that could be disastrous in an election. Conservative politicians, who never did cotton to a liberal like Rockefeller, now will have an easy out. All they have to say is, "He can't win," a phrase that wrecked the presidential prospects of a revered Republican by the name of Robert A. Taft.

The question now is, Who will pick up the pieces?

Sen. Barry Goldwater, for all his solid support in the South and some of the western states, will have a tough time uniting the progressive and conservative wings of the party, especially in the big eastern urban areas. Gov. George Romney of Michigan was not totally impressive in a recent foray he made into the East, while Bill Scranton of Pennsylvania has yet to make a record in his economically depressed state. Dick Nixon, who recently moved East from California to join a New York law firm, has emphatically taken himself out of the presidential picture.

All of which means that the question of whom the Republicans will put forth as their standard bearer in 1964 is still very much up in the air. We don't pretend to know who the candidate will be. Nor do we feel able at this juncture to make a recommendation. One point, however, is clear. The survival of the two-party system and the future of the country depend upon the resurgence of a viable Republican opposition. It goes without saying that the Republicans will have *a* candidate in 1964. But this candidate must not be just *any* candidate. The party cannot afford to hand the election to John F. Kennedy more or less by default. The G.O.P. owes it to itself and to the nation to develop and nominate the strongest possible candidate. Republicans of all persuasions had best get moving.

THE PASSING OF A GREAT *TIMES* MAN

In this country, and perhaps in the world at large, the great newspaper is *The New York Times*. It is great because of its integrity, its standards of fairness and objectivity, and its indefatigability in pursuing the whole story and all its ramifications. *The Times* often exasperates its readers by its stodginess and its excessive bulk, but it rarely fails to perform the task its editors have set for it—to give "ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT," and do it better than any other newspaper. When *The Times* goes out, as it did in New York's recent disastrous newspaper strike, it is as if a great lamp of truth had suddenly been extinguished.

The New York Times has achieved and maintained its preeminent position because men like Adolph Ochs and Arthur Sulzberger have dedicated their lives to it. Last month the latest in the long line of great *Times* men, Orvil Dryfoos, president and publisher of the paper, died at the early age of 50. In the words of his colleagues at *The Times*, Mr. Dryfoos was "a quiet leader," who "achieved his extraordinary stature through sheer strength of character, through soundness of judgment, through an innate gentleness and pervasive feeling for his fellow man, and through an unfaltering sense of responsibility which conveyed itself to his associates with vigor but without a trace of pomp or ostentation." His death is a loss to the entire world of the printed word.

KEEPING POSTED

Red-Carpet Treatment. The display of warmth between Castro and Khrushchev left hardly a dry eye in Moscow. Khrushchev promised more aid, and Castro, in a handsome gesture, endorsed Moscow in the ideological rift with Red China. From a starkly practical point of view, the real gain accrued to the Cuban people, who enjoyed a rare, four-week respite from oratory.

The Atlantic Rift. French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville insists that nothing can separate France and the United States. Nothing, that is, except the Atlantic Ocean and General Charles de Gaulle.

Wheat From the Chaff. The nation's wheat farmers, whose welfare has long been fixed in our national guilt complex, reject the Administration's high-support, strict-controls program. Congress now has to resist the temptation to play touch football with the wheat issue. This calls for political courage, a basic commodity that has never been stockpiled as surplus in Washington.

Silent Spring, British Style. The British are sporting. Instead of slaughtering unwanted birds, a plan to reduce their numbers through use of oral contraceptives has been put before a British pest-control conference.

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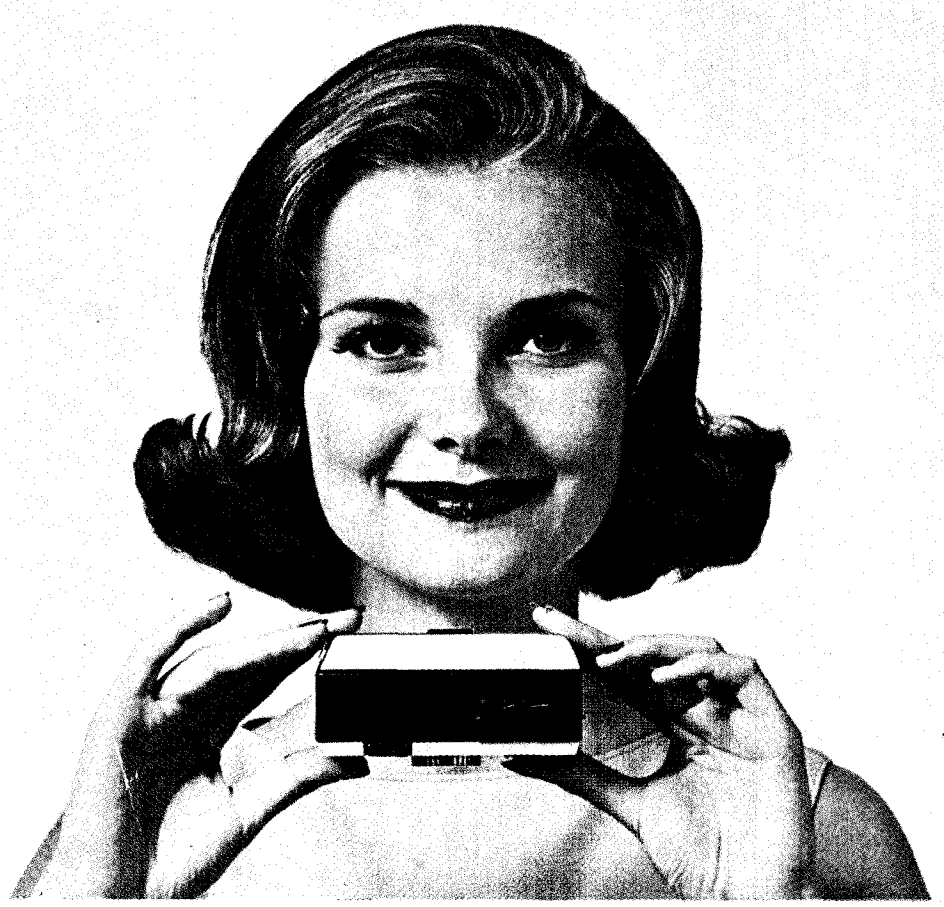

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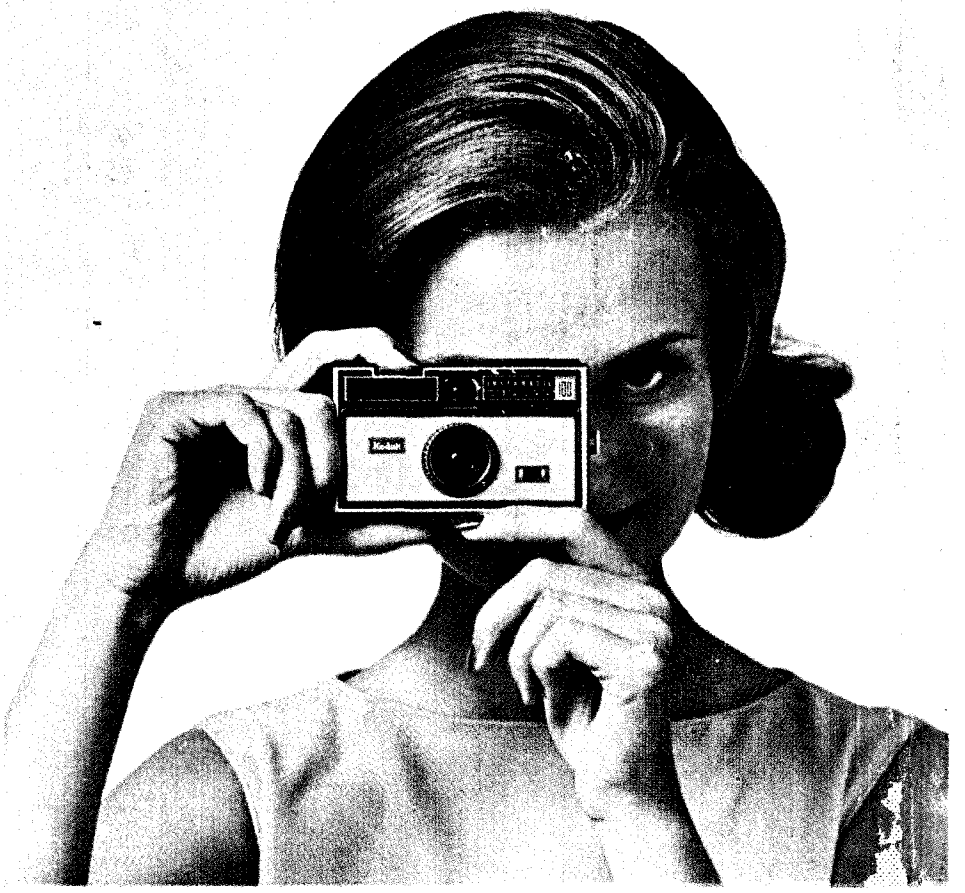

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